Liberty

JANUARY 8, 1944
10¢

JANUARY

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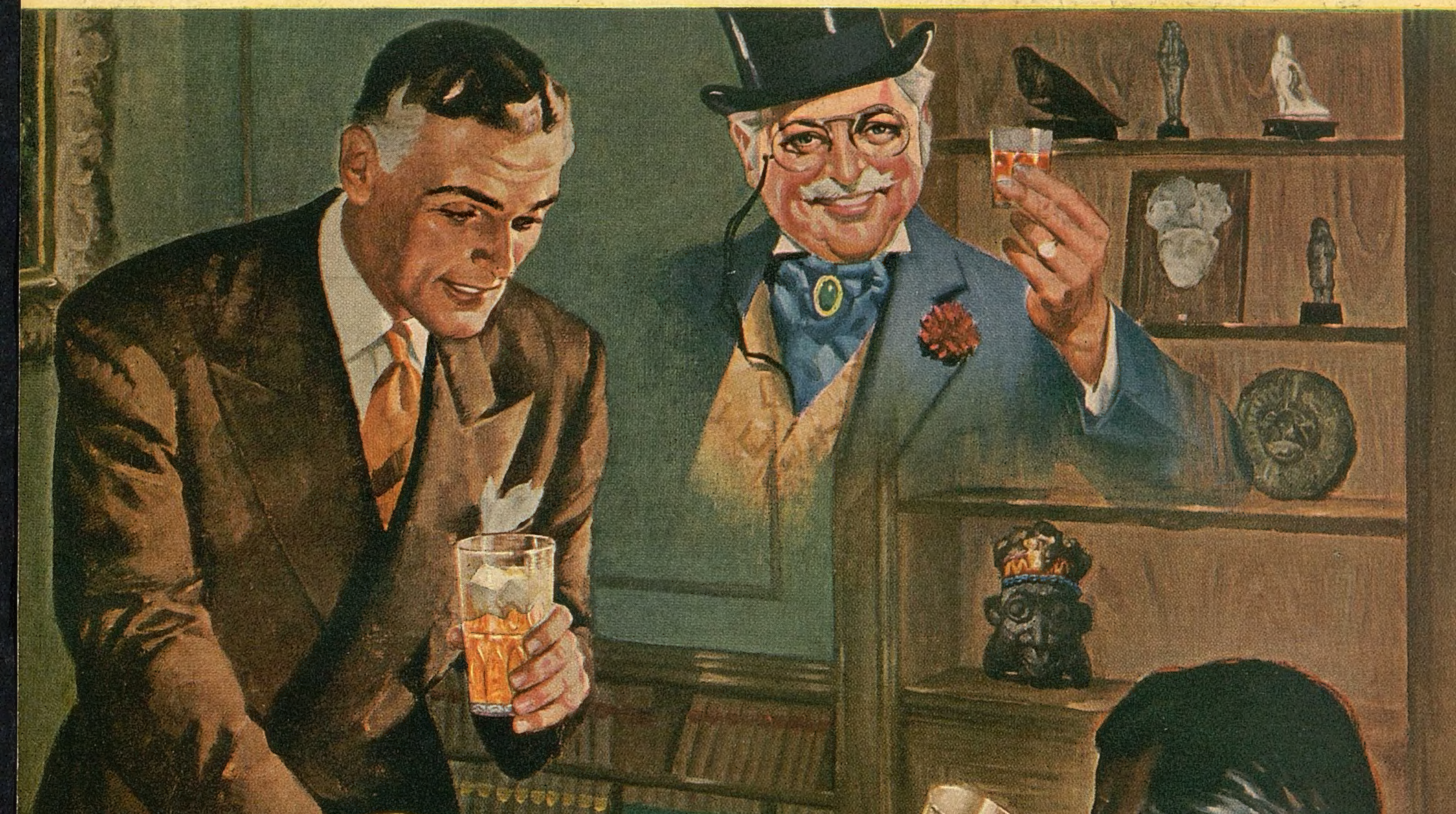
ONCE THE SECRET OF THE GAY NINETIES



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HASTEN VICTORY

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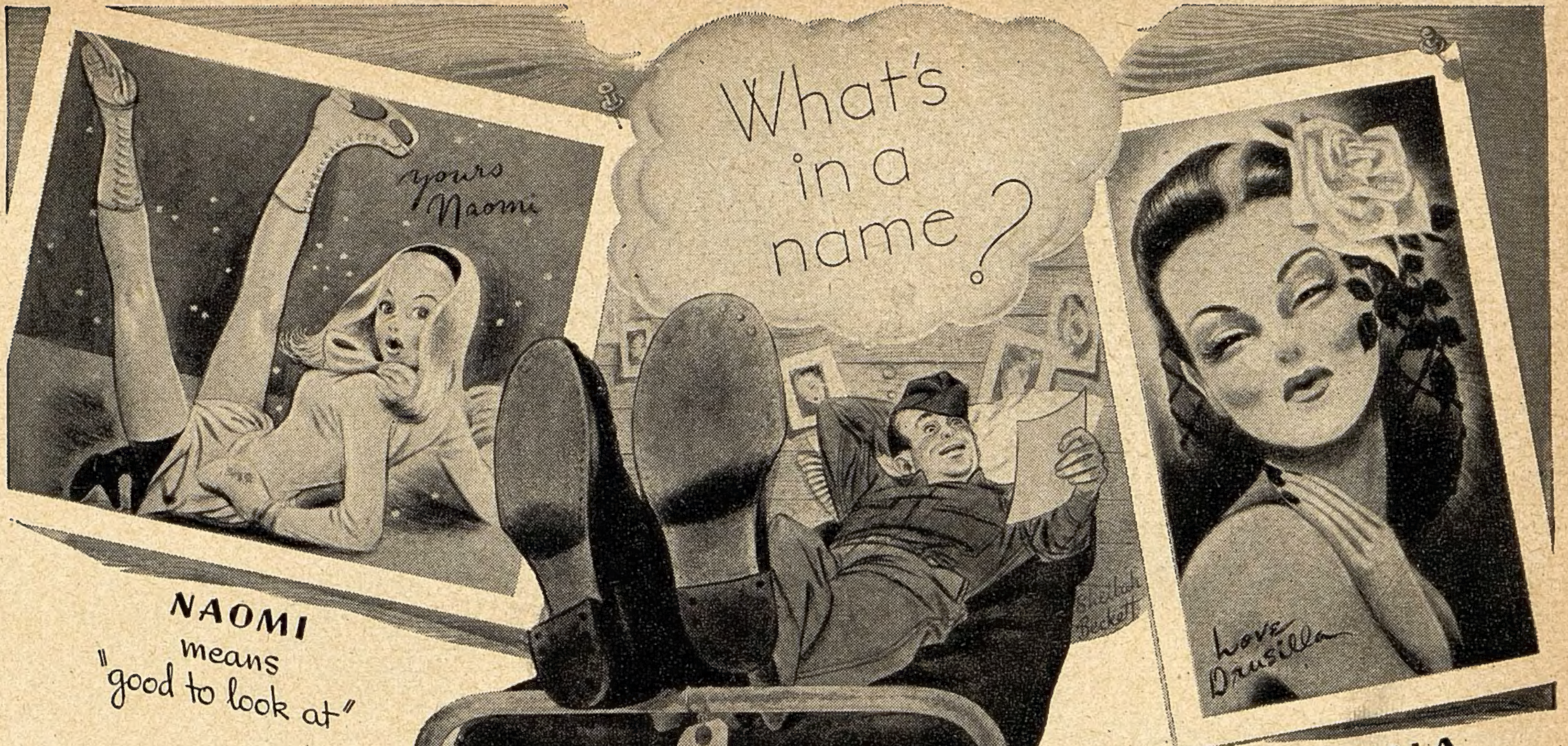
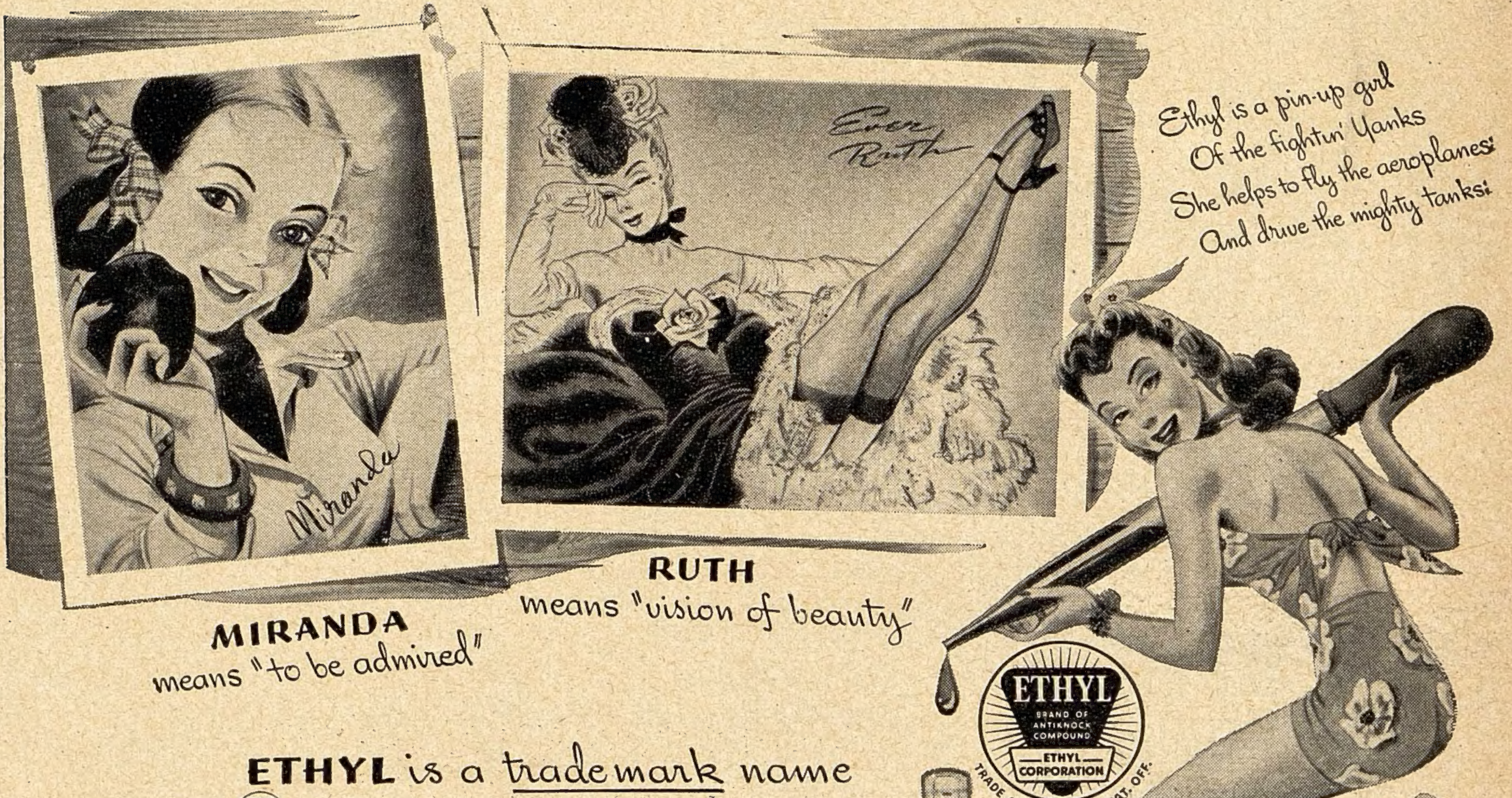


NAOMI means "good to look at"

NESTOR means "one who remembers"

DRUSILLA means "dewy eyes"



Ethyl is a pin-up gurl
Of the fightin' Yanks
She helps to fly the aeroplanes
And drive the mighty tanks

MIRANDA means "to be admired"

RUTH means "vision of beauty"

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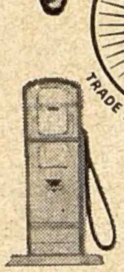

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Army Air Field

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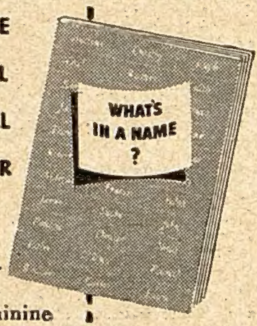
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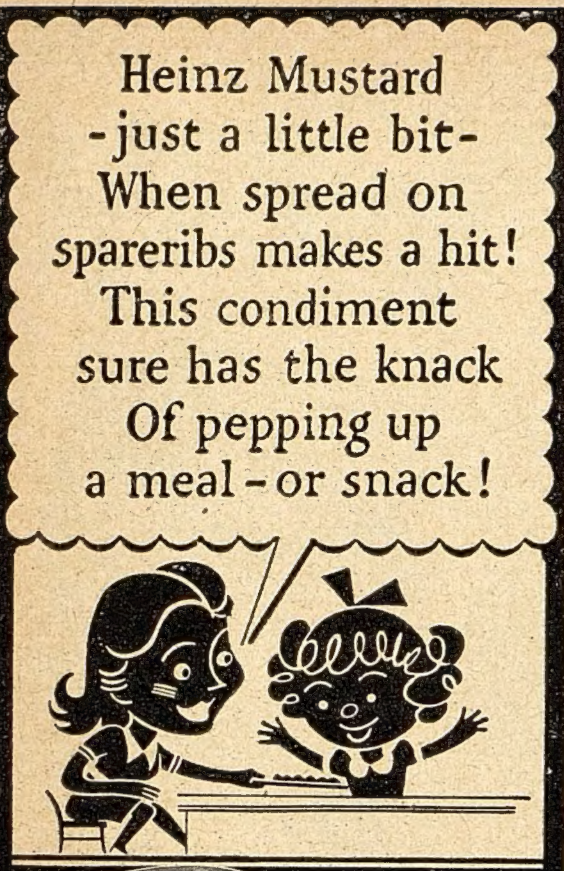

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Brown and Yellow

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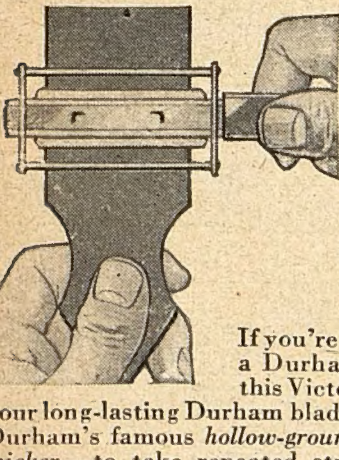

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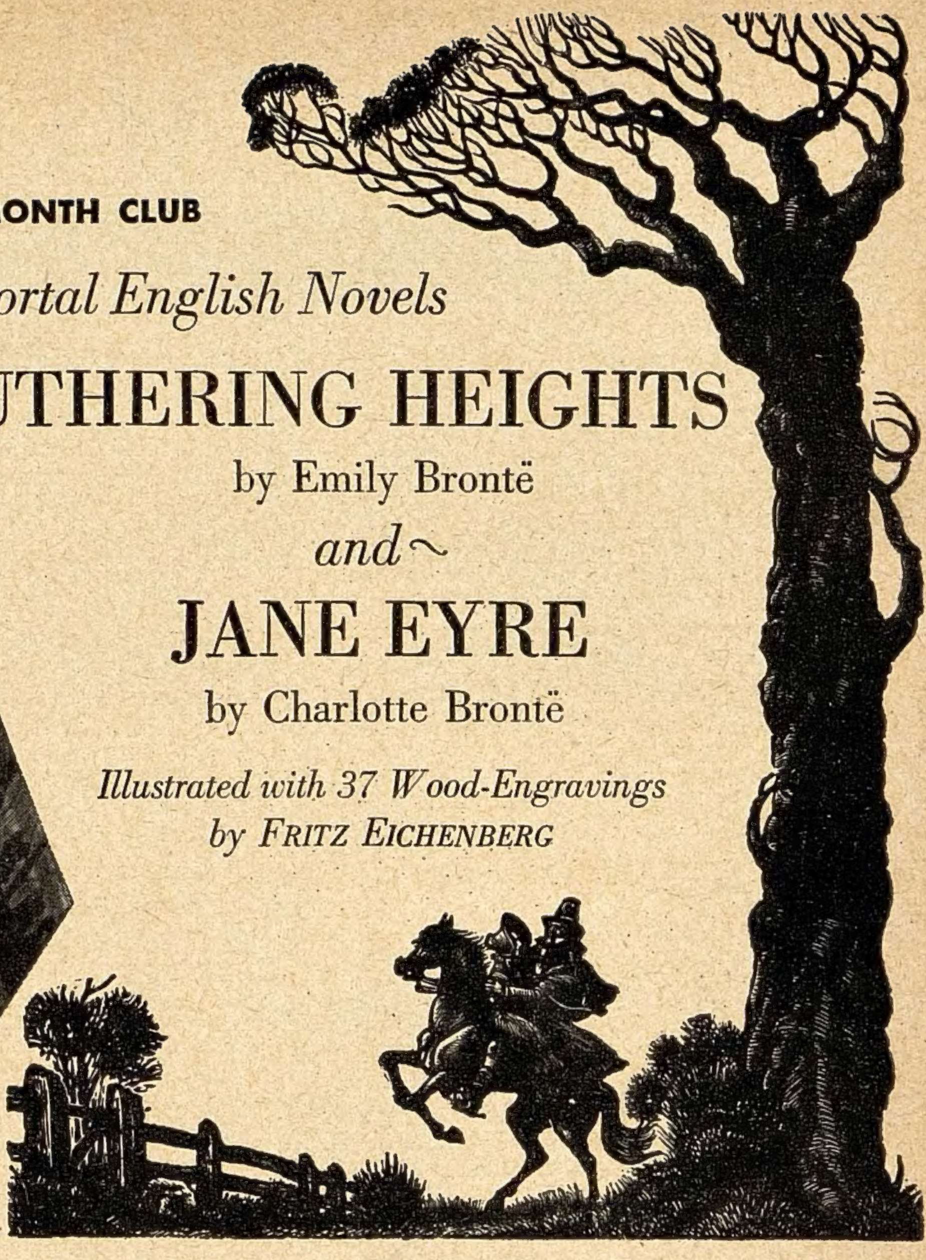

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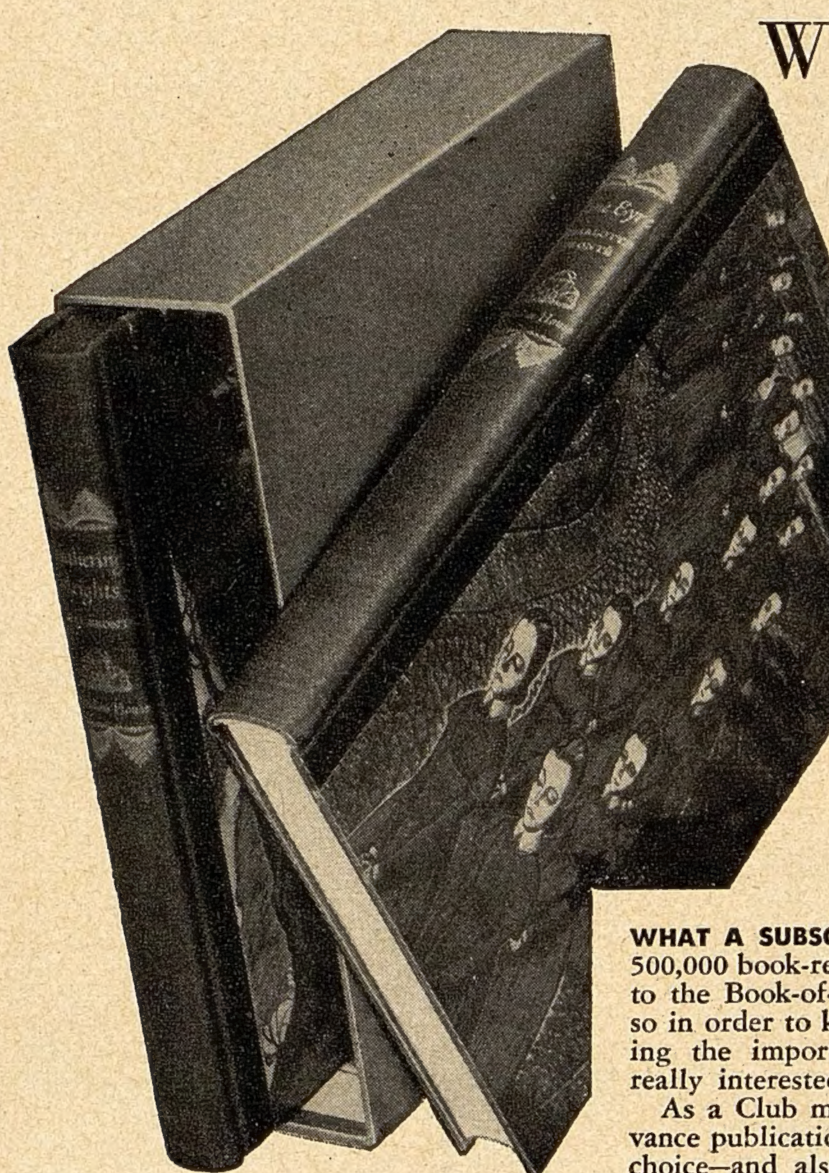

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

BABY NEEDS SHOES

Gloucester, Mass.—I am very much interested in the protest voiced by Mrs. Hannah Gibson (December 4 Vox Pop) over the government's rationing of children's shoes. Podiatrists throughout the country are alarmed over this faulty system of shoe rationing and fear a nation of foot cripples in 1960—unless steps are taken to correct this health menace.—*Dr. Francis B. Powers, Podiatrist.*

Tampa, Fla. — Maybe if enough mothers protest against the rationing of children's shoes the government will realize the predicament we are in, and discontinue the plan.—*(Mrs.) Virginia Sardegna.*

LOCALE MAKES A DIFFERENCE

Fort Knox, Ky.—Just a few lines to let you know that there is a rather obvious error in Carl Bobertz' illustration of the soldier, the girl, and the Air Corps captain in the story Make Up Your Heart (December 4 Liberty). The Air Corps insignia is worn on the left shoulder, not the right. Otherwise the illustration is very good.—*Cpl. Arthur M. Fahnestock.*

I checked each detail of the uniform with Captain Creekmore of the Army Air Corps, and his advice was that in the Asiatic theater of the war the Air Corps men wear the American Flag shield on the left shoulder and the Air Corps insignia on the right. As this officer's service had been in the East, I so drew it.—*Carl Bobertz.*

SURPRISE!

Emporia, Kan.—When I received my November 13 Liberty and saw my cadet son's picture in Keith Ayling's article, The Navy Isn't Kidding, I just had to tell you what a pleasant surprise it was.

And just a word for Old Sarge. His page is the first place I turn, and I really enjoy it.—*Mrs. Norris Allen.*

RELYING ON RUSSIA

Centredale, R. I.—When Dr. Thompson writes of sabotaging (November 6 Vox Pop), it would be interesting to hear what he calls strikes, riots, racketeering, and black markets in gasoline, oil, and all kinds of foodstuffs by men masquerading as American citizens.

He wishes to know if there is anything within reason to prove that Stalin and his Communists can be trusted. There are many reasons, if space would permit—one outstanding reason being that we are in the most disastrous war in history and Russia is our ally. If we as citizens of the United States cannot trust our allies, we are sabotaging our own cause and making a farce of a most sacred trust.

In the second place, Russia is showing the whole world a mighty fine example of a wonderful job in organizing her manpower and resources to make a brilliant comeback and drive the Nazis out of Russia, in spite of terrible sacrifices.—*Thomas Hardman.*

AUTHENTIC ART

New York, N. Y.—Congratulations on an artist who really read a story before he tried to illustrate it.

In The Folks Back Home (November 27 Liberty) the artist did actually paint a real country kitchen, the kind that can still be found by the millions all over our country. All that open plumbing—the dishpan in the iron sink—the right kind of chairs!—*Louise Rice.*

THANKSGIVING "CHEESECAKE"

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The day following Thanksgiving the papers were full of pictures of soldiers and sailors in barracks or hospitals, of old men in charity homes, and of children in orphan-asylums, eating Thanksgiving turkey. And in every case, without exception, the only part of the bird shown was the drumstick—always grasped in the hand and gnawed.

Is this the only part of a turkey that is photogenic—or is it done with the idea of imparting "cheesecake" to the pictures?—*Clarke Russell.*

THE WAR WILL END WHEN—

Houston, Tex.—The following lines, published in a Minneapolis paper before the end of World War I, seem to apply equally well to this one.

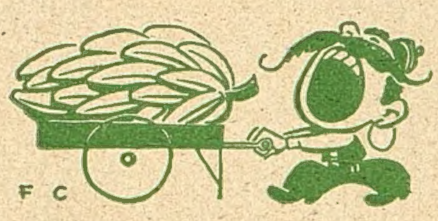
WHEN THE WAR WILL END

Absolute knowledge I have none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's
son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week
Written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
Who said the Negroes in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in Klondike heard the news
From a gang of South American Jews
About somebody in Borneo
Who heard a man who claimed to know
Of a swell society female fake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's
sister's niece
Had stated in a printed piece
That she has a son who has a friend
Who knows when the war is going to
end.—*Anon.*

—*R. M. Ferguson.*

WHAT PRICE BANANAS?

New York, N. Y.—Margaret Fishback's statement in her column Woman-Talk (December 4 Liberty), "Bananas were so rare and expensive fifty years ago that they were sold wrapped in tin foil," is ridiculous. Fifty years ago bananas were commonly sold by Italian peddlers on our streets at a cent each. —*Constant Reader.*



BLOOMS FROM THE ORCHID GARDEN

Los Angeles, Calif.—First of all, I wish to congratulate you on the *decided improvement* in your magazine since you changed editors about a year ago. It is such a relief to find the table of contents in the front part of the magazine instead of coming to it *after* one has already read the entire contents.

Also I wish to express my appreciation of your weekly book condensation, which I enjoy very much. I find stories pertaining to experiences of our boys in the armed forces most interesting, and I wish to thank you *especially* for the cartoons of boys in the service. I send these to my friends in the service and they have all expressed their appreciation. May we have more of them? A laugh once in a while is good for every one.—*(Mrs.) Phyllis Gallucci.*

Rochester, Minn.—The pictures of our fighting generals Liberty ran were wonderful. Can't we have them reproduced suitable for framing?—*Mrs. Otto Helm.*

North Platte, Neb.—Liberty's outstanding feature has always been good articles, but it is to be especially congratulated for publishing Barbed Wire for the Duration (November 27 Liberty). Besides being of interest to the general reading public, it will bring comfort to the parents, wives, and sweethearts of those boys now held in German prison camps.—*Helen Elaine Clark.*

New York, N. Y.—I would like to congratulate Lyon Mearson for his Short Short, No More Women (December 4 Liberty). His climax was really magnificent. Our whole family would enjoy more stories of this type.—*Beverly Keiner.*

Hatfield, Pa.—Let's have more stories by John D. Weaver. Two-Way Stretch (November 27 Liberty) was so good I read it to my two youngsters, twelve and fourteen, who gurgled with delight. Later I read it to my husband, who also laughed a lot and said "Swell!" And I enjoyed it the three times I read it!—*(Mrs.) Doris Maerten.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—Congratulations on your editorial Thanksgiving (November 27 Liberty). We at home should be thankful for those boys who are dying that we may possess those essentials of democracy we take for granted. We should also thank God for everything we possess and bow in humbleness before Him at this season of the year.

Congratulations, too, on the book condensations. They are the answer to the prayers of all those people who would like to read the best of contemporary fiction and nonfiction but who can't afford to buy all the books. —*Raymond Tarr.*

Marion, Ind.—Riot Town, by Hugh Pentecost (December 4 Liberty), was one of the best short stories I have ever read; also, Make Up Your Heart was really a clever little story and I like Willard Temple's writing. Please keep up the good work.

If I don't get time to read the magazine all at once, there is at least one feature I never miss, and that is Vox Pop. It's lots of fun to read what the people of all the other states are saying.—*Marilyn Weller.*

San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center, Tex.—Congratulations on So Long, by Bert Stiles (November 20 Liberty).

Short, sweet, and some of the most solid fiction on cadet training that I've ever read.—*A/S R. D. Benedict.*

A TED SHANE CLUB

Des Moines, Ia.—That is a swell idea suggested by Sam Rollins (December 4 Vox Pop). I am another of the many Ted Shane crossword puzzle fans, and I think a Ted Shane Club as outlined by Mr. Rollins would be a nice way to honor him.—*(Mrs.) Marie Drake.*

Cincinnati, Ohio—In answer to Sam Rollins, I would indeed consider it an honor to be his first recruit. I have been an ardent Ted Shane fan ever since he gave birth to his first cockeyed brain child. Let's call ourselves the Cockeyed Shenanigan Club, Unlimited, and elect Ted Shane as our permanent ornerary president. May his cockeyed reign over his cockeyed kingdom last *ad infinitum.* —*Louis Thoma.*

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

San Diego, Calif.—In December 4 Vox Pop a question was raised as to whether the national anthem is America or The Star-Spangled Banner.

The Star-Spangled Banner was made the national anthem by act of Congress in the year 1935. Can any one give the exact date?—*E. R. Murrell.*

According to authorities, The Star-Spangled Banner was made the national anthem March 3, *1931*.

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD

Go after it these *basic* ways advised by physicians in addition to temporary relief measures. These 5 steps *help your system throw off the infection.* And lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	**LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5**
1. Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue.* It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. Alkalinize your system.	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.
If cold does not respond, see your doctor.	

USE LEMONS THIS EFFECTIVE WAY

Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours at home or at nearest fountain. (And to induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.)

Then,—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

SODA

To make lemon & soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

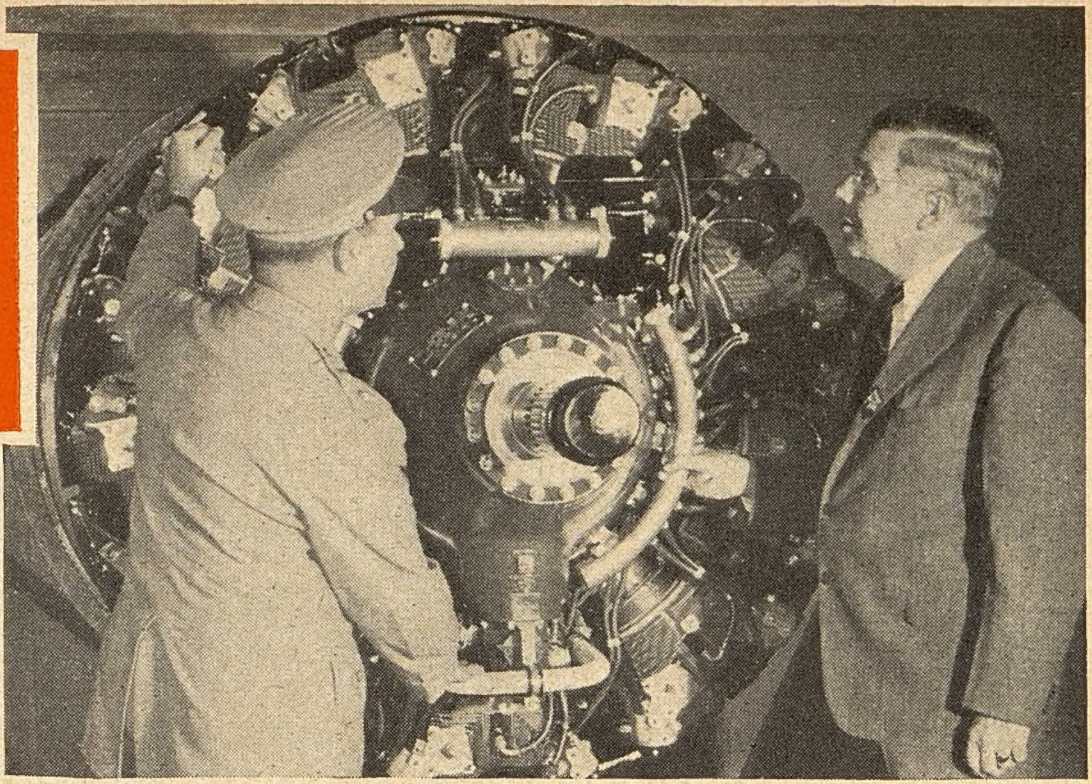
WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

California **Sunkist Lemons**

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



The Wright Cyclone 18, equipped with 2,200 horsepower, is the newest and most powerful service aircraft engine in the world.

P-38 Production

One of the greatest production pushes of the war has been concentrated on the Lockheed P-38 twin-engined Lightning fighter. It can be admitted now that the P-38 was not among the favorites when it first appeared several years ago. It was with considerable reluctance that Lockheed got the green light to go into production.

But the Lightning is the prime favorite of the Army these days in every theater. And to speed production to the utmost, Lockheed has all but abandoned everything else, and the resources of many other companies have been rallied to help out. For example, the Nashville and Downey, California, plants of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation are henceforth devoted to the P-38. Some of the other manufacturers who will build components for assembly at Lockheed include Hudson Motor Car Company, Rheem Manufacturing Company, Weber Showcase and Fixture, Avion, Incorporated, and Timm Aircraft Corporation of Los Angeles.

The twin-tailed P-38 has turned out to be exceptionally versatile. As a fighter it has conquered the best the Nazis and Japs can put out. For bombing and strafing it has performed with extraordinary skill. As a long-range escort (with external droppable gas tanks) for our heavy bombers it has materially reduced our daytime bombing losses in Europe. And as a photographic ship it has excelled because of its high climbing abilities and its general high speed necessary for getaways in combat areas.

Canada's Norseman V

Did you know that our Army Air Forces is buying airplanes outside the United States? It is, and for a good reason. Canada never had a real aircraft industry until the present war. For years it consisted principally of just one man—R. B. C. Noorduyn, a Dutchman who came to the United States with Anthony Fokker after the last war, who got little encouragement in the United States, and finally "dug in" in Canada. But he designed a plane now in great demand.

Today Bob Noorduyn, one of this hemisphere's really capable airplane designers and engineers, is very proud that the U. S. Army has come to his expanded plants in Montreal to order a substantial number of his single-engined Norseman V planes. Actually, it is Canada's only native-designed airplane, built especially for tough operations in the Far North. There isn't a single design in the United States to match it.

Powered with a 550-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Wasp engine, the Norseman's most noteworthy feature is the ease with which it can be operated on skis, floats, or wheels.

This easy interchangeability is most essential in northern Canada and in Alaska. With a gross weight of 7,400 pounds, the Norseman can lift a pay load of about a ton, can get in and out of small fields or lakes, and can stand the 70-below-zero temperature that is frequent in winter. Its cruising speed is 148 miles per hour at 6,000 feet. Recently our United States A. A. F. permitted Canadian Pacific Air Lines to break into the Norseman production line to obtain four planes for its mail and cargo services in the far North.

Postwar British Plane

At least one British airplane maker is out in front with his postwar plans. F. G. Miles, whose training planes have been used by the thousands, has presented his Miles X design to the Ministry of Aircraft Production—and it's quite a plan.

Miles would build a 130,000-pound gross weight fifty-passenger transport plane to be powered with eight Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled engines. Wing span would be 150 feet and length 110 feet, and the designer claims his transport would cruise at 350 miles an hour.

It can be considered to be one of Britain's entrants in the postwar global race, for Miles has estimated that his transport would fly from London to New York in ten hours, from London to Karachi, India, in thirteen hours, to Hong Kong in twenty-one and three quarter hours, and to New Zealand in thirty-nine and a half hours. The whole project is being developed by Phillips & Powis Aircraft, Ltd.

Air Power Over the Seas

One of the most remarkable achievements ever credited to airplanes was revealed recently by the U. S. Navy when it acknowledged that out of a total of twenty-four U-boats sunk during May, June, and July by U. S. naval air and surface forces, twenty-one were sunk by naval aircraft alone, and one was sunk by combined air and surface action. Airmen consider this to be an astonishing performance, for traditional naval men have always said that submarines could only be sunk by other surface naval units.

Grumman Avengers and Grumman Wildcats, operating from carriers, sank nine. Long-range Martin Mariner flying boats, Vega Ventura landplanes, and Consolidated Catalina flying boats and Liberator landplanes sank eleven, while two more were sunk by Martin Mariners in combined actions. At the same time the Navy reported that the Army Air Forces sank five submarines with its aircraft. It has taken air power to win the battle of the seas!

Flight Log

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox took three weeks from his busy Washington schedule to visit war theaters. He flew to the British Isles, to North Africa, to South America, and to Panama. The total was 17,656 miles, which is a lot of traveling. But he made the entire trip in one plane at an average of 200 miles an hour. He actually spent only eighty-eight hours and forty-seven minutes in the air, which left a lot of time for visits on the ground.

Credit for this flawless flight, which went off without a hitch anywhere, goes to the Naval Air Transport Service, and especially to Secretary Knox's chief pilot on the trip, Commander Wharton E. Larned, U. S. N. R., a veteran air-mail flyer and, until going on active duty, superintendent of flying for United Air Lines.

Odds and Ends

The War Department reported recently that we are now making more than 419,000 aircraft bombs a month. The Axis can read, can't it?

Teamwork in aviation? The Vega aircraft plant of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation is building a Boeing bomber equipped with Wright engines built by the Studebaker Corporation.

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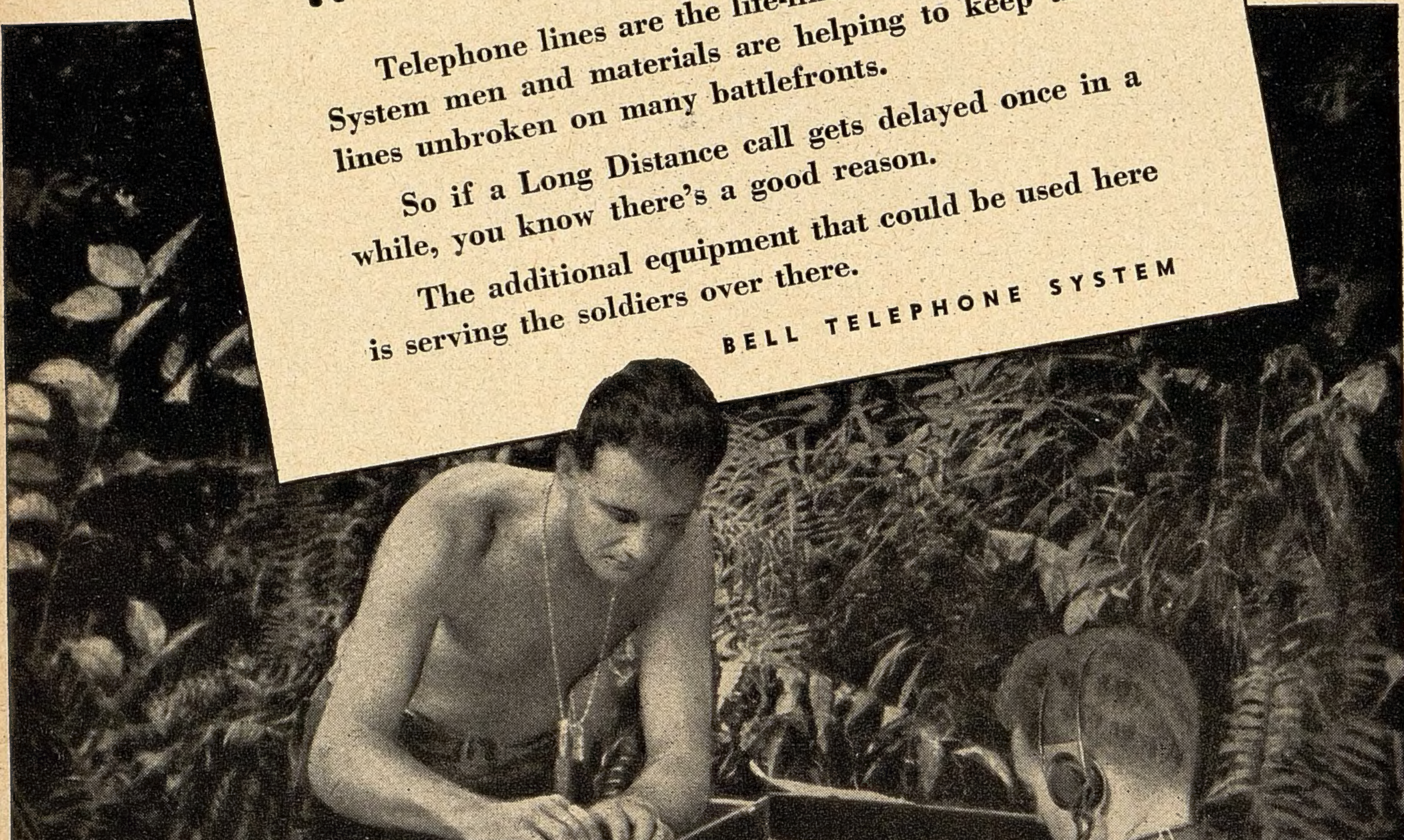

U. S. Army Signal Corps installing switchboard in New Guinea

WAR NEEDS THE WIRES

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How Far Have We Gone Toward SOCIALIZED MEDICINE?

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Medical care for all is humanity's goal. Here's an appraisal of how far we've come toward it, with news of some spectacular wartime developments

I HAVEN'T got a family doctor any more. He is in the Army. I live in a community where four physicians now have to care for about 8,000 people. Perhaps I am lucky. There are remote areas in this country where a single physician must minister to as many as 7,000 potential patients.

This war has laid the question of our national medical security squarely on the line of reality. It is not too much to say that in numerous instances the workings of our medical system have simply broken down.

At the outset of hostilities there were about 150,000 doctors in this country. Now 46,000, or nearly one third, are in uniform, and for the most part they are the young, the energetic, the eager of the profession.

Consider what that means. There is now one doctor in uniform for every 200 men in uniform. On the other hand, there is only one doctor for every 1,200 civilians.

These are averages. We don't actually have a doctor attached to every company of soldiers. Many are in base hospitals and many are engaged in research rather than treatment. But, by the same token, the distribution of our population doesn't actually put a doctor at the service of every 1,200 civilians. As my home community has realized, the ratio in some areas is as wide as 1 to 7,000.

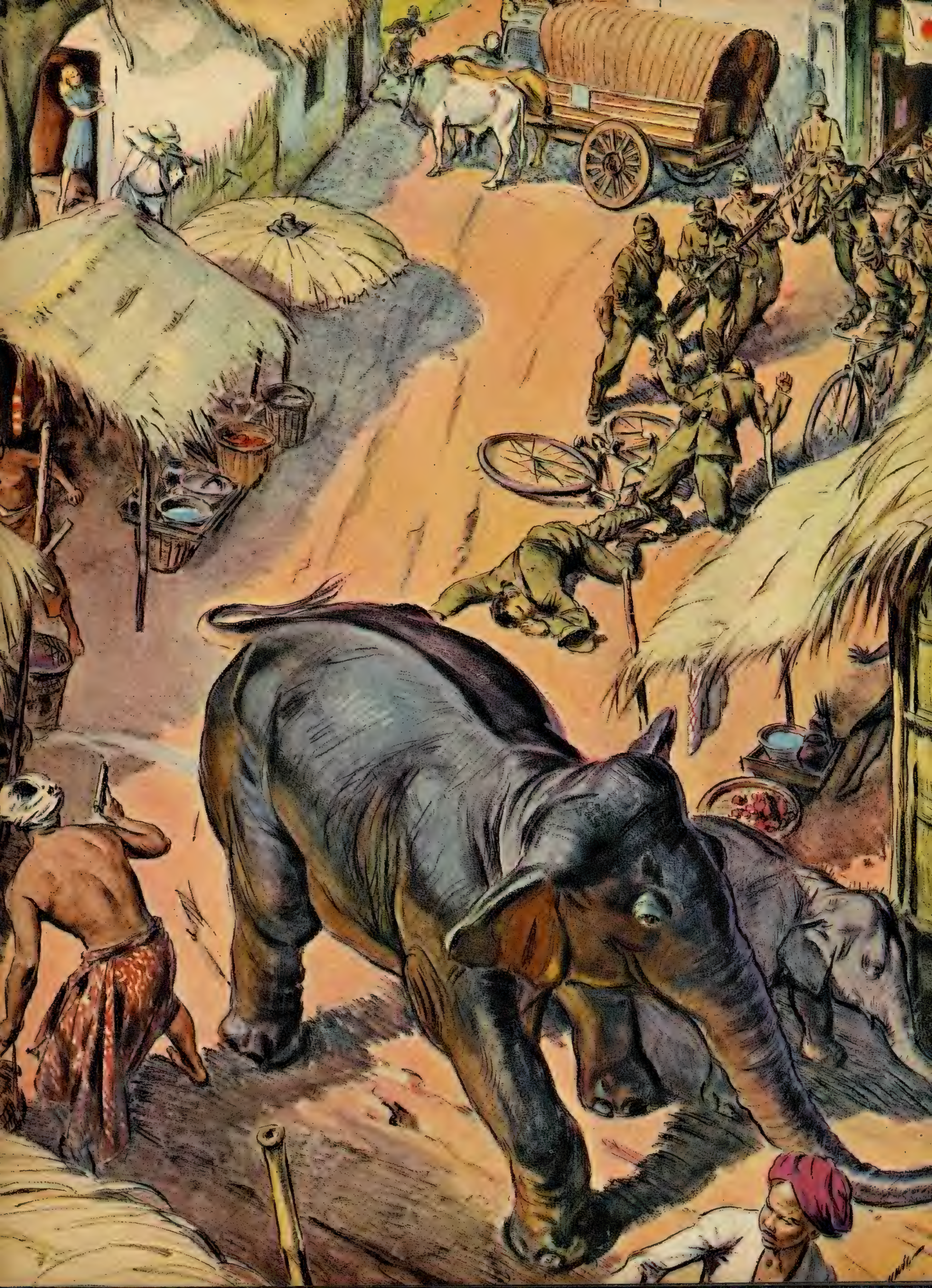
Women approaching the throes of childbirth have had to languish in waiting rooms while the doctor was absent on his incessant round of calls. And in the suddenly swollen industrial areas, where existing medical facilities cannot possibly cope with the demands made upon them, dangerously injured workmen have had to suffer for hours before the harried doctor could get around to them.

The medical profession itself was pretty helpless in the face of the situation. It had no method of redistributing medical care because it had no authority to do much of anything.

Remedies for such a dangerous situation were bound to emerge, and most of them are in the direction of a system which might be called socialized medicine.

The phrase isn't new to us. Socialized medicine has been the subject of great controversy for the past dozen years. Today, all over the country, groups of a dozen or more neighbors or fellow workers are paying small fees in advance to ensure themselves of at least a minimum of medical care in emergency, and a great many industrial corporations have set up their own self-

(*Continued on page 52*)



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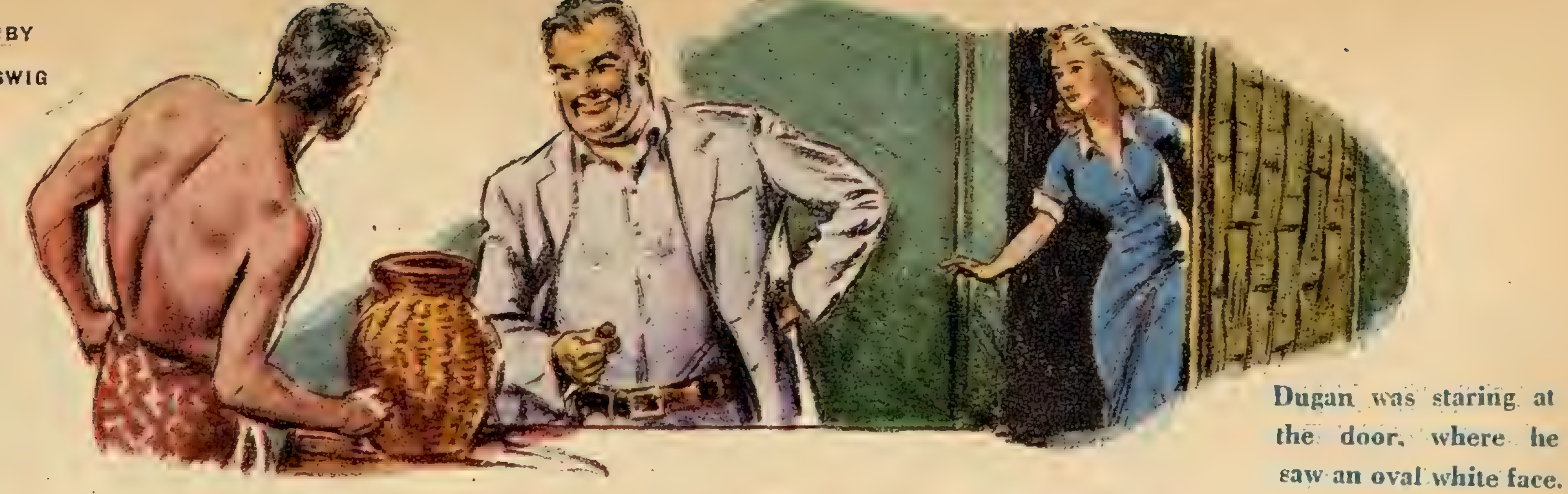

Dugan was staring at the door, where he saw an oval white face.

RECALL IN BURMA

The wily Japs bargain for an elephant, but get a miniature blitzkrieg in this thrilling tale of two missionaries and a circus man who put on an impromptu performance despite the odds

BY KENNETH PERKINS

"THIRTY years in Burma and the Lord gives me rheumatism, gout, and now Japs." The doctor said this every day at tiffin, if for no other reason than to see Mary McCabe's smile. He said it generally when peeling his first plantain, or his second, or his third.

"When it comes to horse plantains I'm an elephant." That was another of Dr. William Webster Post's clichés. Today it was especially funny, for there happened to be a rag-eared cow elephant out there at the village well. She resembled the doctor not only in size but in shapelessness and the clownish underlip. Mary had to laugh, and her laughter was the happiest sound heard in this drab dispensary.

The Japs, advised by the Religious Department of their Army, had been lenient with old Dr. Post and his very young assistant. The latter, miraculously, had not been harmed, for the doctor had built a wall around her. The wall, as the native Buddhists said, was thirty years high, with bricks and *chunam* which were the doctor's ten thousand good deeds. The Japs merely kicked the two missionaries out of their home compound, appropriated their hospital, chapel, go-downs, and wells, and threw them into the mud-walled dispensary opposite the guardhouse. Here—because the Japs needed doctors and nurses—the two prisoners were allowed to continue their ministry to the sick.

Today, after the elephant joke, Mary said, "Those planes we saw were Vengeances, and they bombed the Japs at Maundaw. The tom-toms told about it. Only think! A locomotive and a factory at Ingin were blown up and"—she added brightly—"they blew up two hundred Japs!"

The doctor stopped munching plantain and squinted at her. Her face, he noticed, was dimpled with smiles. It was extraordinary how such a white face with those pale gold freckles could be so radiant. "It makes you happy—doesn't it—this war? And you a missionary!"

"It's awful—the shedding of blood," she conceded. "We should turn the other cheek to the Japs. It's getting more brutal and godless and horrible every day. And"—her blue eyes shone—"and the R. A. F. sank thirty sampans on the Irrawaddy near Pagan."

"Which means innocent Burmans were killed!" The doctor shook his head as Mary hummed and poured tea. Mary simply could not understand his point of view, he reflected sadly. She was a fervent Congregationalist, yes, but she was a creature of emotions. That was due to her mother, who had once been in the show business; certainly not to the tent preacher who had been her father. She should have had more education as the A. B. C. F. M. advised before sending her out to Burma. Here she was saying blithely, "It's a criminal war—sinful! This morning Beaufighters sank three river steamers near Mandalay!"

An old Burman with spectacles on a ribbon—the dispensary dresser—came to the door. "It is arranged!" he announced mysteriously. "The village *thugyi* has consented to our plan by which with the grace of our risen Lord, you may escape across the Chindwin!"

"What are you talking about!" the doctor asked. "According to whose plan?" He looked at Mary, who had jumped up. She stood there, her white arms open, like a bird poising—a bird that discovers the door of its cage open.

The dresser was looking at Mary too. "You told the doctor of your plan, I supposed, logically."

"No, but I'll tell him now," she said. "A bullock *bandy* is going to stop in back of the compound at sundown. It'll have a load of sesame and maize. I told the thugyi to get the Japs' consent to send the maize to a hill village—"

"You plotted all this without asking me?"

"Why ask foolish questions? You were busy all day with patients, so I arranged it. You and I are going to hide in the bandy under the maize bags."

"Thus you can escape from bondage," the dresser said. "That is to say, if the bags and sheaves of straw will cover you." He took a doubtful look at the doctor's monstrous stomach, chest, and fat legs. As for Miss McCabe, her legs were very slim and her chest the moderate plumpness—from a Burmese point of view—of merely a young girl. She could be hidden, the dresser calculated, with but a scattering of straw.

The doctor made an astounding remark: "I do not wish to escape."

In answer to Mary's gasp he said, "I'm staying in Burma. I can heal souls and bodies whether I'm a prisoner or not. What's the difference?"

MARY'S arms dropped, hanging listlessly. "I see. You are like that man who got to like his chains."

"A good way of putting it. Burma is Chillon. . . . Let Miss McCabe go in the bandy. You can hide her. You can't hide an elephant."

Mary burst out, "If you stopped to think what the Japs did to our country you wouldn't stay here and cotton to them!"

"I'm cottoning to God. My work's here. As for my country—" He stopped chewing and mumbled half to himself. "The States, h'm! In thirty years—well, a country grows dim. Good gracious, I didn't realize!"

He stopped as he saw Mary sink to a chair. He did not realize, he was about to say, what those words, "the States," actually meant. They meant the A. B. C. F. M.—a group of men who paid his expenses and exacted an account. Except for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Dr. Post had forgotten America.

He glanced at Mary again, wilted and deathly white, her hands in her lap with the palms turned up in that attitude of utter dejection she must have gotten from the Burmese women. Her eyes gazed longingly at the strips of outdoor light through the *tatti* curtains;

(*Continued on page 47*)

The Japs were all in the street now. The elephant gave a hoot and bolted.

YANKS ABROAD: North Africa

BY STANLEY H. KOCH

Lieutenant (j. g.) U. S. N. R.

An Advance Base,
North Africa.

OLD campaigners often say that war is 90 per cent ennui, and that some day a President with a sense of humor will authorize a medal commemorating the Battle of Boredom. Needless to say, it will be accorded a place of honor on the beribboned breasts of generals and privates alike.

It is particularly dull to sit around in what is probably the worst port in North Africa waiting for a task force to assemble so you can attack somebody somewhere. You even get tired of trying to second-guess the strategists. Besides, it's too hot.

That leaves four alternative pastimes. You can drink, date a nice-looking French girl, make a liberty in a larger and more cosmopolitan town, or shoot the breeze with some one who was in on the fall of Tunis, Bizerte, or Sicily.

Under ordinary circumstances, the first would seem the easiest choice. Unfortunately, however, there is nothing to drink in North Africa but bad wine and lukewarm beer—when you can get them. There was a near riot one day when a liberty ship pulled in with a crew apparently unacquainted with relative values on this particular front. At 0800 it was possible to trade them out of a quart of whisky for two cartons of cigarettes. By 1400 latent Yankee acumen had warned them that they were being played for suckers. Consequently, the price went up to fourteen dollars a bottle—and there were still plenty of takers.

How do our boys like strange lands? A lieutenant tells about the Battle of Boredom in this first of a series of short articles

One of the best ways to see Algiers is in the company of an attractive girl.

You can, of course, get reasonably ga-ga on muscatel, vin blanc, vin rouge, or mousseaux, but it is a very unsatisfactory performance—and you have a terrible hangover.

Choice number two—ah, ma'm'selle! —is a little difficult unless you are shore-based, which I am not. To be sure, there was Mimi Hegage. We met Mimi and her mother at the Continental in Oran. Mme. Hegage is an outspoken anti-Fascist—which no doubt accounts for their flight from Paris. Mimi is too immersed in the day-to-day problem of keeping reasonably well fed and well clad to worry much about politics, although she gleefully pointed out the flamboyant *Morte à Laval* and *Vive Giraud et De Gaulle* slogans that cover every blank wall. *Oui,* she would be happy to have us call. We promised to bring soap and sugar and coffee. But, for one reason or another, it never came off. We never did get to see Mimi.

Ah, well, perhaps it was all to the good. The transportation would have been difficult. To the casual observer, there appears to be at least one jeep for every man, woman, and child in North Africa; but if there is, they are all bound on official business. Of course, if there is an ice-cold drink and a good dinner at the end of the trip, no one minds hitch-hiking. I've seen many a lieutenant commander thumbing his way out of Oran.

Making a liberty in one of North Africa's larger and more cosmopolitan cities is the most usual form of escape. For those of us on the Mediterranean Station, heaven on earth is Algiers.

La Paris du Sud they call it, and aptly, I think. Spread over green hills that rise sharply from the harbor, it is a beautiful sight to the war-weary. Wide tree-lined boulevards follow the contours of the hillsides and are joined vertically by steep narrow streets or, more often, by staircases. You quite confidently expect to run into Hedy Lamarr and Pepe Le Moko emerging from the forbidden Kasbah.

On Sunday life begins at two o'clock with the opening of the Opera for the benefit of the French Red Cross.

"Not that any one wants to hear my third-magnitude stars murder La Tosca," remarks the impresario cynically, and more or less correctly, "but our bar *does* open two and one half hours before any other."

The real star is La Formidable (accent on the last syllable, please), who runs the bar concession. A broken-down Wagnerian soprano, she marches up and down shouting, "Name of a pig, I *am* hurrying!" and sloshes out fake champagne to any one with a glass and twenty-five francs. She really is formidable.

From the Opera one progresses to the Hotel Aletti, delight of Mediterranean cruise trippers in palmier days and now taken over by Base Section officers of high rank—except for the café and *terrasse du bar.* When the war is long since over and veterans gather in convention cities to break up the furniture and ogle waitresses, they'll still talk about the girls from the Aletti in Algiers.

From the Aletti, around the circuit to the Café de Paris for quite decent food and really good wine; then to the Club Bosphore for the last show and, finally, back to the ship, singing:

We don't have to
  March with the infantry,
  Ride with the cavalry,
  Shoot with the artillery.
We don't have to
  March into Germany—
We are the MBS*!

What North Africa needs is more

(*Continued on page 59*)

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* Mediterranean Base Section.

The Powder Keg of Palestine

BY ERIKA MANN

The Holy Land trembles as Jew and Arab arm secretly for a coming showdown. Can pledges to both sides be redeemed without an explosion?

EUROPEAN PHOTO

Palestine Arab and Palestine Jew.

I WAS there when the fierce searchlight of the world's attention was once again switched on Palestine. The sensational trial at whose end the accused, two Jews, stood convicted of having stolen large amounts of weapons from the British Army was covered by the international press and the dangerous Jewish-Arab situation was once again brought into the spotlight. This unfortunate incident serves to remind us of a problem of great urgency for the United Nations. It involves the Jewish question in its entirety and concerns the whole of the Arab world. Unless a solution can be found, the Middle East may be plunged into strife.

The presence in strength of Allied troops may prevent the outbreak of hostilities for the duration, but the peace this war has brought to Palestine must deceive no one. The chasm deepens between the two camps and nationalism thrives hotly. Both parties are known to be in a state of preparation. According to private estimates, the Arabs have hidden some 80,000 rifles and a large supply of ammunition, machine guns, hand grenades, and mortars. The Jews are said to have 30,000 rifles and revolvers, 2,000 larger weapons, and much ammunition.

The situation is the more dangerous because both sides feel themselves on firm ground morally.

Jews have been living in Palestine for more than 2,000 years. Even when, after the final destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, Jewish history ceased to be the history of Palestine and the great diaspora began, the children of Israel refused quite to abandon the land of their fathers and the Messianic pledge remained ever present in their minds. One day, they maintained, He would come and lead them home to Zion. Each Easter they comfort each other with the words of promise, "Next year in Jerusalem!" For there they conceived the idea of one invisible God. From there they gave to the world what they believed to be His Commandments. There, they feel, lie the roots of their strength.

The stubbornness with which the Jews clung to their faith kept them alive as a people. But it also hampered their complete assimilation in their new homelands. They were different, they did not belong, and their different habits provoked the wrath of the intolerant. The pogroms and persecutions are bloody history.

Finally, in the last half of the nineteenth century the Dreyfus affair in the west and the Russian pogroms in the east started the Jews on another diaspora. Most of the new émigrés wandered westward, but many made their way into Palestine. No longer was Palestine only the spiritual home of the Jews and a place of pilgrimage for the faithful; it was also to become their physical domicile. The movement became known under the name of Zionism. Its founder was Theodor Herzl of Vienna.

For 1,300 years Arabs have been living in Palestine. Of the great Arab empire, poor barren Palestine formed but a tiny part. Yet the rebuilt Jerusalem ranked higher in the Arab world than even Bagdad or Cairo. Here stands the mosque where Mohammed is reported to have conversed with God, and from the rock which once bore the Jewish temple the Prophet is said to have taken his flight to heaven. So when Arab might decayed, and during the long sway of the Ottoman Turks, Palestine's population continued overwhelmingly Arab and it remained the Arabs' home and the birthplace of their faith.

The defeat of the Turks in World War I delivered the country into Allied hands and the League of Nations gave Great Britain mandatory power over it. Freed from Turkish domination, both Arabs and Jews felt themselves rightful owners of the soil. Two conflicting nationalisms swept the land. Encouraged by a somewhat vague promise in the British Balfour Declaration issued in 1917, according to which "a National Home for the Jewish people" was to be established there, Zionists from all over the world began to stream into Palestine. The Jewish population increased from 55,000 in 1918 to 550,000 in 1939.

Did this sudden influx prejudice Arab interests? On the contrary, according to the best available account, the Palestine Royal Commission Report, presented to the British Parliament in 1937 by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Arabs profited from Jewish wealth, enterprise, and labor. Their industries expanded, employment increased. Arab patients were treated in Jewish hospitals. But they resented a development that hurt their national pride and threatened to dispel their dream of Palestine as an independent Arab state.

Infuriated by what they considered their betrayal by the British, they revolted repeatedly. And when organized resistance against the British proved to be in vain, they sought to terrorize the Jews into submission. The Jews defended themselves as best they could, but chiefly they looked to the Mandatory Power for protection.

By 1939 this power was committed to a general policy of "appeasement." The British White Paper on Palestine, issued in May of that year, presented a substantial concession to the Arab

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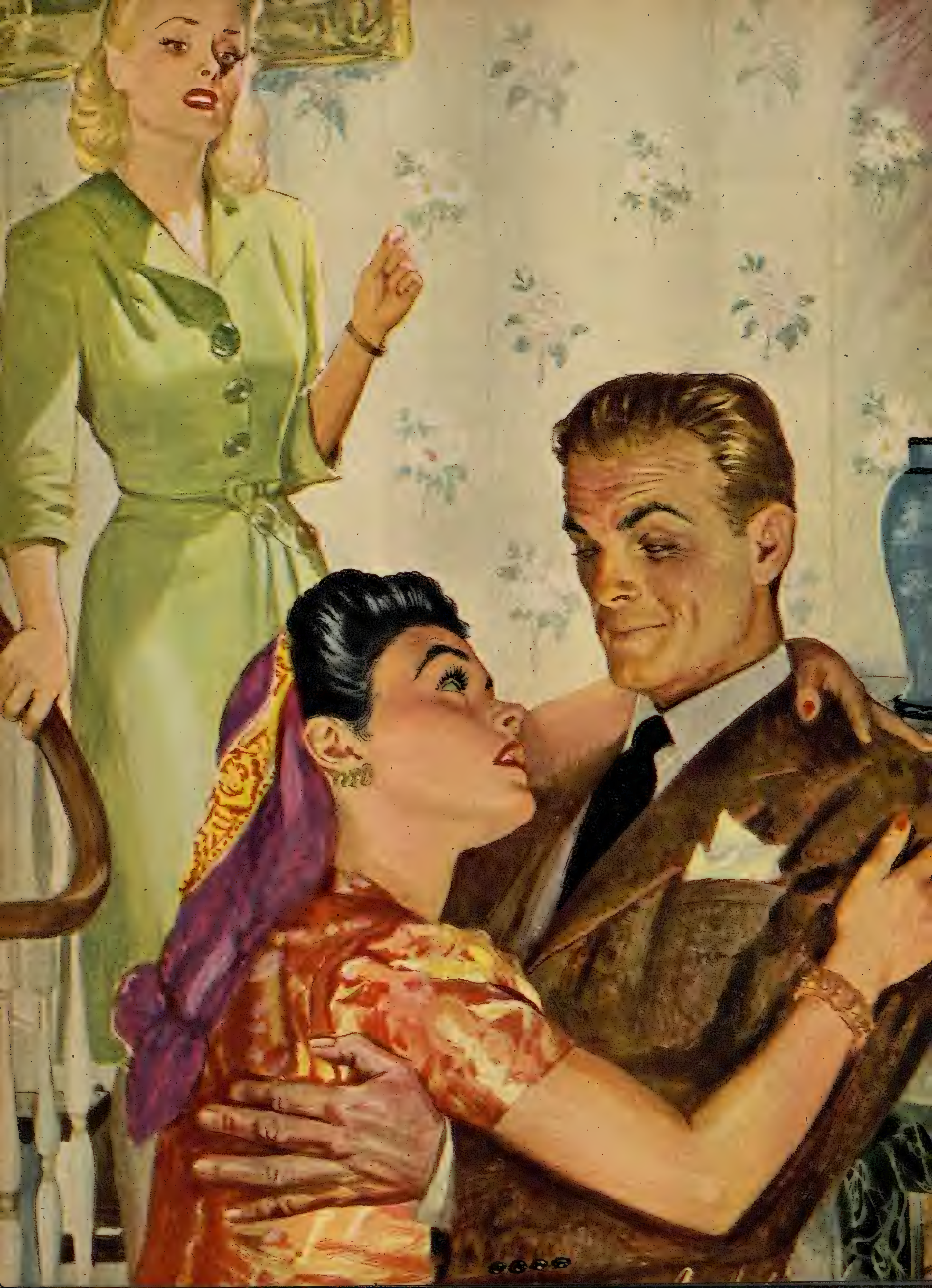


SO LOVELY A HEEL

A "more the merrier" tale of love, landlords, and ladies' shoes in wartime Washington, in which a wife discovers that sometimes secretaries are not what they seem

BY ALWYN W. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

THEY had adopted, protectively, the forced brightness of people suddenly estranged; and they were being terribly polite to each other in a casual sort of way.

Katie pointed at the pregnant cow grazing over the fireplace. "I'll take that," she said pleasantly. "I mean, Grandma Hanson painted it, so I guess you don't want it."

Eric unhooked one thumb from his suspenders and waved generously. "Sure, take it. Absolutely."

"But *you* keep the studio couch, Eric. Until you move to a furnished room. People are still coming to Washington in simply droves, and you can sell it then for what we paid for it."

"I guess that's right," he said. "Sure thing." But he was thinking that he'd be damned if he'd let strangers sit on it. Not if he had to chop it up for fuel—not too remote a possibility with a tough winter in prospect for 1944. He glanced quickly at his wife, and away. *So even memories meant nothing to Katie now?*

Watching her, he reflected that she didn't look like a woman about to break up a home. Most women slumped when they balanced their weight on one hip, but not Katie—the lines of her body were too fluid or something. Katie didn't even slump washing dishes in a house dress. But Katie was moving to Philadelphia, house dress and all, and he would just have to get used to people who did slump.

"And—oh, yes, darling—I'll take the divan." Her smile was her old smile for a moment. Before hurt twisted the fondness away. "It never was long enough for your legs, you know," she added and turned from him.

Eric agreed that, come to think of it, it never had been. This civilized business was getting him down. Why couldn't they shout and heave the bric-a-brac?

Katie walked in slow circles, making her hips go exaggeratedly from side to side, the carmine tip of a finger on pursed lips. She pointed again. "You won't need that chair?"

"Of course not. I'll just sit on the floor."

She raised a quizzical eyebrow. "You bought it," she said. "It's yours if you want it."

"I was only kidding," he told her, suddenly tired beyond reason. "You take it. Take everything. Take the whole damned business."

He lit a cigarette, and it shook, so he sat down in one of the chairs that were going to Philly with Katie and wondered how you convinced wives that secretaries didn't really count—even lush ones like Sid.

Perhaps, he reflected painfully, he had been too honest with Katie where Sid was concerned; and now he was too proud, he supposed, to plead with a wife who wouldn't listen. Whenever he had tried to explain, she had just let her chin out a notch and taken her miserable eyes to some other part of the house.

But why shouldn't he have told her about Sid? Sid was his right arm at the office, and except for a fine camaraderie, there was nothing between them. She was a swell little dancer, and she handled her liquor like a gentleman; and after all, if she had been willing to stay late occasionally to break the dictation bottleneck, the least he could do was to buy her dinner and drink in return—wasn't it?

He had even joked about it when he told Katie. "She thinks I'm a big shot because I'm a junior executive. And she thinks the utilities are helping to win the war. Of course she's attractive in an obvious sort of way, darling, but—"

Only after he had prattled on awhile, Katie had said suddenly without looking up, "Is she fun to kiss, Eric?"

They had been sitting in front of the fireplace, Eric remembered; saving oil and being cozy to boot. Katie's hair was spun gold, and the firelight had been soft in her eyes, making them oddly defenseless. They had not spoken of the matter again.

And then one day Katie had come unexpectedly to the office. Eric had told her to meet him for dinner in town, and then forgotten all about it. Just as he had forgotten about picking up the new ration tokens the day before. When you're trying to figure out a way for one trunk line to do the work of three, that's the way it goes. It positively had nothing at all to do with *wanting* Katie to have dinner in town with him.

So she had got tired waiting in the lobby and come up to his office and found Sid in his arms. He and Sid were laughing together like a couple of kids. They had even laughed, a bit hysterically, when Katie had turned without a word and gone clicking down the corridor, taking her ghost's face with her. Because it *was* funny. It *couldn't* be tragic when your wife found your secretary in your arms—simply because the secretary's spiked heel had caught in a loop of telephone wire and she had grabbed at the nearest object for support, and the nearest object had been you. All right, lucky you.

He had told Katie, later, that it was a wrong number, and that he had been just about to break the connection when she had walked in. But Katie had never believed. And now, watching the familiar way she balanced evenly on her feet, with her hands on her hips, Eric made one last try. Not thinking really that it would do any good; but wanting to try just one more pitch before this awful politeness froze into permanency.

"Listen," he said.

"I won't!" Katie's voice was a whisper that shook.

"Won't what?"

"Won't reconsider."

She looked small and furious, standing so straight by the mantel. Small and lost. Perhaps because of the tears in her eyes. But this pride business worked both ways, Eric thought stubbornly. After all, he *was* innocent.

That afternoon the movers came. He put his hands in his pockets, and walked around aimlessly, getting in the way, feeling cold all over from being afraid because events were moving so fast and there seemed to be no way to slow time down. One of the movers bumped him, and he stumbled awkwardly. Busy little fellows, he thought—lugging his happiness out on their shoulders; dismantling his life and not giving a damn. Like Katie, apparently.

WHEN they had loaded and gone, Katie and Eric sat down to a couple of old-fashioneds. Something familiar to do. The room looked as snug as a slit trench at Salerno. Only one chair and the studio couch remained. The floor was bare and so were the walls. Suddenly Eric was frightened. This was reality. Somehow he hadn't believed that it could happen. But there was Katie in her going-away clothes, looking lovelier and more desirable than ever before. Like a seductive Lorelei with a train to catch.

"I'll tell my draft board I'm unessential," he threatened desperately. "I'll go to Italy and get shot."

Katie's eyes winked hard. "Go ahead. I'll warn the Fascist women you're coming." Her tone changed. "Eric, don't forget to send me the Washington Post; I'm used to it."

But he scarcely heard. He was thinking, She can't really love me and take it like this.

The drinks were good. He nursed his, making it last; making Katie last with it. Katie built a very smooth old-fashioned. *The hand that rocks the*

(Continued on page 64)

"Thanks for coming," Eric said. "But Sid hasn't finished her drink." It was Katie.

FITCH'S ANGELS OVERHEAD

Every day brings news of our flyers' exploits against the Jap. Here's a close-up of the man who runs the show in the South Pacific air

BY JOSEPH DRISCOLL

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

JAKEY FITCH has sunk more ships, knocked down more planes, killed more Japs and broken more Jap hearts than any other commander of shore-based craft in the American armed forces.

Who says so?

Admiral William Frederick Halsey, commander of the South Pacific area, says so. Jakey Fitch is his closest friend and working partner. They call each other Billy and Jakey. Together they have killed enough Japs to build a bridge from Truk to Tokyo. So Admiral Halsey knows whereof he speaks when he says:

"Jake's a fighting fool. He's not afraid of God or man."

He could have added that, next to himself, Jakey Fitch did as much as any one to win the first and second Solomons offensives. Fitch personally directed the daily strokes against enemy bases, and when the desperate Japanese repeatedly flung hundreds of planes at us in the big air battles, it was Fitch's men—Fitch's Angels of Destruction—who knocked them out of the skies.

So who is Jakey Fitch?

Well, you won't find any Jakey Fitch in the Naval Directory. You will find a Vice-Admiral Aubrey Wray Fitch. Nobody calls him Aubrey and only his wife calls him Wray. All his friends call him Jake or Jakey. What the Japs call him must be unprintable.

Vice-Admiral Fitch today is commander of aircraft in the South Pacific area, or ComAirSoPac, as the Navy telescopes it, and has been since September, 1942. He directs the operations of shore-based Army, Navy, Marine, and New Zealand flyers in the South Pacific.

Running one air force is enough for almost any man. Fitch's special job has been to operate four separate air organizations, with all their natural rivalries, and to co-ordinate them. He succeeds by virtue of his forceful personality, his even-tempered disposition, and, above all, his inherent sense of fairness.

As high authority put it, "Nobody can say that the army does the dirty work, or that the Navy gets the cream, when Jakey Fitch is running things."

He has been the big boss behind the aerial exploits of such aces as Joe Foss, Jimmy Smith, Blondy Saunders, Country Moore, Tom Lanphier, and Rex Barbier—names that will rank with the Rickenbackers and the Bishops of the first World War.

Fitch's Angels of Destruction, they call them—and with good reason. In the first eleven months after Fitch became ComAirSoPac, the Angels shot down 798 Jap fighters, 256 bombers, 165 float planes, 6 flying boats, and 83 miscellaneous aircraft. They sank one battleship, three heavy cruisers, two light cruisers, one destroyer flotilla leader, one light cruiser or destroyer flotilla leader, one light cruiser or gunboat, thirteen destroyers, one corvette, one submarine chaser, four cargo ships, twenty-one cargo ships or transports, one oiler, and one large seaplane tender. And these figures don't include the ships probably sunk, the ships damaged, or the submarines sunk!

Yet this archangel of destruction, this No. 2 man in the South Pacific, Vice-Admiral Fitch, probably isn't so well known to Americans as some of the other high-ranking flying officers.

As for the Japs, they've known him from the battle of the Coral Sea, May 7 and 8, 1942, when he was still a rear admiral. It was Fitch who stung Tojo with that solar-plexus blow, the first real setback the Japs had received in their march through the Philippines, Malaya, the East Indies, New Guinea, and the Solomons to try to seize Australia and sever the American lines of communication to the South Seas. As commander of a task force which included the Lexington, on which he flew his flag, Fitch sent his Angels winging forth to outgame and outsink two enemy task forces in a demonstration of air power that was to show the way for our subsequent victory at the battle of Midway. For it he received from President Roosevelt the Distinguished Service Medal.

And, after the vanquished Japs had

Christmas in the South Pacific for Admiral Fitch and his sons.

COMAIRSOPAC

Flag Lieutenant J. E. Pace rides a jeep with the admiral.

fled from Fitch's angelic choir, it was the admiral who had to make the painful decision to abandon the fatally wounded Lex to save the lives of 2,700 men aboard her. It has been reported that, leaning over the rail of his bridge, he said quietly to the Lexington's skipper, Captain Frederick Sherman:

"Let's get the men off, Ted."

What Fitch actually said was more forceful:

"Well, Ted, let's get to hell off the ship."

For that's the type of man Jakey Fitch is.

He is a fighter who looks up to the skies. He is a short man who walks tall. His super-erect carriage seems to add a cubit to his stocky frame. He is cocky, but it is an inoffensive cockiness; it is a confidence in himself and the United States Navy. In his piercingly blue eyes one discerns a desire to keep pouring it on Tojo until he cries "Uncle!"

THE metamorphosis of Aubrey Wray Fitch into Jakey Fitch indicates the fighting quality of the man. Before he went to Annapolis in 1902, he attended St. John's Military Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin. In the company he captained were two Jewish boys and a bully who made their lives miserable. Told to lay off by Fitch, the bully sassed him, and Fitch forthwith pounded him to a fare-thee-well. Thereafter Aubrey Wray's company called him Jakey, after one of the boys he had defended.

"That's typical of the man," says Admiral Halsey. "He'll get up and fight anything that comes along."

Fitch has achieved his eminence through his leadership and his fighting ability rather than through any academic attainments. He flunked his first entrance examination for the Naval Academy. He managed to squeeze by the next year, but the only things he ever led his class in were athletics and friendships. The brass fact is that he was last in his graduation class scholastically.

Today he would be the last to consider himself brilliant. He frankly admits to shortcomings. He gets more out of his fellow workers through blunt honesty. When he went to the carrier Lexington as skipper, he announced flatly:

"I don't know anything about gunnery or communications. I want you officers to carry out your ideas, and I'll back you up and take the rap."

That year the Lex stood first in both gunnery and communications.

Naturally, Fitch's staff members would go through hell for him—and all of them have done just that, in one way or another.

As ComAirSoPac, he has pitched his camp wherever he could be nearest the operating forces. His sky police have maintained lookouts from Pango-Pango to Funafuti and the Fijis, from New Zealand and New Caledonia to Nauru, from Tongatabu up toward the Carolines, the Marshalls, and the Gilberts.

The Fitchmen have covered thousands of miles daily, and thousands of his angels have lived at advanced bases in muddy tents, dined on canned rations, forgotten the luxury of a hot shower, and asked for nothing more than the daily opportunities to match their courage, skill, and planes against the Japs.

Fitch gives them the credit:

"The enemy used to say American youth was soft and decadent, spoiled by luxurious living and pampering in peacetime. The enemy knows better now. Our fighters are as tough and hard and courageous as fighters come. All they ask is a chance to get at the enemy and finish him off quickly. Yes, I'm mighty proud of my flyers."

Admiral Fitch doesn't mind taking chances himself. Now sixty, he still plays co-pilot to his regular pilot, Lieutenant Bill King, a youngish Virginian. Together they fly like gulls about the Pacific in defiance of Zeros and Mitsubishis and Aichis and Nakajimas. As Billy Halsey, a bold flyer himself, says:

"Jake flies all over the place. He flies a lot of places where he has no damn business to fly."

But Jake, whose white hair is receding and exposing a freckled scalp, wasn't always a flyer. An old destroyer man, he turned flyer when the Navy appealed for older officers to learn aviation in order to command carriers and

(*Continued on page 50*)

Air Commander of the South Pacific, Vice-Admiral Aubrey Wray Fitch.

Admirals Halsey and Fitch are old friends.

THREE TIMES AND YOU'RE NOT OUT

The kid thought he'd be afraid when the time came—but who can say just where fear gives way to courage?

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

THE kid was over near the shaft alley when the alarm came through. The second had stopped to talk with him; and as a matter of fact they were talking right then, right at that moment, about what it's like to get hit by a torpedo. That is, the second was. The second had had two ships sunk under him. He was young and long and had droopy sardonic eyes. He was forever smiling a little, rather sarcastically, though he never burst into a real laugh; but, on the other hand, he never got sore about anything either.

"If you're going to get it, you're going to get it. Only thing is, down here you can hear 'em coming."

"Hear the torpedo coming through the *water?*"

"Sure. For a few seconds. We're below the water line, remember. First time it happened to me I was topside. I never did know how I got out of my bunk and over into the soup. But that's where I was—without a stitch of clothing on me. But the second time I was below. Heard it as clear as could be. Whurr-*up!* whurr-*up!* whurr-*up!* It sounded exactly like the self-starter of an automobile. Only of course coming nearer all the time, fast."

"What'd you do then?" asked the kid.

He and the second were friends. The second had taught him things—the oiler's work, the fireman's work. They'd had to yell at each other, of course. But you got used to yelling down there.

"Well, the first thing—"

THE bell from the bridge rang and the indicator on the dial moved from half to full.

"Scuse it, please," said the second, starting away.

The bell rang again, and again.

"Oh-oh!" exclaimed the second, and broke into a run.

The kid thought, I wouldn't mind so much if I was up on deck. But down here—

He was scared. He stopped sweeping.

They had been making only about seven knots, convoy speed. For eight days it hadn't varied. Now the second whirled the throttle, and as he was doing this the telephone rang. "Yeah? . . . *Everything,* huh? . . . O. K.!" He turned, and started shouting.

"You wipers, vamoose! *You,*" he yelled at the kid, "first close that shaft-alley door!"

The other wiper had not waited for the order but was already scrambling up one of the emergency exit ladders.

The kid was very scared. He closed the bulkhead door. Ordinarily it was kept closed, but the second had just come through it just before this alarm.

"Every bit you got! Everything you can crack on!" the second yelled to the fireman.

"I ain't staying," the fireman replied. "I know a better place!"

He started for the companionway. The second called him a fighting name and tried to grab him, but he got past. The second threw a wrench, but it missed.

All this happened very fast. The chief appeared at the head of the companionway, screeching something as he started down. He was a wizened small mean man.

"Where the hell are *you* going?" he accosted the fireman. They knew he said that, though they couldn't hear the words. He took a swing at the fireman; and the fireman, ducking, passing him, pushed him. The chief pitched forward and fell all the way down the ladder, hitting on his back. The metal was hot, of course, and slippery with oil.

The second ran to the chief.

"Never mind him, kid! Get on those fires! You know enough!"

This was not what the kid had dreamed about. It was not what he'd thought the sea would be like. He had often wondered whether he'd be scared if danger came, and had pictured himself quietly sticking to his job; but he had never thought of that job as being below the water line. He'd never meant to be a wiper. But he'd taken what offered.

Six of the burners already were going. His hands trembling, he lighted the other two. Would he get a flare-back? The pressure needles climbed; the boilers began to thump.

The kid felt sick. He thought, If only I was topside—*any* danger wouldn't be so bad if you were in the open air.

The boilers thumped and banged, shaking indignantly. The kid almost screamed, fearing an explosion. He was helpless in panic for an instant, and frozen. He simply stood there.

Then he remembered the blower. Naturally she'd need more draft.

The second, running toward him, waved him back.

"I'll get your air! Stay on those fires!"

"Is the chief hurt?"

"He's dead. So will that —— —— of a fireman be, if I—"

There was a noise like the slamming of a tremendous door. Everything jumped. The needles on the gauges leaped insanely. The very floor plates lifted; the kid could feel them come right up under his feet.

He thought the ship had been hit. He knew sickness again, a harsh pang of it. He started to cough. Irrelevantly he became aware of the sweat. You always sweated down there. He had become used to it. Now, however, he felt it all over him, rolling down his back and chest and belly and legs. It tickled.

What the hell was he worried about sweating for? You always sweated down there anyway. Everybody did.

The oiler, loud-mouthed Olsen, clattered down from an upper level, singing some song the kid could not hear—bawling it.

There was another of those stunning door slams. It was terrific.

Olsen stopped. "For catsakes! Promoted, huh? Our new fireman!"

"What was— What—"

"Depth charge. We must be giving 'em an argument up there. Get on your life jacket and chest light, you damn fool!"

Olsen scurried off, singing.

EACH of the minutes that followed was an hour. The kid kept thinking, If I could only be on deck! If I could only see what's happening, or *try* to see it! We're cooped up here like rats!

It was all very well for Olsen and the second, who had plenty to do. The kid had practically nothing to do but watch gauges. Olsen, he noticed, wasn't as cool as he had seemed. He didn't sing ordinarily. He was scared now. It did the kid good to realize this. But Olsen went right on with his work.

The second too had plenty to do. He climbed up and opened the cut-out links with a wrench, to get the last possible ounce of speed. He went around snapping on emergency storage lights, as a precaution against the regular lights being turned out. He got the fire pump working, just in case. He warmed up the reversing engine by letting in some steam, and let the water out through the drains below. He was here, there, everywhere; and he never passed the kid without tossing him a good word.

"How's it coming? Attaboy! Oh-oh! Another garbage can! They sure shake things up, don't they?"

The kid's sickness persisted; but the trembling in his hands grew less, and his muscles weren't as stiff as they had been. He figured that he wasn't likely to give way to panic, now that he'd got this far.

But oh, how he wished he was outside! From Kansas, from a farm, as so many Navy and merchant marine men are, he told himself time after time: If I ever get out of this I'll never go to sea again.

Courage? Hell, what was that? On a battlefield, maybe, courage might be all right—where you could go on toward the enemy and fight it out. Or even in a gun turret, where you could keep hitting. Here, he had too much time, too little to do. He tried not to think. He tried not to look over at the chief lying at the foot of the ladder, a harsh and hard-worked little man with dirty gray hair fluffed above his ears.

Another depth charge shook the ship. It seemed as though no structure made by man could withstand such a pounding. Yet, except for the chief lying there looking not dead but rather mussily drunk, and except for the fact that the connecting rods and eccentrics were going up and down so much faster than they usually did—why, you might have thought it was any old everyday watch. The second was working harder, Olsen was working harder; but the machinery, knowing nothing about war and slaughter, performed its functions unfailingly and with no complaint. The machinery never was afraid that it was going to let up.

I'll never (he told himself) go to sea again. If I get out of this alive I'll never sign up again. The hell with being a hero! I'll be a hero in a shipyard or an airplane factory or something.

The pressure gauges were right on the red mark. He let in more water. She was taking a prodigious amount of water. The connecting rods rose and slickly fell, turning the shaft.

The boys on deck had a cinch. They could run around and do something. They didn't have to—

He realized that he was staring at the second, who, motionless by the log desk, was staring at nothing. The second was listening to something—and it wasn't the mingled harmonious engine hums he knew so well.

Then the kid heard it. It was clear, regular, whippy, and rapidly got louder. Whurr-*up!* whurr-*up!* whurr-*up!*

The second sprang to the throttle.

"Cut 'em off—and *run!*"

THE ladder hit the kid sharply in the face and barked his knees, and the rails were greasy and slimy to the touch as he climbed, and he was in the water for a while (screaming, he thought; but he wasn't sure) and he was in a boat. This would always remain a blur. He was not certain of any of it, and never would be, from the time the second started the reversing machinery until he himself, the kid, was in the boat. Oddly, the second was there in the boat too, lying on the bottom next to him, and smoking. They were both wet.

"You all right now?"

"Me? Sure, I'm all right. Where's the—"

"Swallowed too much water, I guess. Too bad you missed the sight of her going down. She did it like a lady, I'll say that for her. Cigarettes? I bummed 'em from one of the deck gang."

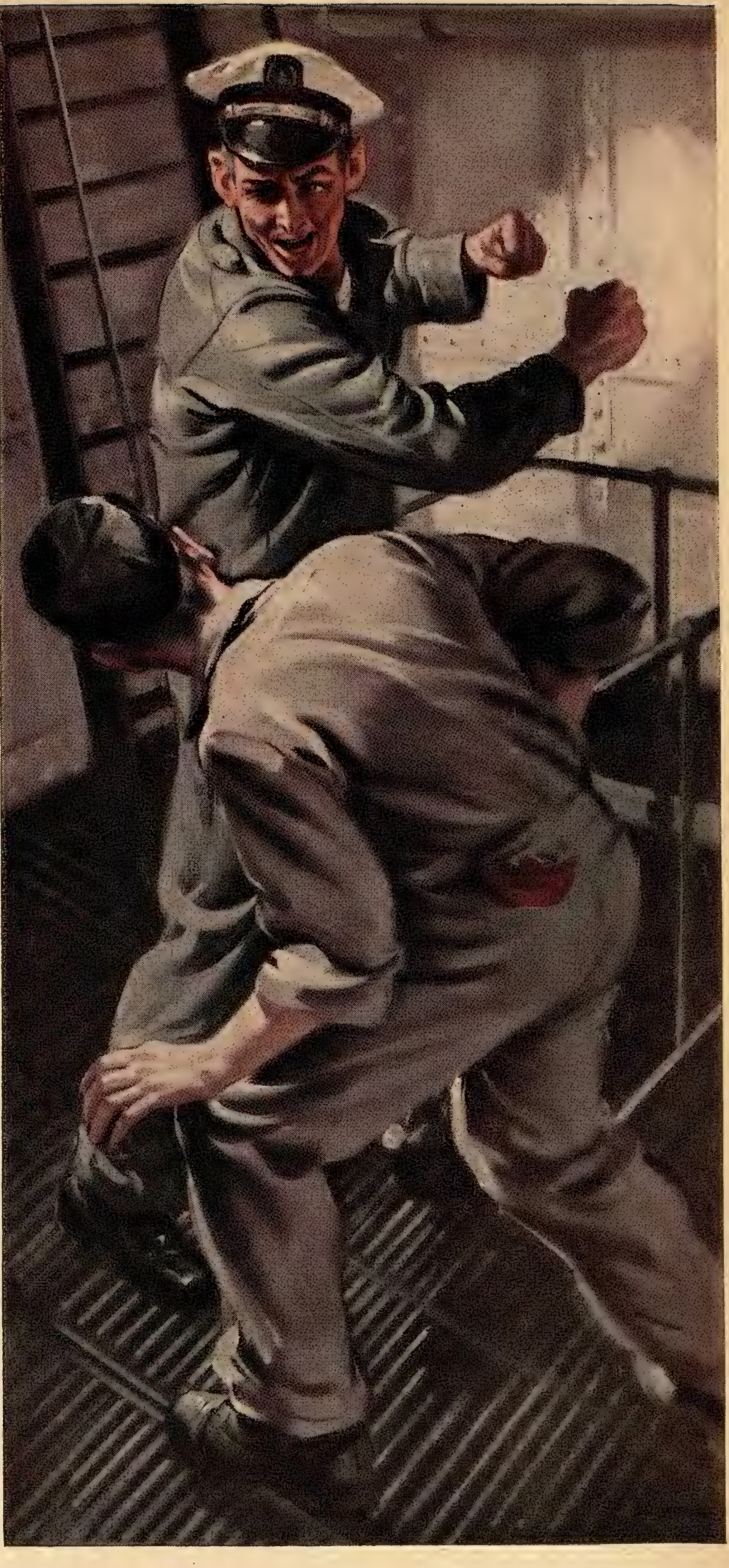
"Thanks."

He guessed he was all right. He sat up after a while and looked around. There were three other lifeboats in sight, and that was all. Not another thing on the whole ocean.

"They don't wait, you know. But we're all right. Only a couple of hundred miles from North Carolina somewhere. The company's got to pay our train fare back to New York, and then we can get drunk before we sign up again. You *are* going to sign up again, aren't you?"

"Of course," said the kid. "What'd you think?"

THE END



The fireman started for the companionway. The second tried to grab him, but he got past.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA
COSTA RICA
CHINA
CANADA
BOLIVIA
AUSTRALIA

Dean Acheson addressing the first session of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in Atlantic City.

Relief For The World's Destitute

BY GEORGE H. COPELAND

Putting Hitler's millions of victims back on their feet is one of the most staggering jobs in history. How do the United Nations plan to do it?

GIORGOS MYLONAS and his wife Sophia, of Anachoria in sunny Greece, gaze out over the blue Aegean and wonder when the Allied armies will land and help restore the good old days of dark bread, goat's cheese, plenty of olive oil, and lamb at Easter time.

Willem Anders, on his ravaged Netherlands farm, dreams of thick cheeses and rich butter for *koffietafel,* of hotchpotch stew and similar sturdy victuals that put layers of fat on shivering bones to protect a man from the cold wet winds whipping in from the North Sea.

Olaf, in gallant Norway, longs for abundant salt herring and potatoes. Pierre, in tortured France, and millions of others in captive Europe and Asia, conjure up visions of their favorite dishes and hope for the day of victory—and food.

All of them, however, would settle for just enough of any kind of sustenance to keep them alive, and, if possible, clothing, shelter, and medicine. That is the goal toward which their friends across the seas are working. Instead of feasting on old favorites, the hungry millions may get wheat from Canada, sugar from Cuba, coffee from Brazil, and certain odd preparations, such as spaghetti "spiked" with proteins, canned fish loaf, or special porridge for the children, from the United States. For the job of relief for the oppressed peoples, the task of putting Hitler's victims on their feet again, is international. That is why the council of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration met at Atlantic City—to plan the pooling of the world's available resources and to match them against the world's coming needs.

The United States will, of course, play a leading role in restoring liberated lands to health and self-sufficiency, but the other forty-three countries in the UNRRA will pull their weight in the relief boat. All will contribute, if permitted to do so by the war situation, to a common reservoir, to be drawn upon when and where the need arises. That is the aim of the UNRRA.

Yet America's share in building up this reservoir will have little effect on the life of consumer Smith of the U. S. A. He will not be greatly disturbed by the allocation to overseas relief of certain goods that will give uplift to the downtrodden: cereals and soybeans and such in the way of food; secondhand clothes or "new" suits made of shoddy, and a little machinery needed to start production anew on devastated farms, in bombed-out flour mills and other vital industries or utilities.

Smith, the average American, is very well fed now. He may be short of gravy and trimmings, steak and Scotch, but he is consuming as much food as ever. The usually undernourished third of a nation is getting plenty to eat, raising total national consumption to new highs. Thus far in World War II our volume of food production has increased 28 per cent, according to the Department of Agriculture. Our men in the services eat up to 15 per cent. Exports, including lend-lease, take 10 per cent, and of the 10 it is estimated about 3 per cent will go for relief overseas.

The people of ravished Greece need and will need food, medicine, and clothing in generous quantities if they are to survive.

This effort of the United Nations to care for the immediate needs of the liberated areas and speedily revive their production and self-sufficiency is one of the most ambitious tasks ever tackled in the history of mankind. The unified relief command, the UNRRA, has as many tough and complicated problems as the Allied chiefs of staff. The first and most vital subject is food—survival.

The study of food patterns in the lands to be liberated has revealed that the needy countries in Europe can be grouped in two categories: one, the Scandinavian and the Low Countries; and, two, the southern lands bordering the Mediterranean. Our own American food patterns are similar to those of northern and western Europe, so most study has been devoted to the southern group. Grain will be the major item in all relief programs, particularly in the northern lands, with fats, oils, fish, meat, dehydrated vegetables, and prepared foods in limited amounts for the south.

Many odd quirks of taste were discovered in the Mediterranean lands, and these must be catered to; for when unfamiliar foods are introduced into a region under war-relief conditions, they are often wasted or used to poor advantage.

For example, corn may be welcome in Italy and parts of Yugoslavia but be largely wasted in other regions. Greece has in late years imported dry milk from Holland for use in child feeding and in coffee for adults. It is less familiar in other Balkan states, where fresh milk has been available. In seacoast lands a canned fish loaf prepared in America of whiting, sea trout, and Florida spots is most acceptable, whereas it might be rejected inland.

But these are mere pinpricks on a huge body suffering from malnutrition and disease. When you realize that the Axis has overrun thirty-five countries in Europe and Asia where half a billion people lived, you get some idea of the magnitude of the relief job. Obviously the complete story can't even be outlined here, but we can discuss relief in one country as an illustration of the whole problem.

Suppose the hopes of Giorgos and Sophia are realized next spring and the Allies sweep the Nazis out of starved and disease-racked Greece. How will relief and rehabilitation be handled?

GREECE has a population now of perhaps 7,000,000. It is a poor country. Most of its peasants barely get along on dark bread, olives and olive oil, cheese, beans and other legumes. It has no coal or petroleum. Its normal exports, with which it probably would pay back its relief debts at some future date, are tobacco, raisins, olive oil, and wine.

Sanitary conditions are primitive; malaria and intestinal diseases are prevalent. It needs, and will need, medicines, food, and clothing. Undoubtedly only the help of the International Red Cross has kept the Greek nation from complete obliteration under the ghastly burdens of Nazi rule. That organization has been sending in relief supplies for more than a year—Canadian wheat, American dried vegetables, powdered and evaporated milk, medicines from the American Red Cross, and motor equipment for the Greek Relief Association.

The supplies are carried in Swedish ships and distributed mostly by local personnel under supervision of a neutral relief commission of thirty Swedish and Swiss nationals. This pattern of relief can be used as a model after Greece is freed. The military, aided by civilian experts, might keep control anywhere from a week to six months, then hand the job over to the civilians. The crisis would be over after the first good crop was harvested.

First, it is figured, there will be a period of emergency feeding, the length of which will depend on the degree of battle destruction, the condition of transportation, and the number of people in distress. Feeding will be by soup kitchens, or by canned food, such as Army Ration C (meat-and-vegetable stew), which is especially recommended for use in eastern and southeastern Europe, where meat stock is the base for soups. This will keep from three to six months.

A subsistence ration to be used in emergencies for short periods has been planned by the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations as follows: grains (including flour and meal), 11 ounces; paste food (spaghetti or mix), 2.5 ounces; soup or stew, 4 ounces; meat, fish, or cheese, 1 ounce; oil, lard, or margarine, .5 ounce; sugar, .5 ounce; coffee and cocoa, .5 ounce. This ration contains 2,076 calories (our soldiers get 3,750, American civilians about 3,000).

The coffee and cocoa are "desirable for morale and satiety," not for food value, and would probably come from South America.

Other items might be added, such as dry milk, condensed milk, dried fruit, and even "fortified" lemon drops for ascorbic acid.

The ration contains protein, fat, calcium, iron, vitamin A, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. The soup such as

(*Continued on page 55*)

WAR CLOUDS

A HUSH hung over the assembled Deputies of the Turkish Parliament. A small dark man rose and stepped to the rostrum. His impassive face, black piercing eyes, and the deep lines around his mouth gave him a look of extreme fatigue. Ismet Inonu, President of Turkey, spoke:

"I feel that I am reiterating the desire of my people when I say that Turkey must remain neutral as long as it is humanly possible. During the coming year we shall continue to maintain our contractual engagements with other nations and to uphold the treaties upon which the seal of Turkey is imprinted. We shall continue to honor our alliance to Great Britain, as well as our friendship pact with Germany. We shall carefully avoid all efforts, by no matter what powers, to entangle us and menace our national security.

"In my opinion, there is no doubt but that, of the forty nations now engaged in this war, thirty-five became involved against their own will. They did not want to enter war, they were drawn into war despite themselves.

"The eventuality of aggression against our own country one day or another is a factor for which we must be prepared. Till now, the Turkish government has faced a delicate and difficult task in maintaining its neutrality. To date, we have been successful. During the coming year we shall bend all our efforts toward remaining so."

This was almost a year ago—in February, 1943. At that time neutrality was by far the wisest course for Turkey. But today the situation is changed. Now it is in Turkey's interest to go to war, and the chances are a hundred to one she will.

President Inonu is waiting for an opportune moment, and when Turkey enters the war it will not be because she is attacked but because she will have decided it is time for her to become an active belligerent against the Axis.

Ismet Inonu, President of the Republic of Turkey.

The Turks want to go to war to sit at the peace table, but it's a matter of delicate timing. The astute Ismet Inonu is holding the watch

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN and ALLEN ROBERTS

The Turkish Army is trained and equipped.

GATHER OVER TURKEY

What has Turkey to gain by going to war? The control of the Dardanelles is a tempting prize to any nation. Turkey has that control now, and wants to keep it. In the turmoil of peace conferences possessions are apt to get lost in the shuffle and fall into the "wrong" hands. This Turkey wants to avoid. Therefore she wishes to sit in on the peace. But it is not her only reason for entering the war.

Ismet Inonu, father of the Balkan "Entente Cordiale" idea, still wants Turkey to head a united Balkan front in the postwar world. But if the Soviet forces get to the Balkans first, Turkey's hopes for leadership are washed up. If, on the other hand, Turkish forces contribute in a large measure to the liberation of the Balkan States from Nazi occupation, Turkey's position at the peace table, as well as her influence over the Balkan peoples, will be infinitely stronger.

When Ismet Inonu stated in his Parliamentary address that the job of keeping out of war was "delicate and difficult," he was putting it mildly. Turkey has been in danger of attack many times since the beginning of hostilities, but each time she has sidestepped war by a hairbreadth, thanks to the astuteness and diplomatic legerdemain of her leader, Ismet Inonu. Experienced statesmen admit the President of Turkey is one of the more brilliant diplomats on the international scene. After all, Turkey is not a major power. With a population of only 18,000,000, and barren soil, she might easily have become a helpless pawn on the international chessboard. Yet Ismet Inonu contrived to gain for her the stature of a ranking nation.

In a word, when it comes to brain cells, Ismet Inonu is not wanting.

When this shrewd statesman succeeded to the Presidency of Turkey in 1938, he found his country in a situation like that of a stick of dynamite in a burning building. Besides plenty of internal problems, Turkey had the discomfort of a geographical position the strategic advantages of which—to them—were envied by more powerful neighbors. Turkey is the link between the East and the West, the key to the Balkans, springboard to Germany's back door. Under these circumstances, Turkey was fortunate in having a leader who was more adroit than his adversaries.

Ismet Inonu is the successor to Mustapha Kemal Pasha, otherwise known as "the Ataturk." Suave, shrewd, immaculately dressed, Ismet Inonu is the perfect synthesis of Occident and Orient. He is deeply imbued with the culture of the West and understands its music, its art, and its modernism. Yet within him flows the blood of an ancient race. Thousands of years of wars, six hundred years of empire building, are part of his ancestry.

CALLED "the Anatolian Dwarf" by his enemies, Ismet Inonu is short, wiry, and slight of build. His outer imperturbability masks an inner intensity, and this air of restraint has put many an opponent in the diplomatic arena on the defensive.

He is a man who had power and prestige in Turkey in the days of the Ottoman Empire. He had nothing to gain and everything to lose by the social and political upheaval of his country. Yet he gave up position and security for an ideal. His ideal was for Turkey to throw off the shackles of a dead past and to embrace the progress of a living future.

When the Ataturk raised the standard of revolt against the sultanate system in 1923, he found a ready and capable comrade in arms in Ismet Pasha, then a full-fledged general of the Sultan's army. General Ismet had long chafed under the decay of the ancient rotting rule. All progressively minded Turks realized that the situation could no longer exist. Discontent burst into flame, and the people of Turkey, led by the Ataturk and Ismet, rose in revolt.

Internal opposition, which consisted only of the wobbly officialdom and its mercenaries, collapsed at the first gust of trouble. But hardly had the new regime under Ataturk begun to function when a new crisis arose to hinder progress. The Greeks invaded Turkey with the idea of grabbing the Dardanelles while Turkey was too weak to fight back.

With a motley army, General Ismet fought the Greeks and relentlessly forced them into a pocket at the village of Inonu, on the Anatolian plain. The fight was a bloody one, the turning point coming in what has since been referred to as the "Great Battle of Inonu." The two armies clashed, and in a daring and brilliantly executed plan General Ismet completely routed the Greek forces and drove the scattered remnants into the sea.

To prove his gratitude, the Ataturk bestowed upon his favorite general, Ismet, the official name of Inonu. "Until we can get around to building a statue," the Ataturk said, "I shall respect this as a living monument to your great victory."

Proving to the world at large that Turkey had undergone a change since the revolution, the Ataturk discarded the traditional practice of "to the victor the spoils" and magnanimously refused to exact indemnity from the defeated Greeks. He thus established a friendship between the two countries for the first time in history.

So the new Republic of Turkey got off to a good start and proceeded on an even keel, with the Ataturk as President and Ismet Inonu as Premier, the one restless, nervous, and explosive, the other suave, unruffled, and immovable. Nonetheless they saw eye to eye on all vital moves.

The American conception of the peo-

(Continued on page 67)

Lend-lease has armed the Turks with the instruments of modern warfare.

Turkish fighter pilots, trained in England, fly British planes.

NO LITTLE ENEMY

What does Daniel Stock want with Nadine Hall and a radio commentator? Tom has his suspicions and goes in search of facts to back them up

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

NOTED political cartoonist Tom Bonbright was asked by the Office of Pictorial Propaganda in Washington to go on a tour with a group of entertainers calling themselves the Bond-Selling Caravan.

On his way to New York he met Senator Carlinger, for whose late defeat at the polls Tom's cartoons were somewhat responsible. The senator did not appear to blame the cartoonist overmuch. But admitted he was looking for something to do, though he had just turned down an offer by Lawrence Kenyon, member of an important Detroit law firm.

Also in the train's club car, Tom thought he recognized Roger Tally, once prosperous promoter of the "Tally Plan," a get-rich-quick scheme that enriched Tally at the expense of others. Tom and a writer friend, Bill Roberts, had exposed Tally in a book published a year before. Its success was attested by the present appearance of the promoter, dressed in a shabby diamond-patterned blue suit.

Arrived in New York, Tom attended a rehearsal of the Caravan. He was seated in the darkened auditorium when, without warning, he was slugged from behind.

On recovering consciousness, he found himself in Helen Hathaway's apartment. Helen was the Caravan's leading lady, and her press agent—and manager of the bond-selling tour—Charlie Ross, had insisted that unpleasant publicity would result if Bonbright were taken to a hospital.

Tom, not unaware of Helen's charms, invited her to visit Bill Roberts with him. But Bill had been murdered—just a few minutes before their arrival. Tom suspected Tally of the crime and of the assault upon himself that afternoon.

The other members of the Caravan were Rupert Wells, famous English actor; Daniel Stock, hero of a rescue of six men from a torpedoed tanker, whom Ross had persuaded to join the troupe as a "home-front hero." Stock had been unwilling until Bonbright's name was mentioned. There were also Nadine Hall, young college girl, writer of the most popular war song, and infatuated with Stock; and six beautiful chorus girls.

Tom took an immediate dislike to the tall, suave, green-eyed Stock. He wondered why Stock had snubbed a man backstage in Pittsburgh, when the man was obviously well acquainted with the "hero." When the troupe moved on to Cleveland, Tom learned that the man was Philip Wald, a notorious Fascist.

It was while on the way from Pittsburgh to Cleveland that Helen kissed Tom, taking him by surprise, but pleasantly. That same night some one tried to smother Tom while he was asleep in his berth, but escaped when Tom tackled him. All Tom had for a clue was a piece of blue diamond-patterned cloth.

In Cleveland a day's holiday was declared, and Helen, piqued at Tom's apparent coldness, went to the circus with Daniel Stock. She had a miserable time, Stock displaying a rudeness and ferocity that frightened her.

At Detroit, the troupe was to give a performance at a steel mill. All the members were present but Stock. As the party was being shown through the mill, a terrific explosion occurred, causing injury and death to many. Among the dead was Kathleen Kennedy, one of the chorus girls.

Tom immediately set to work to ascertain the movements and whereabouts of Stock at the time of the tragedy.

PART FIVE

THERE was nothing on the train that really belonged to Kathleen. Her bags had been packed and sent to her family in Newark, New Jersey. There was nothing left except the empty seat where she had sat for the past week. Yet to those who had been trouping with her there was something about the seat that made it belong to the dead girl as much as if her name had been painted on it.

It was the memory each of them had of the top of her yellow pompadour just visible over its back, of her long smooth legs swung over its arms as she wrote her letters to the corporal, of the silver fountain pen that was always disappearing in the crevices around the cushion.

When they walked into the car the next day, it was impossible not to look at the empty place and remember. Every newspaper they carried had a front-page spread of the story, with a large picture of Kathleen and the damaged rolling mill side by side; so that, as they arranged their belongings, there she was smiling up at them from every seat but her own.

For a while after the train started no one spoke. They had talked all night long—talked themselves out. They had felt a compulsion to keep telling one another over and over what had happened and what their reactions were. It had seemed that their nerves would never be quiet, their ears never stop resounding with that blinding, crashing noise of the explosion. Now that they were on their way again and life was going on as scheduled, they began to feel a numbness from the tragedy and the shock.

The girls' faces were dead white beneath their make-up. Charlie's hand shook so that the newspaper print he was reading jumped and blurred before his eyes. Nadine sat with her hands in her lap, looking out the window; but no matter where she focused her eyes, she kept seeing the searing flash of the flame and then the black broken pieces of machinery that had gone hurtling into the air like jackstraws. Wilbur Kahn moved over to the piano once, but he didn't play. He sat on the bench and examined a piece of music minutely, as if he had never seen a note of it before.

From behind his newspaper Tom glanced up ahead at the large standing ash tray beside Stock's seat. It was full of cigarettes half smoked. Every once in a while Stock's hand would reach out to crush another one, his fingers turning the butt around for a moment or two, pushing the ashes into little piles. Then he'd strike a match and start smoking again.

The questions about Stock that Tom had lain awake all night asking himself remained unanswered. How could he find the answers, with no time and no clues? Stock had lied when he said he had come out to the plant in a cab. Why? Who was the man in the big black car with the chauffeur? Was it *his* phone call that Stock had been waiting for at the hotel? Or was there no call at all? Was that merely a ruse to assure Stock's arriving late—late enough to escape the explosion? Then did Stock know about the explosion beforehand—and about the timing? Who was he, really? Was he as guilty as the man who'd actually placed the explosive in the mill? Fantastic! But the parts fell into place so neatly.

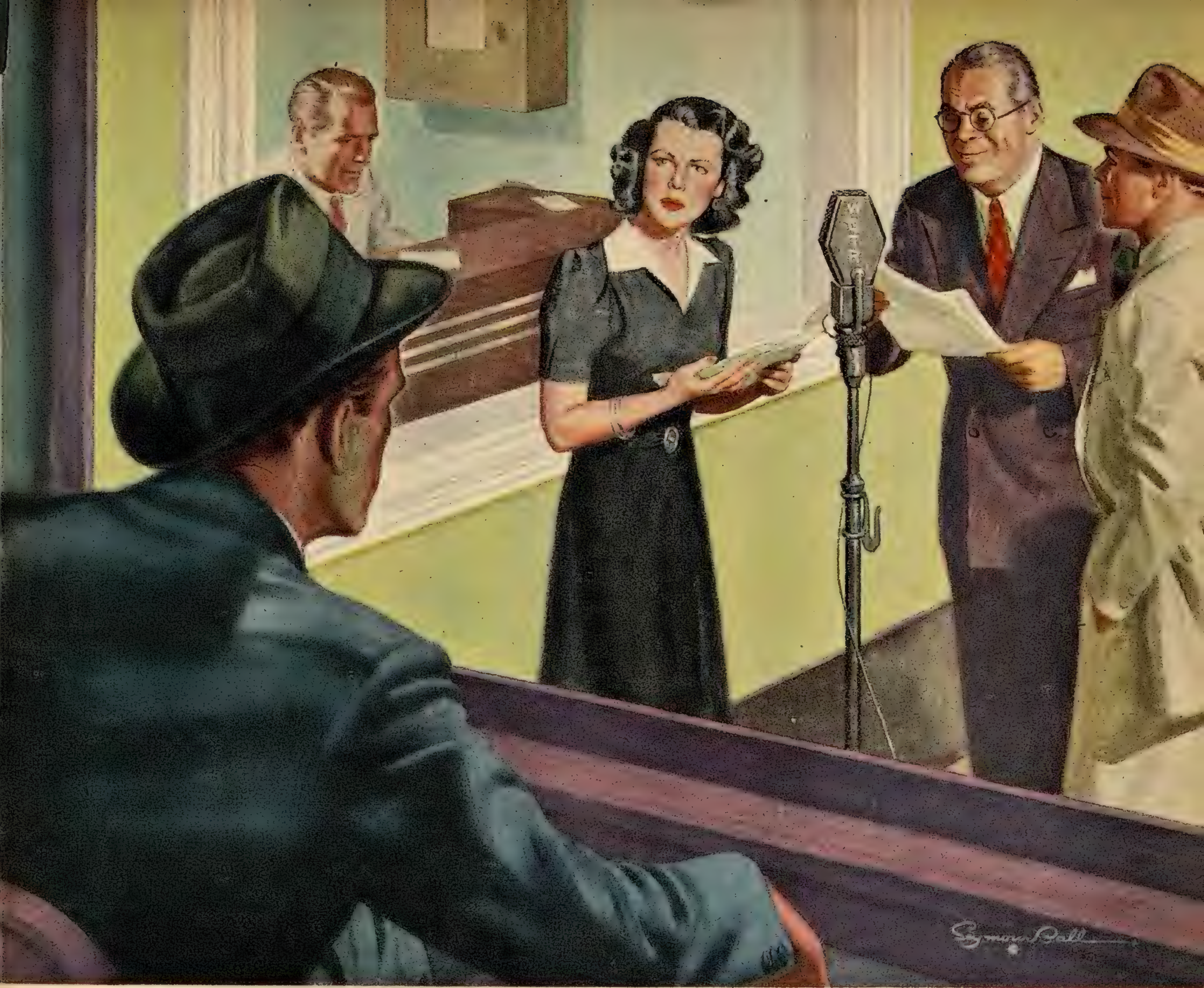
Tom had gone down to see the switchboard operators in the hotel that morning.

"I'm in 912," he told them, the lies beginning to fall glibly from his own lips by now. "I made an important call yesterday morning—and I've lost the phone number. Have you a record of it, by any chance?"

The operator who took care of the ninth floor had blinked at him. "We don't keep a record of local calls," she said. "If I wrote it down, it's in the incinerator by now."

It was what he had expected, of course. And how many hundreds of people in Detroit had big black cars and chauffeurs? And pretty soon it was time to get the train for Chicago.

But the questions still danced around in his head and he wished he could get one bright idea—just one. He wondered



Helen's eyes narrowed to two stormy slits when Tom's sudden movement attracted her attention.

how Sergeant Boyd or Lieutenant Stacy would have tackled this problem.

Helen was sitting behind him. He had turned around to look at her once. Her head rested on the back of her seat and her eyes were closed. This was the first time he had seen her relaxed, unconscious of any one watching her. Her skin looked almost transparent against her black hair and the scarlet downcurve of her mouth. Tom could see the slight markings around her eyes and in her cheeks where they creased when she laughed, the angular bone of her jaw and the hollows under it. Her face mirrored what she had so recently lived through with compassionate accuracy. This is how she'll look when she's older, Tom thought, when her life has been lived longer.

Stock was the first one to speak. He leaned over to Tom with his newspaper, sliding his finger along one paragraph.

"Read that," he said.

Tom read:

"Crews of men working all night repaired some of the damaged strip mill, so that part operation will be resumed today. Workers at the McAllister Mill voted to increase their working hours until all lost time is made up. Some steel has been diverted to the Kalway Mill, where workers, as a tribute to those killed in the McAllister explosion, will work overtime to get production out. Howard Jordan, president of McAllister Steel, estimated that production lost through the explosion would be made up within a month."

"That ought to give scant satisfaction to the saboteurs, whoever they are." Tom pushed the paper back at Stock and watched his face keenly.

ASIDE from weariness, Stock's face was expressionless. Only his eyes—so exposed-looking without brows or lashes—lighted with an emotion that puzzled Tom. It seemed to be one of satisfaction.

"It proves, does it not, Mr. Bonbright, that we have nothing to fear from so-called physical sabotage? That is," he added quickly, "from the point of view of morale. Lives may be endangered, yes, but never our will for victory."

"I think that's true," said Nadine, who had turned around with relief at the sound of voices speaking normally. "This kind of thing only draws us all closer together—makes us want to fight all the more." Her hands clenched. "After seeing what happened, I'd give anything to work in that mill—to take the place of some one they killed, just to show them that that kind of thing doesn't stop us, it makes us work harder." She hesitated, shy after her outburst. "When the tour is over," she said softly, "I'm going to get a job in a plant somewhere."

"You see?" Stock made an approving gesture toward the girl, and her eyes warmed to his with obvious fervor.

Why, she has fallen for him! thought Tom, just as Helen had said. It was a curious thing—this young collegiate female who should by rights be yearning over a soldier her own age, and was instead infatuated with the older, worldlier Stock. But she wasn't an ordinary girl, Tom reminded himself. An ordinary girl might have found Stock, with his burns and nervous hands, gruesome. Nadine romanticized them.

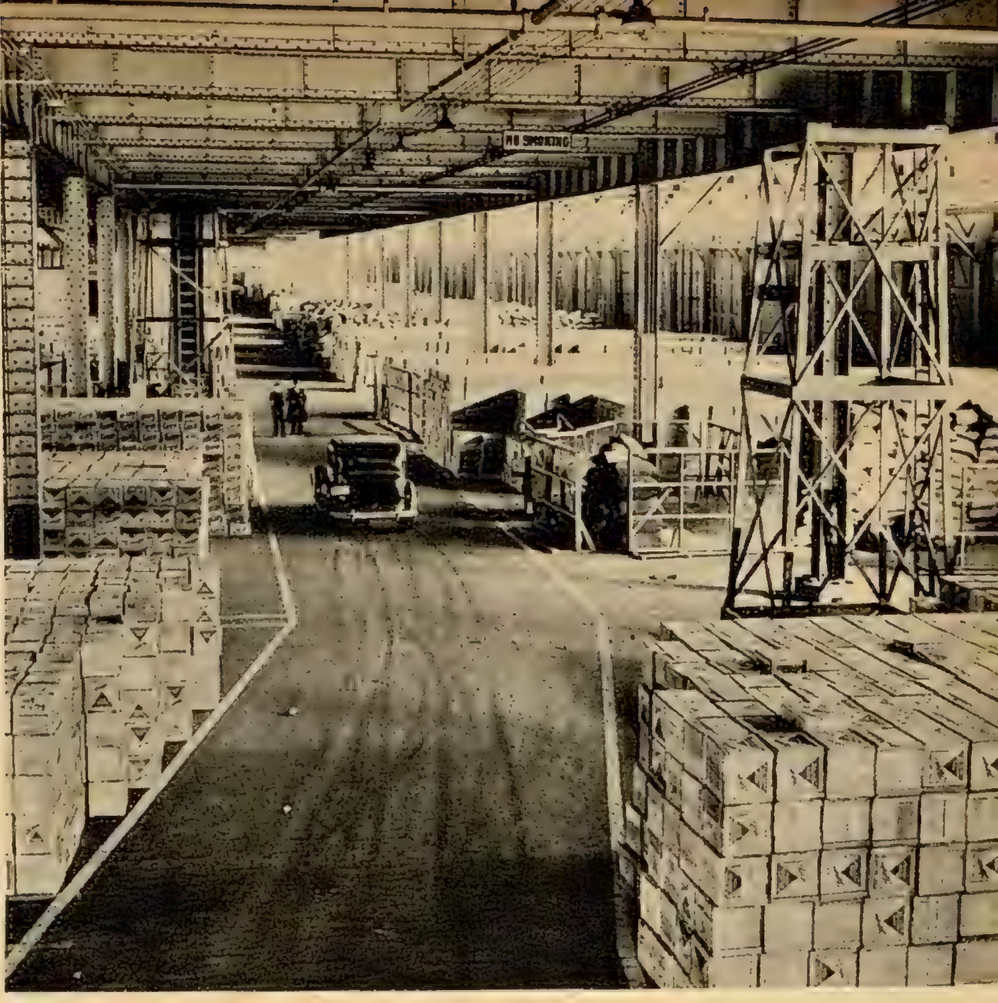
Charlie Ross joined in the conversation.

"Of course stuff like that won't lick us," he was saying. "It wouldn't rate as more than a damn nuisance if—if it hadn't killed somebody."

"Total war," one of the girls said gravely. "Now I understand what they mean when they say we're all at the front. Even dancers like us."

(*Continued on page 60*)

Business must be prepared for a sudden ending of hostilities.



There will be heavy demands upon the United States for food.

A BUSINESS MAN

No one may foretell the future, but it is possible to estimate probabilities. Here's a shrewd appraisal of impending events

Editor's Note: Mr. Geyer, a successful business man to whom it is important to foresee trends, is the author of the privately circulated study, What and When? The editors have asked him to set forth his findings because it was felt they are of interest to every person in the country.

WHAT will happen during the next year or so? Will Hitler be a memory a year hence? How about Japan? Will most of us eventually be working for private industry or for the government? Is a postwar depression a certainty?

These are but a few of the questions Americans constantly ask themselves about the future.

While we do not know the answers, we can at least list the factors that will have a bearing on our future, make up our minds what we would like to have happen—and then work toward its accomplishment.

By an objective analysis of the forces at work at any given time, it is possible to make with reasonable assurance just such a workable estimate of future developments.

The following predictions are based on such an estimate.

The war will continue to dominate most developments. No one knows when the war will end, but there are certain possibilities on which there seems to be general agreement. That is, the likelihood that German collapse will come before Japan is defeated, and will be followed by an all-out attack on Japan and its islands until the United Nations are wholly victorious.

Our military leaders necessarily must count on a long war. Any other assumption would merely court disaster. Business men, on the other hand, must be prepared for a short war—or a sudden unexpected ending of hostilities. For, while the job of our generals and admirals will largely end with the armistice, industry's task will become infinitely more complicated and arduous. It would be just as disastrous for business to be unprepared for a sudden peace as for the Army and Navy to be unprepared for the prolongation of hostilities.

IT is my personal belief that when the disintegration of Germany and Japan sets in, the downfall will follow swiftly. I look for Germany's defeat within the next six months. The three major war developments that may be expected to follow on the heels of or immediately precede Germany's defeat are internal revolts in Europe and the Balkans and an Allied victory in Burma. During this year the United Nations should be able to mount a concentrated attack against Japan by air, sea, and land.

Preparations for the Battle of Japan ought to be completed by the end of this spring, according to this timetable, and the summer months will probably see the Japs pounded day and night by all the power available to the Allied forces. How long Japan can withstand such a continuous beating is problematical, but I estimate that six months of incessant hammering will beat Japan into submission, bringing the inevitable Allied victory and the end of the war late this year or early next year.

It is reasonable to assume that the war's end will place heavy demands on the United States to supply food and other help to both the Allied and defeated countries throughout the world. The UNRRA is already attacking that problem. We can expect in the first postwar year—and it can be next year—to see the maintenance of a large army of occupation in the conquered nations, completion of the Allied program for helping to set up governments in those countries, and probably the retention of some four million American men in uniform. Instead of releasing millions of men from the armed forces at one time, the government, we may assume, will stagger the discharges, probably at the rate of 700,000 a month so as to make it easier for these men to be absorbed into civilian jobs at home.

With this tentative calendar of war events we can develop a pattern of domestic developments which may be expected to follow during the coming months. If the war forecasts turn out to be premature, the same general reactions may be expected to follow, although the dates will have to be moved forward.

As the Allies drive the Germans back to the wall and chop away Japan's outposts in the coming months, there

The services will release men at the rate of 700,000 a month.

Accumulated savings will go into the purchase of consumer good

GUESSES THE FUTURE

BY B. B. GEYER

will be changes in matériel requirements, cancellations and modifications of many war contracts to fit the shifts in major war operations. Following the collapse of Germany, domestic political developments will receive increasing attention. We may see the administration actively sponsoring a "cradle-to-the-grave" plan, and making concessions to labor and farm groups, with an eye cocked on the coming Presidential election.

With Germany out of the war and the Allies finally embarked on an all-out drive against Japan, the administration will no doubt deal more and more with domestic postwar plans. Further steps will probably be taken to ensure employment or vocational training for all honorably discharged men of the armed forces. Government orders may be placed with manufacturers for rebuilding in foreign countries. Production of consumer goods may be loosened up and loans to industry offered for after-war manufacturing. But, unless business leaders have convinced the people that they actually have concrete plans for the postwar period, the administration may be counted on to criticize them for such failure, and to seek public support by promoting postwar jobs through government projects. As a result of the spectacular success of industry in helping to win the war, I believe the people will want the government to work with rather than compete with private enterprise in solving postwar economic problems.

Allied victory in Europe will open that continent to trade, free the Atlantic for safe shipping, and create very heavy demands for American exports. While this demand, added to our domestic requirements, can by no means be completely satisfied with the Japanese war still going on, I think the year will nevertheless show a substantial increase in consumer goods production. There will be strengthening of capital structures by private investment for future expansion, and a retiring, whenever possible, of government capital.

New materials developed in the past few years for war use will become available for the manufacture of new consumer products. Companies will—if they can get the manpower—begin building strong sales organizations to prepare for the coming competition. New retail outlets will have to be established to replace those that have gone out of business. Enlightened management may be counted on to improve employee relations by promoting a better understanding of mutual objectives in the postwar period.

Industry can also be expected to intensify research for the improvement of products, distribution, and public relations.

EVENTS during the coming months will foreshadow rapid development of new industries affecting homes, transportation, entertainment, food, and preventive medicine. Inflation will remain an ever-present threat, but industry can be a constructive factor in keeping the lid on prices.

It is expected there will be about 10 million men in the armed forces during the year, and even though Germany is beaten within this time, I do not believe there will be any substantial reduction in this force until the Japs are defeated. However, with the end of war in Europe the number of our war workers will move downward, probably to 17 million by the time Japan is conquered. While war work will continue to decline in the first postwar year, it should still provide employment for about 5 million workers, so that the large United Nations army of occupation over the world may be adequately supplied with new materials and equipment.

Biggest question mark in the employment future is whether 22½ million new civilian jobs can be created to absorb released war workers and members of the armed forces. To maintain present maximum employment, the number of nonwar civilian jobs must rise from today's 31½ million to 36½ million within the year after Germany collapses, and move upward to 54 million by the end of the first postwar year, as compared with the present all-time high of 63 million employed in war and nonwar jobs and the armed forces.

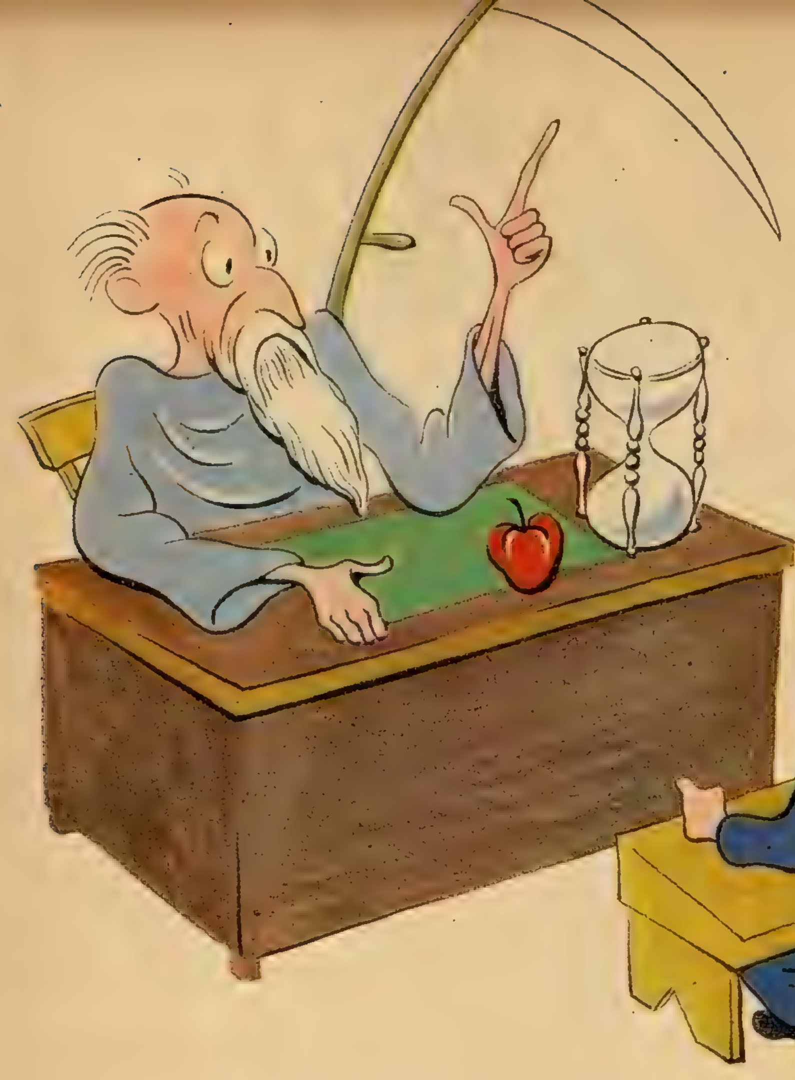
Basing all estimates on the value of the dollar in September, 1943, which is 6 per cent less than a year ago, I believe it will be possible to maintain maximum employment in the United States if the present $48 billion of civilian production is stepped up to $58 billion in the year after Germany is put out of the war, and then onward to $87 billion in the twelve months following Japan's surrender. The vast accumulating demand for consumer goods that have not been available during wartime should help provide the means of ensuring full employment.

Buying power is both a cause and

(*Continued on page 54*)

What Do You Know About 1943?

Everybody's always asking embarrassing questions. That's what makes this quiz different—it's strictly informal



BY TED SHANE

CARTOON BY BILL O'BRIAN

1—What tide-turning battle finished on January 31?

2—Who married whom after sawing her in two?

3—Who were the father and son simultaneously decorated for bravery in North Africa?

4—Hurrying to a new seat in the Congress, what freshman was stopped, informed *sotto voce* by the colored doorman, "Your slip is showing!"?

5—Who succeeded Admiral Standley as Ambassador to Russia; who, Sumner Welles as Under Secretary of State?

6—When he turned up thirty minutes late at a press conference in Washington because he couldn't get a taxi, who was asked, "Why didn't you build one?"?

7—Who replaced Jimmy Byrnes on the U. S. Supreme Court Bench?

8—What left-wing millionaire newspaper owner came into an additional $40,000,000 legacy?

9—Who went on the air, doing a regular broadcast for a popular heel?

10—On the radio, who (*a*) said to Clifton Fadiman, "Whataya know, besides everything?"; (*b*) described his work as "A very violent type of comic music"; (*c*) had some of her scripts time-capsuled in the Princeton Library; (*d*) said on his return from North Africa, "The mosquitoes are so big they fly with a fighter escort"?

11—What, nicknamed "the busy egg beater," loomed as the postwar family flivver?

12—In the world of music, (*a*) what descendant of Annie Oakley found her name on every one's lips; (*b*) who found himself too busy fighting Leningrad fires to visit America; (*c*) what song of a few years back was revived by a movie, became a Hit Parade No. 1-er; (*d*) what unclean creature from where became the soldier's pride and tonsillar joy?

13—Who said "I smoke, I drink, and I am 200 per cent fit"?

14—After whose performance at the Hollywood Bowl did a bitter sergeant cry, "Now they ought to flush the Bowl!"?

15—In sports, (*a*) what horse retired on approximately how much in winnings; (*b*) what unusual event took place at Asbury Park; (*c*) who was the visiting fireman?

16—What group of government employees threatened to strike for portal-to-portal wages?

17—Where was a sign hung which read: "Kill the Bastards. Down this road marched one of the regiments of the United States Army . . . 20 of their wounded in litters were bayoneted, shot and clubbed by the Yellowbellies"?

18—The name of what government agency was shortened because its initials spelled an unprintable word in Turkish?

19—Who wound up the ball season in the cellar of each big league?

20—There were murders. Who were the victims? Here are the clues: (*a*) An abandoned sedan. (*b*) Brass candlesticks. (*c*) A body in a burned bed.

21—What bridge player published a World Peace Plan? What bridge term was recognized as official?

22—Identify these news-makers: (*a*) Big Pancho, (*b*) Screaming Meemie, (*c*) Katusha, (*d*) Technicolor Tessie, (*e*) Tito, (*f*) Fifanellas.

23—Who earned the largest salary in the United States?

24—A postwar plane trip from New York to London was priced as approximately how much?

25—What happened at Belle Isle Bridge?

26—Whose estate contained very little money, but a man's girdle?

27—Obituaries appeared for the following. Identify them by description: (*a*) He allegedly died of "royal pneumonia"; (*b*) she died when flour was hurled in an electric fan; (*c*) pudgy, slow-witted, fireman-hat-wearing murder witness.

28—Who became Viceroy of India?

29—When asked what she wanted for her birthday, who replied, "Naples"?

30—In the movies, (*a*) who, debutting, played boogie-woogie, accompanying Judy Garland; (*b*) what picture featured Pedro the Chilean Mail Plane; (*c*) who sang They're Either Too Young or Too Old in what pic; (*d*) who died in a plane crash off Lisbon?

31—What nation celebrated National Smile Week?

32—Who left only $50,000,000 in his will, a third of what his paw left him?

33—The following were either married or divorced. Group them, and state which:

Maria Sieber
Ann Sheridan
Deanna Durbin
Ava Gardner
Georgia
Lana Turner
Frances Stevenson
Dorothy Lamour
Betty Grable
Hedy Lamarr
Marion Kelly
Ginger Rogers

Mickey Rooney
Stephen Crane
George Brent
John Loder
Lt. Vaughn Paul
Gov. Gene Talmadge
Lt. J. W. Pedlow
Capt. W. Howard III
Lloyd George
Harry James
Pvt. John Briggs
Dean Goodman

34—In science, (*a*) why did mold become important; (*b*) of what were clackless false teeth being made; (*c*) what was moulage?

35—What governor resigned to join the Navy and who replaced him?

36—What great colored man's life became a best seller?

37—On the silly side, (*a*) whose fans were placed in the Chicago Historical Museum for posterity; (*b*) who designed a twelve-inch sleeve as proper wear for carving; (*c*) what creations were named Winged Victory, Flight, Backtalk?

38—What pin-up girl was voted Girl We'd Most Like to Fly a Plane with Automatic Controls?

39—What aircraft carrier was being built by popular subscription?

40—Who won probably the greatest and most important race of the year?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

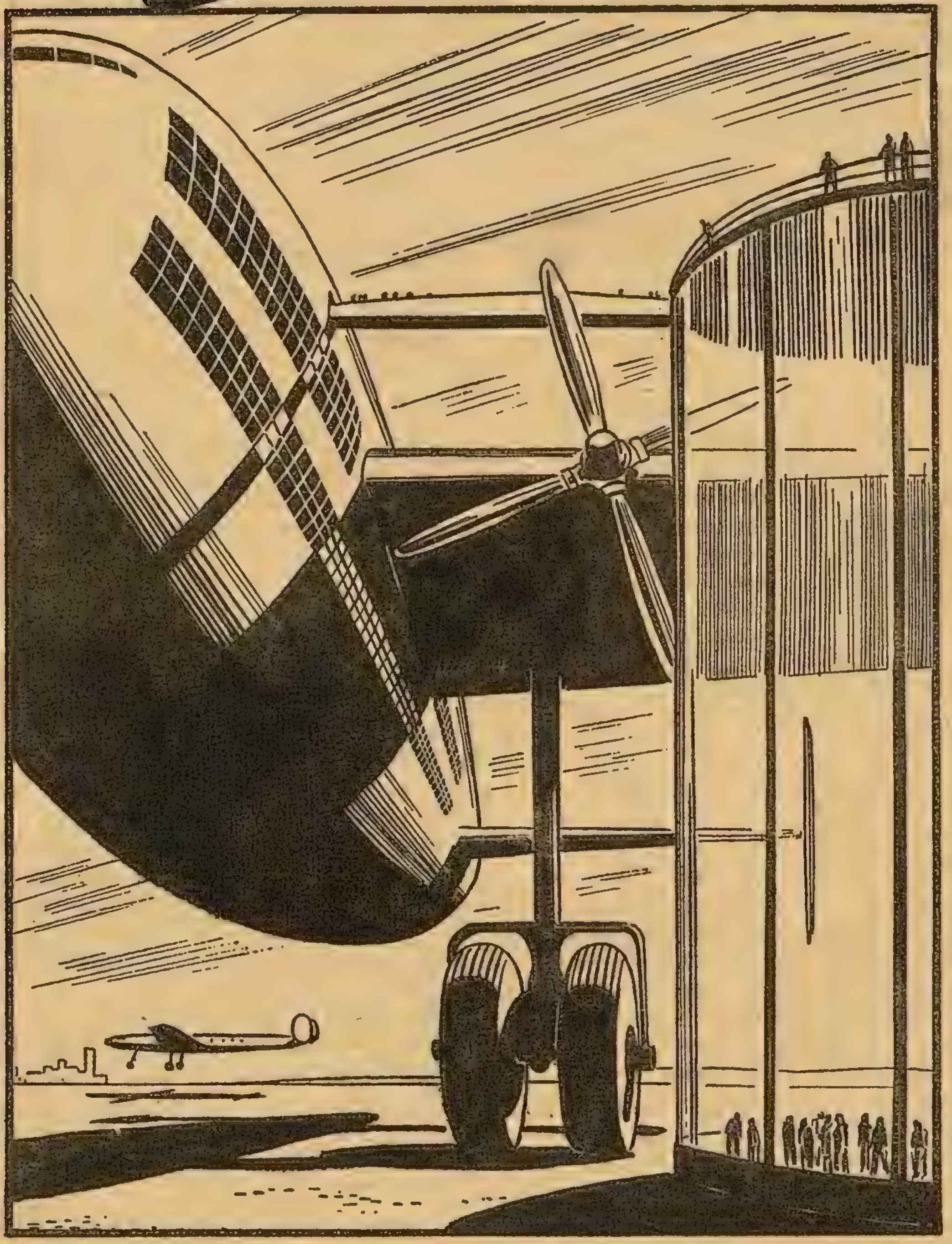
Tomorrow We Fly

By
WILLIAM STOUT
and
FRANKLIN M. RECK

Tomorrow you will travel the world more readily than you traveled your own country yesterday.

You will probably fly a personal plane, take your longer trips in air transports, use and eat things that cargo planes bring you from the far reaches of the world in a matter of hours.

Here is an accurate, factual prediction of the air wonders that lie ahead – and information about how little they will cost.



ILLUSTRATED BY
RICHARD LOOMIS

WHEN Marshal Rommel was advancing toward Alexandria in 1942 and the British Eighth Army was badly in need of armor-piercing shells to stop the formidable German tanks, there were two alternatives. One was to ship the shells by boat around Africa and up to Suez. That would take months. The other method was to carry the shells from factory to front line by plane.

In this critical moment our Air Transport Command took over, delivering some 25,000 rounds of ammunition to the Eighth Army in five days.

When our African offensive required a hurry-up base in the jungle, the ATC flew in scrapers, engines, refrigerators, air conditioners, lumber, and prefabricated houses, much of the material coming all the way from the United States.

When General MacArthur needed repair parts for his fighter planes in Australia, transport ships delivered the parts to him across the Pacific in three days.

But while such instances dramatically point up the statement that no spot in the world is more than sixty hours from any other spot, what we really want to know is just what the tremendous war development of aviation will mean to us *after* the war. We want to know if it will actually be possible to plan a two weeks' vacation in India instead of at Round Lake or Idlewild Camp. We want to know if the immense expansion of airplane manufacturing facilities will result in a family air flivver that any one can handle. We want to know if most of us will be riding air liners instead of coaches and Pullmans. We want to know what these things are going to cost us.

To be able to make accurate predictions, we need the background of the past. The future is merely a pattern made of yesterday's materials, and unless we know the materials we can't even attempt to visualize the pattern. What we must do, before indulging in prophecy, is to find in yesterday's fabric the long threads, the continuing strands. To do that, a very brief review of recent air-

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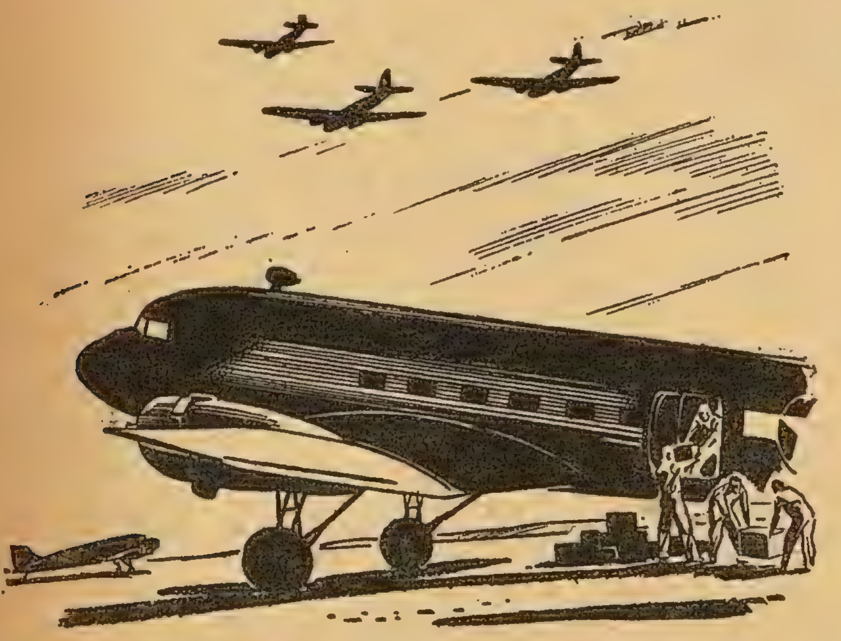
velopment is in order. We can well start with commercial transport.

Commercial aviation in the United States began May 15, 1918, when three Army pilots took off from Washington, New York, and Philadelphia with pouches of mail in the cockpits of their ships. The United States was at war, and the primary object of the Army air-mail service was to train pilots for France. The charge for sending a letter by air mail was twenty-four cents a half ounce.

The beginning was hardly encouraging. Although one pilot completed his trip without event, another made an emergency landing in a herd of horses, while the third, after getting lost, finished his hop at night on a field hastily lit by the headlamps of commandeered automobiles. Nevertheless, a service was begun that was to grow into the air-transport service we know today.

For seven years after that the government continued to carry the mail, first extending the service to Chicago, then to San Francisco, and finally developing the art of flying by night as well as by day. It helped lay the groundwork for today's transport, but the first important act in shaping the present occurred in 1925, when the Kelly Act authorized the Post Office Department to contract with private operators for the carrying of mail. This meant that the government was getting out of the air-transport business in favor of private enterprise.



Nevertheless, after turning over its air-mail business to private lines, the government signified its intention of helping the lines by maintaining airways for them. In 1926 the Air Commerce Act was passed, creating the Bureau of Air Commerce. This bureau, under the leadership of William P. MacCracken, air-mapped the nation, licensed pilots and planes, investigated crashes, and established a system of weather reports and other aids to navigation.

Later, in 1938, the Civil Aeronautics Authority was established, to carry on all the above functions, and in addition to exercise supervision over rates for passengers and express.

Before the business of carrying passengers could get anywhere there had to be cabin ships, and some better means of flying a course than by map and compass. There had to be instruments that would help a pilot keep his ship on an even keel in fog or darkness. Fear of the air had to be overcome.

One of the early cabin ships was a Boeing, single-engined, with enclosed space for two passengers. The pilot sat behind and above them in a glass-enclosed cockpit. This was a step in the right direction, but the first impressive air liner was undoubtedly the Ford trimotor, flown by the Stout Air Service over its lines between Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago. This ship had a corrugated aluminum skin, and was America's first all-metal ship. It housed fourteen passengers and could fly on two of its three engines, thus creating a safety factor that had never before existed. The Stout Air Service carried 163,000 passengers without accident before selling out to National Air Transport. This record did much to convince the public that air travel was not a daring venture but something that could be used by the average man for the ordinary, every-day purposes of business and pleasure.

After the trimotor came the Boeing twin-engined, low-wing plane with a smooth skin, lifting air-line speeds up beyond the 150-mile-an-hour mark. Then came the remarkable passenger transport we know today, called by the airwise the Douglas DC-3. This is the familiar twenty-one-passenger, two-engined ship cruising at 180 miles an hour, capable of taking us from New York to Chicago in a few hours or across the continent overnight.

This ship was presented to the public in 1933 and was not superseded before the outbreak of war, although two revolutionary new ships were fully engineered and tested and ready to make their bow when the government took them over for military purposes.

During the 1930s air lines discovered how to fly to a destination without looking out a window or consulting a compass. All the pilot had to do was listen to a stream of radio signals with his earphones. The "tone" of the signal told him that he was on his course and a sudden silence told him he had arrived at his destination. This is called the "radio range," which today forms an invisible network of airways connecting the principal cities of the United States, a network as definite and meaningful to the pilot as our concrete highways are to the motorist.

Miraculous new instruments informed the pilot not only of his altitude, but whether his ship was climbing, diving, banking, or on an even keel. Another instrument came along that would fly his ship for him on a predetermined course without his touching a hand to the controls. The airplane thus became independent of almost any weather condition except a ground fog over the airport of destination. The pilot still didn't know how to land a plane without seeing the ground, although progress was being made in that direction.

In 1927, the first year any considerable number of passengers were carried, 5,700 rides were sold. By 1932 the rides approached 500,000; in 1937, 1,000,000; in 1940, 2,728,000; and in 1941, 4,000,000. In this same year the railroads carried a half billion passengers, or 125 to every one carried by the air lines.

A significant date in this brief history is 1935, when for the first time the air lines received more money from passenger fares than they did from air-mail payments. Today air mail accounts for less than 25 per cent of an air line's revenue. The lines still want the business, but it is no longer their chief support.

With increased volume and larger ships, passenger rates came down to a point where they could reasonably compete with railroad Pullman rates, if you consider the Pullman passenger must buy meals and tip the porter.

It is a noteworthy fact too that the carrying of 4,000,000 passengers between the principal cities of the United States required only 352 transport planes. Hence our airplane makers before the war weren't mass producers. They were building planes not by the thousands or even the hundreds, but rather by the score. They were therefore really big experimental shops constantly working on tomorrow's ships.

WHILE our continental air transport was earning a place in the transportation system, Pan American Airways was developing an over-ocean service that grew from 20,000 passengers in 1929 to 375,000 passengers in 1941.

The first Pan American transport was a Sikorsky amphibian, weighing three tons when loaded and traveling at 97 miles an hour behind a single 400-horsepower engine. Its 1941 ship was the Boeing Clipper, weighing forty-two tons when loaded, and traveling at 167 miles an hour behind four engines totaling 6,200 horsepower. With this ship the passenger could go from Miami to Buenos Aires in four days.

By 1941 Pan American's seventy-passenger Clippers were a familiar sight in Hawaii, the Philippines, the Orient, in Central and South America, and in Lisbon, while the roar of its twin-engined Lodestar stratoplanes became a common sound to Alaskan trappers and miners.

After Germany threw the world into war, Pan American began to take over and operate many of the South American routes formerly flown by German air lines, thereby eliminating a foreign competitor and firmly establishing American equipment and practices in the continent to the south. Meanwhile a new overseas air service was inaugurated by a steamship company, the American Export Line.

Our air transports have increased in size, speed, and range. But the engineers know that there can't be a larger, faster ship without an engine to pull it. Our air transports developed only as fast as our remarkable engines grew in power. Before 1900 we didn't have engines powerful enough and light enough to take a plane aloft. The first Wright engine weighed 139 pounds and developed twelve horsepower, which was about enough to support a flimsy affair of cloth, wires and sticks, but nothing more. Pan American's first Sikorsky had 400 horsepower, which permitted it to haul three tons of passengers, airplane, and gasoline the required distance. The Stout trimotors were powered with three 410-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Wasps, permitting them to take two tons of passengers and express to Chicago and Cleveland at 116 miles an hour.

Today's Douglas DC-3 air liners have two 1,200-horsepower engines of remarkable lightness, enabling them to haul twenty-one passengers, stewardess, pilot, co-pilot, and express at 180 miles an hour. How powerful our engines will become, and what they will mean in terms of larger, speedier ships constitutes one of the threads of tomorrow's pattern. Engine power is the key to the size and speed of tomorrow's ships.

AND now, what of the private owner?

In the pre-Pearl Harbor years, builders of light planes were making rapid progress in providing moderately priced, foolproof planes for the public. For about $1,000 you could buy a forty-horsepower, two-place ship suitable for round-airport flying. It didn't have the gas capacity to take you far afield, and its speed was under seventy miles an hour.

There were several makes at $1,450, with somewhat more power and range. Then there were neatly styled coupés with a sixty-five-horsepower engine, a carpeted floor, two-tone upholstery, wheel pants, and the necessary instruments at $1,850. This ship could cruise at around ninety miles an hour, and with a standard tank of sixteen gallons and a reserve tank of nine it had a cruising range of 450 miles, about twice that of your auto.

These light planes could make from twenty to twenty-five miles on a gallon of gas. One went from the Atlantic to the Pacific at a cost of thirty dollars for gas and oil.

The records show that the number of certificated planes leaped from 12,829 in 1940 to 17,351 in 1941. In those two years the builders of light planes surged ahead from their years of struggling development to a production of 7,000 in 1940 and 8,000 in 1941. After that, all light-plane production was converted to the business of war.

Civilians could learn to fly at any one of a thousand airports for about $350; but from 1940 on, the government took a hand by teaching young men to fly in batches of 10,000 and 15,000, at the taxpayers' expense, as a defense measure. Under this stimulus the number of licensed pilots in this country jumped from 31,204 on January 1, 1940, to 63,113 a year later, and the number of women pilots from 902 in 1939 to 2,145 in 1940. By the middle of 1941 the number of pilots passed 100,000.

On May 6, 1941, an event occurred that will vitally affect the future of private flying and possibly the future of commercial aviation as well. On that day the Russian, Igor Sikorsky, stayed aloft for one hour, thirty-two minutes, twenty-six and one tenth seconds in a craft that didn't look like an airplane at all. Instead of the familiar wings it had two fourteen-foot-long whirling blades. Instead of flying, it hovered over one spot, and occasionally it performed the unheard-of maneuver of *backing up*. This was the first publicized flight of tomorrow's air flivver, the helicopter.

What of cargo carrying?

Before the war the airplane express business consisted chiefly of items that were in a hurry, such as machine parts, advertising and printed matter, news photos, films and negatives, newspapers, medicines, baby chicks, and cut flowers. Air lines charged customers from eighty cents up to carry a ton of express a mile, where railroads charged rates that averaged eleven cents a ton-mile. At this rate it is not surprising that air-express revenues were only $3,000,000 in 1941, in comparison with $57,000,000 worth of express carried by the railroads in that year.

Well, what about tomorrow? How will the airplane be serving us then? Predicting the future is a risky pastime, but we can take our first cautious steps into the future with entire confidence because the successors to our present air transport have already been built and are now in the service of the Army.

Had the war not interfered, air travelers would now be stepping into the graceful craft known as the Boeing 307. Its wings stretch themselves out to 107 feet, only twelve feet more than today's transport, and its sleek cabin, seventy-four feet long, is only ten feet longer than the DC-3. Nevertheless, this new ship is a twenty-two-tonner instead of twelve, and thirty-three passengers can make themselves comfortable in its richly upholstered interior. It has nine reclining seats on one side and four compartments on the other, each accommodating six passengers on two facing lounges. So, for the first time in air transport, we were about to have compartments and segregation into groups.

Each compartment can be converted at night into four berths, making sixteen beds in all. The 307 has separate dressing rooms for men and women, and a galley where hot food can be prepared. Among the crew of seven are both stewards and stewardesses.

This ship has four engines, each of 1,100 horsepower. Where the DC-3 employed 2,400 horses, this one harnesses 4,400, and these horses will cruise at 220 miles an hour instead of the DC-3's 180.

The DC-3s fly frequently as high as 10,000 to 12,000 feet, but seldom higher. The 307 will take us a mile higher. It will fly, when wind conditions are favorable, in the thin air of the 15,000-foot layer where the ship will be above many storms that afflict the earth's surface.

Since neither human beings nor gasoline engines enjoy breathing air as thin as that found at 15,000 feet, the air fed to both will be supercharged. In the sealed cabins, as the plane rises to its flying level, the air will be gradually thinned down until it is like the air at 8,000 feet. While the plane rises abruptly to 15,000 feet, the passenger rises more gradually to 8,000, and feels entirely comfortable in the transition. Long before the plane starts to descend from 15,000 feet the passenger starts his descent to 7,000 and 6,000, so that by the time the plane reaches the ground the passenger will be breathing ground-level air.

ADVANCED as this seems, the Boeing 307 was hardly in production before a new ship appeared called the Lockheed Constellation. Full details of this remarkable giant are a military secret, but we know that it was designed to carry fifty-five to sixty passengers at the 20,000-foot level. We know that its four 2,000-horsepower engines enable it to cruise a full 100 miles an hour faster than the DC-3, and that it can carry a full load of travelers from New York to Los Angeles in nine or ten hours nonstop.

Two of its engines can fail and the plane will still fly. Furthermore, if an engine stops in flight, the engineer can walk out through a passageway in the wing to a spot directly behind the engine and make minor repairs in flight. This is the first ship in which the engines can be reached from inside the wing. It's the first land ship in which the wing is large enough to permit a man to walk through it.

The Constellation has a tricycle landing gear which maintains the cabin in a level position while the ship is standing on the ground. Tomorrow, tricycle landing gears, or some other arrangement that holds the cabin horizontal, will become general. There is nothing new about the idea. The early Curtiss ships had tricycle landing gears, and one of them was the first airplane to land on the deck of a battleship. Revival of the tricycle landing gear was stimulated by the appearance of the Stout Skycar with that type of wheel early in the 1930s.

This brings out the odd fact that in invention we often do things right the first time. Working in a primitive, uninhibited way, we arrive at simple, natural solutions. Many early airplanes not only had tricycle landing gears but also engines behind the wings, where the propellers didn't disturb the airflow over the wing surface. Then we change these simple concepts in favor of "development." Our invention gets better and better but more and more complicated. The time comes when further progress is hard to achieve. Finally, in order to get greater performance, we go back to our primitive ideas and start all over again. So now our ship of tomorrow will have the ancient tricycle landing gear, and before long will advance to the 1908 pusher (behind the wing) engine!

With ships like the Constellation in prospect, air-line operators are beginning to visualize a vastly different interior arrangement of passenger transports; a cabin divided into two decks, with the upper deck arranged in compartments for first-class passengers, and the lower deck like a day coach for second-class travelers. Up front there will be a full-height smoking room and bar; at the rear a full-height observation room with a lighted map on which the traveler can follow the course of the plane, altimeters, and speed indicators for the amateur navigator, and transparent plastic ports through which the passenger can gaze at star patterns unbelievably brilliant in the thin air of 20,000 feet. Four miles below will be Earth, where all the storms and snows and rain occur. Up here the ship and its mortals will be above such things as "weather."

Seven miles into the blue, and flying faster than a Jap Zero—these frontiers of height and speed seemed visionary a few years ago. Today they are realities!

Almost any one can design larger and larger ships if he has the technique and materials to do it, but in the last analysis the size of tomorrow's sky liner will depend on its engines. It has to have a power plant to drive it. Only a little while ago we thought that at 3,000 horsepower we could reach the upper limit attainable in our present-type gasoline engines, but today our vision has lifted. Now our designers are promising us 4,000 horsepower, and even 5,000.

WHAT will these unbelievable power plants mean in larger ships? Our engineers have a way of taking the loaded weight of a plane and dividing it by the number of horsepower and arriving at a figure representing the number of pounds each horsepower is required to lift into the air. For many of our present-day transports this figure is in the neighborhood of ten pounds.

Using this figure as an extremely rough method of foretelling size, let us assume that we are building a transport of tomorrow with two engines of 4,000 horsepower each, or a total of 8,000. Multiplying by ten, we arrive at the figure 80,000 pounds or forty tons. Thus, with two of tomorrow's engines, we could have a ship about twice the size of that Boeing Stratoliner.

However, there's no law against putting four such engines on a plane, giving us an air liner of eighty tons. Make it six engines, an entirely feasible idea, and arithmetic predicts a ship of 240,000 pounds or 120 tons.

That some of these monsters are already a reality is no longer a military secret. For example, there's the flying boat called the Martin Mars, built by Glenn L. Martin, with a total loaded weight of seventy tons.

This ship, according to Mr. Martin, can carry fifteen tons of fuel and other flight essentials, and twenty more tons of pay load. If all of this pay load were devoted to passengers and their luggage, allowing 250 pounds of passenger and luggage per man, the Mars could carry 160 people as far as the fifteen tons of gas would take them. For nonstop flights to England the passenger list would probably be reduced to something under 100 in order to carry enough gas.

"And," Mr. Martin adds, "we'll do even better with the 250,000-pound flying boat *we now are preparing to build.*"

Our dream of a 120-tonner carrying passengers by the hundreds is already well on its way to realization.

It is no secret, either, that the Boeing company has produced a land giant called the B-19 with a loaded weight of eighty-five tons, exceeding the mammoth Martin Mars by some fifteen tons. This ship is so graceful and proportionate that it doesn't seem especially large until you learn that its over-all height is equal to that of a four-story building.

And yet, speaking of ships of this class, Martin says, "Compared to the future, they are small craft."

You can be sure that our continental air-line operators are watching these developments with keen interest and are already reaching definite conclusions on the kind of equipment they intend to put into service a few years after the dust of the war has settled down and the visibility is unlimited for peacetime expansion.

HAVE a look at the postwar plans of one of the largest of our continental lines. Today one all-purpose ship carries passengers, mail, and cargo. Tomorrow this air line hopes to have three ships, each serving its special kind of traffic. The traffic, they predict, will consist of a vastly increased passenger business, *all* first-class mail that goes more than 500 miles, and a rapidly growing cargo business.

Airplane I is the air Pullman. It's a low-wing monoplane in the sixty-ton class. It has four engines of 3,000 horsepower each, and will cruise at 266 miles an hour. Its wings taper out gracefully to a 141-foot span and its 118-foot-long cabin will accommodate 100 passengers by day and fifty-six by night, plus a couple of tons of cargo.

Airplane I will make the long transcontinental hop with only two or three stops between New York and San Francisco. It will select its own flying level from somewhere between 10,000 and 25,000 feet, selecting the layer where the wind is most kind to gasoline consumption.

With a cruising speed of 266 miles an hour, this ship will require only three hours and ten minutes to hop from New York to Chicago instead of the present four and one quarter hours. With stops at Chicago and Denver, it will take the traveler to San Francisco in eleven and one half hours instead of the present eighteen to twenty. Or if it stops only once, at Denver, it will complete the cross-country hop in eleven hours.

This means that the New Yorker can board the plane at midnight and be in San Francisco at eight the next morning, allowing for the change in time. He can spend a full business day on the West Coast, board a ship in the early evening for New York, and be back there for breakfast the following morning.

Today, with only fifteen or sixteen passengers to serve, the air line can hardly bring aboard enough food to give the passenger a choice. One dinner only is offered.

But tomorrow, with 100 passengers aboard, our air-line chefs are confident that they can estimate our tastes closely enough to offer two or three different dinners. In addition, the plane will be equipped with a buffet in which hot snacks can be prepared in flight.

For amusement, passengers can turn on the radio and get clear, staticless reception via the new static-free frequency modulation. In time, even television screens will be provided, probably in the lounge.

From the standpoint of your comfort and mine, traveling in a pressure cabin at high altitude will be an improvement over present-day travel in a nonpressure cabin. There'll be less airsickness, our doctors tell us, in a pressure cabin. One of the best cures for airsickness is a "shot" of oxygen, and a pressure cabin is receiving oxygen all the time.

Today's planes are cooled on the ground, for summertime travel, but by the time they have reached flying level, the cabins are hot. Tomorrow's Airplane I will be air conditioned at all times.

Perhaps the thing we will appreciate most as we travel by air after the war is the freedom to move around, to walk to the lounge for a four-mile view of the earth; to stroll up front to a capacious dressing room; even to mount the stairs to the flight deck for a tour of the radio, engineer's, and navigator's compartments; and possibly even to walk out through a wing to stand behind one of the purring radials and listen to the captain tell us about the stainless-steel fire walls that contain it.

Airplane II, a forty-tonner, will be for the traveler who doesn't want to pay for luxury and top speed. Its seats will be arranged coach style, like the present-day transports. But passengers will have somewhat more room than today's plane traveler. There'll be accommodations for seventy-five people and a ton and a half of cargo. Because this coach plane will make more stops, it will require almost thirteen hours to cross the continent. Like the Pullman plane, it will travel the main line.

Airplane III will be a combination passenger and cargo carrier, with movable bulkheads between cargo and passenger space, so that the proportion between passengers and cargo can be varied according to the demand. It will be a twenty-tonner with two engines, accommodating either fifty-two passengers or seven tons of cargo, or some division between the two. It will operate both on the main line and along feeder routes off the main line. Smaller than either I or II, it will be able to land on the smaller airports of the off-line towns. It will cruise at a mere 212 miles an hour and seldom rise above 10,000 feet, because there's no sense in climbing to 20,000 feet for a short hop.

From this line-up of equipment it is plain to see that this particular air line expects no great or immediate increase in freight and express business, for not one of the ships is an exclusive cargo carrier. It sees no immediate chance of lowering airplane cargo costs down to a point where they will compete directly with railroads. However, it has tentatively sketched in Airplane IV, a two-engined sixteen-tonner capable of hauling some five tons of cargo.

WHAT of the cost of traveling in tomorrow's Pullmans and coaches?

In the summer of 1943 the Civil Aeronautics Board ordered passenger fares reduced to yield the air lines 4.9 cents a mile instead of the 5.4 cents then prevailing. Translating this into the actual amounts, we find:

The rate from New York to Chicago is reduced from $44.95 to $38.85, which compares favorably with the $36.93 paid by the train traveler for rail and lower berth. By the time he has bought a meal and tipped the porter, the Pullman traveler has paid more than the airplane passenger.

From New York to Cleveland the new plane fare is actually less than Pullman travel: $22.20 against $23.16 for rail and lower. For the coast-to-coast hop, plane fare is reduced from $149.95 to $138.85, as against $128.36 for rail and lower. If the rail traveler spends more than ten dollars on meals and tips he is paying more than he would by air.

Under the 1943 rates the West Coast traveler going from San Francisco to Portland will pay $26.60 by air and $30.89 by rail and lower.

Will rates go still lower after the war? The air line of which we were speaking studied its cost experience over a seven-year period ending with Pearl Harbor. During this period the volume of passenger business quadrupled and ships doubled in size.

Larger volume and larger ships both have their effect on cost and therefore on what the air lines will have to charge the public. The air line's experts predict four-cent-a-mile rates when the postwar equipment goes into operation.

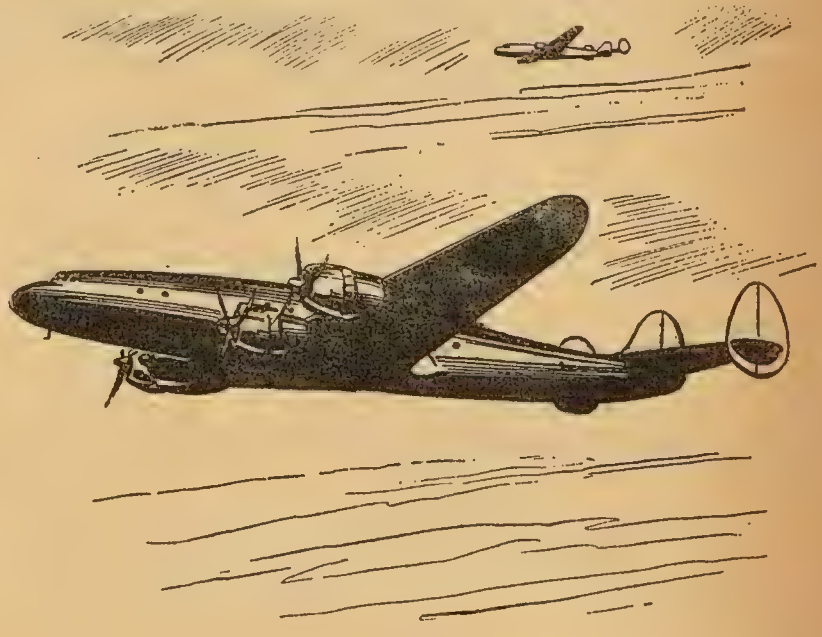
To figure what this means in terms of the amounts John Public will pay to go from this place to that, deduct about one fifth from the 1943 rates. The result is approximately $31 from New York to Chicago; $18, New York to Cleveland; $21, San Francisco to Portland; and $111, New York to San Francisco.

But this is the fare for our de luxe Pullman-type air liner. This same airplane company also states that coach-plane travel will probably be offered at about half the de luxe rate, which would be two cents a mile or fifty-five dollars for a coast-to-coast airplane ride! This brings plane travel right down within reach of the factory worker and the office girl!

If lower rates and finer and faster planes increase air traffic twenty to thirty times after the war, as many predict, will there be a traffic jam in the skies?

Airways *are* limited to narrow strips. The stream of radio signals creates a highway defined by law as fifty miles wide, and the pilot stays approximately in the middle of it by listening to the tone of the signal. A variation in tone tells him when he is getting off the road. Traffic jams will occur in the area where these radio highways converge upon the airport, just as the worst auto jams occur near the stadium gates and the worst railroad jams at the terminals.

The jams that occur at airports now are caused chiefly by bad weather, when it is the duty of a single man on the ground to keep approaching planes out of each other's way. This man, the traffic control officer, an employee of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, lives in a glass tower on top the main airport building. A glance at the disks on his control board shows him the location of every flight in the area under his control. At intervals the pilots report their position by two-way radiophone, whereupon the control officer moves the disks on the board.



During the peak hour of the day, when six or eight planes approach the airport, all within half an hour, the control officer has his hands full directing the order of landing. If an incoming pilot asks permission to land but cannot because a plane is about to take off. the control officer orders him to fly out to a "holding point" and fly back and forth along the radio beam at a certain altitude, say 2,000 feet. Another plane arrives and is told to fly the beam at 3,000 feet. Assuming it's the busy hour, a third transport occupies the 4,000-foot level, and a fourth the 5,000.

This is called "stacking up." It is traffic control's method of preventing airplanes from colliding in bad weather. Recently, arriving planes at a certain airport have been "stacked up" to 13,000 feet waiting their time to land! This is airport congestion and we already have it with us. What will it be when the traffic is twenty times 1943 volume?

Our experts have a miraculous answer, a device by means of which airplanes will take off in any weather whatsoever, will fly unerringly to an airport completely hidden by fog, will glide down an invisible path, find the airport strip, and ride it to the loading ramp without any need for seeing beyond the plexiglass window of the pilot's enclosure.

This miracle of instrument flight is a development based on the properties of the kind of radio called short wave or microwave. This kind of radio beam can be focused like a searchlight in a narrow cone and has the ability to reflect back from any surface it strikes. England uses microwaves to detect raiding Nazi bombers before they arrive at the English coast. With its help the control officer "sees" every airplane in the sky. Just how this kind of radio will control the flight of planes in peacetime is a military secret.

It is no secret, however, to say that an adaptation of short wave enables a pilot to "see" a mountain or any other obstruction through fog. He can see it in the form of a visual representation on his instrument panel. There'll be no need, in the future, for airplanes to crash into mountain peaks. By a similar adaptation a pilot will be able to see any other plane within eight or ten miles.

Further adaptations have been put into practice and news of them has been published. For instance, there is the marker at the boundary of an airport, and another marker some miles from the boundary. These markers are nothing but small broadcasting stations sending cones of signals upward. Today, when a pilot comes toward an airport through fog, riding his radio highway, a light on his instrument board informs him when he passes the outer marker. This tells him just how far he is from the airport and his altimeter tells him his height. A little later, as he passes over the inner marker, another light flashes and he knows he is at the boundary of the airport and over a runway.

Already, to these two markers, many of our airports are adding a third element which is in effect a radio stairway. A pilot can arrive at the top of this "stairway" some miles from the airport, and with a little more development of the invention he will be able to go downstairs to the ground as surely as if he were looking over the side.

The first successful instrument landing was made by a certain Lieutenant Jimmy Doolittle, who made a landing at Mitchel Field, Long Island, on September 24, 1929, using only the runway localizer (small broadcast unit identifying the runway) and an altimeter. He was taking something of a chance, but fortunately he lived to bomb Tokyo some dozen years later.

Three and a half years later, on March 20, 1933, when weather grounded all planes on the Atlantic seaboard, a fully "blind" flight was made from College Park, Maryland, to Newark, New Jersey. Radio did all the "seeing" for the pilot. More recently, a test pilot for a leading air line has made more than 1,000 landings under a hood, without ever looking at the ground. Radio did his "looking" for him.

THE traffic-control officer is looking forward to the day when, instead of a board on which he must manually post the position of planes, the ceiling of his room will be a planetarium; when, in the words of one writer, he will sit in a chair, "illumined by the ghostly light of a cathode-ray tube," gazing upward at the domed ceiling, and there see all the ships in the area portrayed in miniature and moving slowly over the dome toward a central point as they approach the airport. This picture may be a bit fanciful, but when it comes to radio control, the fanciful is rapidly becoming reality. Day or night, rain or shine, radio will see the ground beneath, the mountain in front, the airport boundary, and the runway.

Engineers have for a long time seen little sense in carrying heavy landing gear through the air. It wasn't so bad when transports were small, but tomorrow's sixty-tonner will have double landing wheels taller than an automobile. The larger a plane gets, the higher the percentage of its weight that must be devoted to a complicated set of struts and mechanisms that will lower and raise tires. With a big ship this comes in the class of heavy machinery. The landing gear weighs tons.

Our air lines hope before many years to do away with landing wheels and struts. When the airplane comes in, radio will guide it accurately to a landing car running on a track. Radio will synchronize the speed of the car with that of the plane, bringing them together without a jar. The immense transport will settle into its cradle with a gentle sigh at perhaps 100 miles an hour and glide on rails over to the airport building. The same landing car will launch the plane from the airport.

When instrument flight becomes general, aviation will become indifferent to weather, and planes need no longer be grounded. In 1941, air lines had to cancel or delay some nine out of every 100 flights for various reasons—most of them weather. This record was considered good. But tomorrow, with instrumentation perfected, sky liners will make practically every flight on schedule.

But there's still the question of what to do about airports.

Early in 1942 this country had some 2,500 airports, but only seventy-two of the kind immediately useful for tomorrow's traffic. The Civil Aeronautics Administration lists this type as Class 4 and calls it a terminal or major metropolitan port.

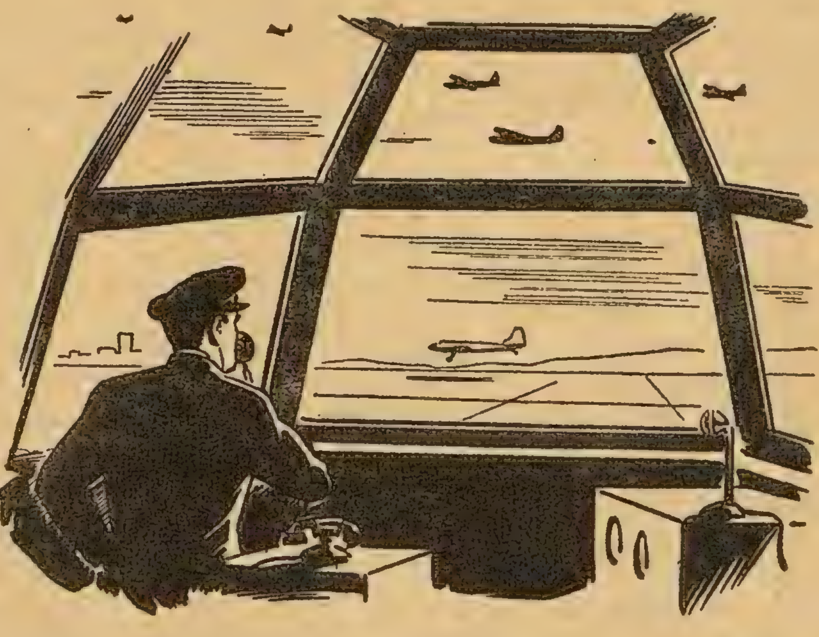
Class 4 airports have two parallel runways of a mile or more in length. Our largest cities may need three or four such airports instead of one. As cargo carrying develops, we may have to have separate airports for freight and passengers, just as our railroads have passenger stations and freight yards.

Airport buildings of tomorrow will be larger, with capacious, modernistic waiting rooms, underground, with auto and taxi tunnels connecting them to the highway.

Perhaps the most revolutionary idea is not a large field but a single long landing strip running parallel to the highway connecting the airport with the city. This single concrete strip will be perhaps several hundred feet wide and at least two miles long. Alongside it, at the center, will be the airport building with multiple loading ramps.

With this kind of airport, the arriving plane will always come in at one end, roll up to the ramp for unloading and loading, and go out at the other end. Traffic will be in one direction only. One plane can follow closely upon another. The control of arrivals and departures will be reduced to its simplest terms. All taxiing, turning, and heading into the wind will be eliminated.

This presupposes that tomorrow's airplanes will land at higher speeds, and therefore will be indifferent to wind direction. Even today many of our heavy bombers can ignore any but the strongest winds, and if this development goes on, a vast square airport will become unnecessary. A single long strip will do.



Beyond that, looking into the far future, airports as we know them may disappear altogether in favor of downtown stations where our mightiest transports will settle into waiting slips like an elevator coming to rest at the main floor.

Travel volume is affected by speed and rates, but it depends on two other factors as well, namely, reliability of schedule and safety of operation.

Maintaining schedule performance on the air lines has been mostly a battle with the weather. When microwaves bring a transport ship to an airport, guide it down a runway, and put its wheels on the concrete without requiring the pilot to take his eyes from the instrument panel, then the airplane will finally be freed from the weather. In planning its postwar operations, one air line is anticipating 100-per-cent schedule completion. Only in the rarest of instances will a trip be canceled.

Thus the probability is that the coming all-weather reliability of air lines will boost traffic to undreamed-of heights.

As recently as 1935, a large air line made a survey of nonusers. The simple question was asked: "Why don't you fly?" About 70 per cent said in effect that they were afraid to fly. The other 30 per cent said that air travel costs too much. Another survey taken a short time ago showed these figures to be exactly reversed. Seventy per cent mentioned the cost. Only 30 per cent were afraid. The majority of people, even the older generation, are no longer afraid to travel by plane, or if a feeling of apprehension arises they are able to control it.

Nobody knows just when the multifold increase in air travel will be achieved—whether in 1946, 1947, or later. Taking safety and regularity for granted, the rate of increase will depend on cost. If the air lines and the Civil Aeronautics Board are willing to reduce fares as fast as operating costs go down, then the curve of air travel will skyrocket with dizzy speed into the upper levels of mass transportation. The 70 per cent of nontravelers who say air travel costs too much will disappear and the nation will travel by air.

NOW we come to private flying and the question of how far the airplane will go in supplementing and even replacing the auto as a means of private transportation.

The average man and woman have felt, more or less rightly, that flight is a highly skilled art, only to be indulged in by supermen. This concept isn't true any more. In recent years our light-plane makers have overcome the learning obstacle by taking the skill out of the pilot's feet and hands and building it into the ship.

For instance, one of the dangers of unskillful operation has been the stall. When an airplane loses flying speed its wings will no longer support it, whereupon the plane falls off into a spin and crashes. This has been largely overcome by building certain features into the ship that permit it automatically to assume a gliding angle and regain speed. Today a complete novice can go up with an instructor in a light plane and have trouble trying to stall it. The ship will stubbornly insist on maintaining itself in the air.

Another difficult maneuver for the beginner has been banking the ship. This involves controlling the rudder with the feet and the ailerons with the hands. Co-ördination between the two has been necessary. The manufacturers have taken care of that by interconnecting rudder and ailerons, just as our earliest builders did in the days of the Wrights. Now the beginner can bank the ship at the proper angle merely by moving one control. The airplane won't let him "skid" around a turn.

Landing has been considered difficult because it involved leveling off just above the grass tops. Now a light-plane operator can aim the ship at the ground at a certain angle and fly at that angle until he makes contact, and be sure of making a safe landing.

The true story has been told of a light-plane pilot taking a lady passenger for a ride. As they approached the ground, the pilot said, "You're probably wondering just what is the right way to land this ship. The proper thing to do is exactly what would be instinctive for a beginner to do when he sees the ground coming up to meet him." Thereupon the pilot gave a falsetto shriek, took his hands from the wheel, and covered his eyes. He stayed in that position while the airplane obligingly went ahead and smoothly landed itself.

Light-plane manufacturers have even provided the pilot with a wheel like the automobile wheel and given him the same instinctive motions to follow. If he wants to turn left he turns the wheel left. The only difference is that he must push the wheel forward to descend and pull it back to climb.

Until recently private planes have had poor vision to sides and rear. In the Stout Dearborn laboratories, we are designing light ships that give a person complete vision in all directions.

In short, light-plane makers are going to give us a ship that the average person can learn to control after a few hours' instruction. Before he can take it cross-country and fly in uncertain weather he will need more instruction, but he will fly it after a fashion the first time up. This ship will go 500 or 600 miles on a tank of gas and be able to land with very little roll. It will be a safe, acceptable family plane.

The basic limitations of personal airplane flight are being overcome by technical genius. Beyond that, now and then an invention comes along that upsets all our calculations. With its arrival, obstacles and limitations disappear, new horizons open, and progress accelerates.

Such an invention is the helicopter.

When I was a youngster of fourteen years, living in Mankato, Minnesota, I discovered a copy of the Youth's Companion in which was described a flying model made of corks, little pine sticks, and some chicken feathers, driven with rubber bands. It had been developed by a man named Pegoud, in Paris.

I made and flew one of these models, and years later, when talking to Orville Wright, I learned that he and his brother built and flew the same model from the same article in the Youth's Companion. When you wound it up it would fly directly upward, but couldn't make horizontal flights. This little toy of the last century was a helicopter.

Some inventions have a way of coming to light early in history, and then having to wait many years until engineering developments have reached a point that makes the invention feasible. So it was with the helicopter. Da Vinci's helicopter was perfect in principle, but it was to be hundreds of years before a flyable ship was produced.

During the last war Harry Berliner, who invented the disk phonograph, built helicopters that would get off the ground but couldn't go anywhere. When they got too high off the ground they ceased to lift.

After the war, Juan de la Cierva, Pitcairn, and others carried matters a step further by building and flying autogiros, similar in appearance to the helicopter but different in principle. Both machines have two or three long blades mounted in a horizontal plane over the body, and the whirling of these blades provides the lift necessary to keep the craft aloft.

But in the case of the autogiro no power is applied to the rotors. They are merely a windmill. The air *goes up through* the blades, turning them.

In the helicopter the rotors are power-driven. The air is pulled *from the top down* through the blades. The power of the engine lifts the plane. No forward motion is necessary. The helicopter can rise vertically from the ground. The pilot merely puts the rotors in gear, speeds them up to 240 revolutions a minute, changes their angle so that the blades "bite" into the air, and the craft rises from the ground. Every one has sat under a large fan in a restaurant and felt the air blowing down on him. That's what the helicopter does. Only it whirls fast enough to lift itself.

Once in the air, the helicopter doesn't need a conventional propeller to pull it along. The pilot can so nicely control the pitch of the rotors that they will bite more deeply into the air during one part of the revolution than another, thereby tilting the craft forward. When this happens, the rotors become, actually, partial propellers. Tilted forward, and changing their pitch, they both lift the plane and move it along above the earth.

BEFORE the coming of the helicopter nobody ever heard of an airplane flying backward or sideways. Yet, if you tilt the plane of the rotors sideways or backward, this strange new craft will obligingly fly in that direction. In landing, the pilot merely changes the pitch or "bite" of the rotors to provide less lift, and the helicopter settles slowly to the ground.

In 1941 Sikorsky demonstrated the first practicable helicopter. Instead of wings it had three rotor blades mounted over the fuselage, each blade fourteen feet long. The pilot sat in an open cockpit in front of the engine. At the tail of the ship was a small propeller to counteract the torque.

The engine started, the rotors were engaged, and presently the tips were whirling at an approximate speed of 270 miles an hour. A simple adjustment caused the rotors to "bite" the air and the craft rose vertically from the ground. For the next hour, thirty-two minutes, and twenty-six and one tenth seconds this queer machine hovered over a field a half acre in extent. This flight of May 6, 1941, marked the beginning of the direct-lift era in aviation. The importance of the date can hardly be overemphasized.

This first experimental ship, the VS-300, weighed 1,290 pounds fully loaded and was powered with a ninety-horsepower Franklin engine. Sikorsky said:

"In terms of the pilot's actions, control of the helicopter is simpler than the controls of an automobile. The pilot has a stick. If he wants to go forward he pushes the stick forward. If he wants to stop he pulls the stick back. If he wants to turn right or left he pushes the stick in that direction. From a speed of fifty miles an hour the helicopter can be brought to a stop in a distance no greater than the width of a medium-sized banquet hall."

Motion pictures of this first ship created a sensation. The witnesses saw the miraculous craft lower itself to within a foot of the ground and hover there while a man on the ground handed up a suitcase to the pilot. They saw the ship rotate on its axis, take off backward from the water, land in a parking lot between two automobiles, approach a wall, stop, and back away, then accelerate and soar over the trees at eighty miles an hour.

The Army soon became interested in the helicopter as a scouting plane and a defense against submarines. Sikorsky began building a larger ship powered with a 200-horsepower engine, and tests were conducted by the government. On May 6 and 7, 1943, Colonel H. F. Gregory of Wright Field, Ohio, made twenty-four landings and take-offs from the deck of a tanker. The deck space allowed for the helicopter measured seventy-eight by forty-eight feet. This second ship was an improvement over the first. The speed was somewhat greater, the cabin enclosed, the rotors several feet longer, and the gross weight 2,400 pounds.

Already six- and eight-passenger helicopters are on the drafting boards, and the day may come when the twenty-passenger direct-lift ship is a reality. Size difficulties, I am confident, will be overcome. Once we have made a success of the helicopter—and it is as much a success today as our autos were in 1905—I don't believe inventive genius will rest until we can apply direct lift to any airplane, no matter what its size.

For the immediate future we will have small helicopters suitable for John Public and his family; aerial taxis to take air line passengers from the airport to a city roof top or park, and two-ton helicopter trucks to serve a multitude of pick-up and delivery needs.

THE public is already beginning to sense how the helicopter has affected the basic limitations of the airplane—the limitations that have prevented flight from becoming a means of universal private travel.

One limitation was fear of engine failure. If the engine of a helicopter fails, the pilot immediately pushes the stick forward to give the machine forward speed, as he does in a conventional airplane when the motor fails. The pressure of descent causes the rotors to whirl, and this, in turn, results in lift, so that descent is similar to that of a parachute. During this process the pilot can pick the spot where he is going to land, just as he can in an airplane under similar conditions. As in an airplane, the length of the glide can be three to five times the altitude. Thus, if the helicopter is a half mile up, it can glide from a mile and one half to two and one half, depending on the load. With a range of this kind the pilot can find a satisfactory landing spot and get into it. He can coast down at an angle in any direction and come to earth.

The helicopter reduces the consequences of motor failure almost to those of a stalled motor in an automobile. It completely erases the limitation of landing fields because it can land in a back yard or on a pond. In fact, when it comes to choice of places to go, the helicopter is more flexible than the car. There are thousands of magnificent fishing lakes in Canada unreached by any road. The automobile will not take you there but the helicopter will.

The weather limitation is to a large extent reduced by the helicopter. If visibility is bad, the pilot can settle cautiously toward earth, find a highway and poise in front of the road sign to read it. Thus, by its very nature, the helicopter reduces the most serious limitations of private air travel to the vanishing point.

The public approaches any new craft with reservations. People will wonder whether the helicopter's cost will place it beyond reach of the ordinary pocketbook. There is nothing in the construction of a helicopter that makes it more difficult to produce than an automobile. The price of the postwar helicopter will depend on the production rate, but even at the beginning it will be offered at around $2,000, and before long a helicopter for the mass market at $700 is a distinct possibility.

AS for the art of flying the machine, this is how Sikorsky teaches the beginner. He takes you inside first, and shows you the controls. In front of you is a knobbed stick, much like a gearshift lever. This is the steering wheel. By moving it to the right, you turn to the right. By moving it forward, you go forward. By pulling it to the rear, you move backward.

The lever at your left hand governs the lift of the rotor blades. After you have started the engine and the dial on the panel shows that the rotors are spinning at the proper speed, all you have to do is move that left-hand stick and you begin to rise.

Two pedals within reach of your feet change the pitch of the little propeller at the rear of the machine. This propeller is the thing that counteracts the torque of the big rotor. When the large rotor goes in one direction, the fuselage wants to turn in the other. The propeller offsets that tendency. Thus the foot pedals, by changing the pitch of the propeller, become a means of turning the cabin in the direction the machine should go. The pedals do not steer the craft. They line up the cabin in the direction of travel.

After this has been explained to you, the engine starts and you begin to experiment with sticks and pedals. You can't get far off the ground because the craft is tethered to earth by a three-foot rope. With this small leeway you learn the sensation of lifting, moving right and left, forward and back, and settling to earth. This is very much like the beginner's first lesson in handling the clutch and gearshift of an automobile.

When you have proved your abilities at the end of a three-foot rope, Sikorsky puts you on a somewhat longer rope and lets you maneuver at the end of it. After that he gives you the freedom of a twenty-foot rope; and when you have shown your ability to fly the craft through that radius he turns you loose. All this should take about two weeks for the average person.

How far can the helicopter compete with the automobile as private and personal transportation?

Obviously, for the short trips of a few miles for shopping and work, it will hardly fit in. Most of the people who park their cars at the curb on narrow crowded residential streets will hardly be able to find a place to keep a helicopter.

For the suburbanite, however, the helicopter becomes a glowing possibility. To keep it at home he needs only a space a little larger than the span of the rotors and a shed about the size of a two-car garage. If his daily trip to town is ten miles or more, he can actually save time commuting in a helicopter to the roof of his office building, instead of traveling crowded streets in his car.

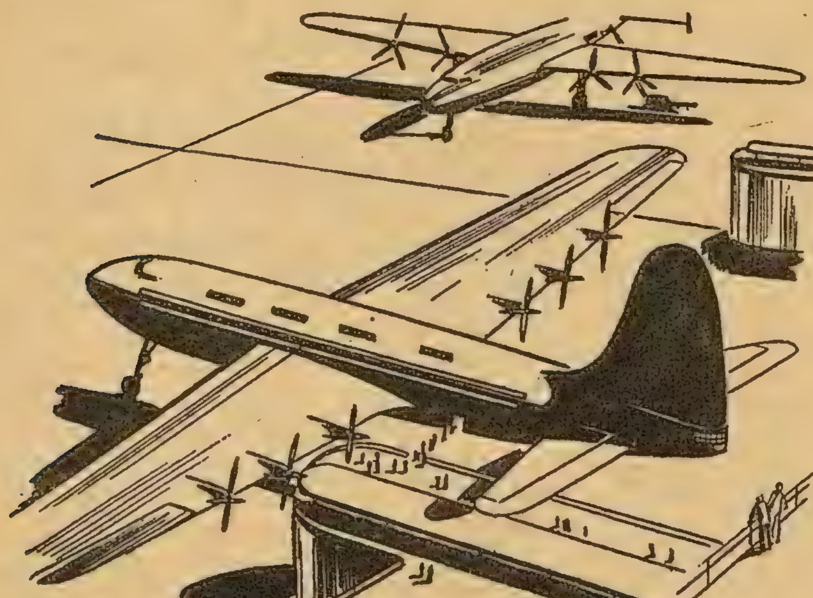
For Sunday trips to lakes and woods and near-by towns the helicopter avoids heavy traffic and gets the driver to his destination faster. For long vacation trips, a 100-mile-an-hour helicopter, which can fly air line to its destination, avoiding curving roads, stop lights, and crowded towns, will do a superior job.

The country doctor will find the helicopter an ideal form of transportation, as will the traveling salesman and the rural mailman.

New York today can accommodate 100,000 helicopters on its rooftops without any change in roof structures. That many people could live sixty miles from New York and be at their desks in less time than they now require by New York's fast, frequent suburban trains.

After the war the helicopter will go into service as an aerial bus, taking people from airport to city, and between suburb and city, for a fee. The head of an Eastern air line has applied for scores of permits to operate helicopters for exactly that purpose, and is planning to use rooftops for landing space. Already a national bus transport company has applied for the right to operate a helicopter service between Flint and Detroit, and Detroit and Louisville, stopping at villages and small towns en route. The original capital cost, the company believes, will be less than that of establishing a bus service. The company plans to remodel its downtown stations so that helicopters can land on the roofs. Helicopters in need of overhaul will land on the roofs of company garages and be lowered by elevator to the shop inside.

One company has asked the Stout laboratories to develop a three-passenger helicopter taxi for airport-to-town and town-to-suburb service. Such a ship would be a good family car. It would go about 100 miles an hour, get twenty miles on a gallon of gas, accommodate ma, pa, and one more, plus luggage, and land practically anywhere. It could go at least as far as an auto on a tank of gas, and probably farther. It could fuel up at any gas station.



Our first use of helicopters after the war, therefore, will be in vigorous well financed experiments in bus, taxi, and feeder service. Helicopters are now being considered as one answer to the establishment of the thousands of short feeder lines that are vitally important to the future of aviation.

Another type of aircraft now being developed is a plane that can be converted into a highway vehicle and driven into town. The "roadable plane" it is called. A simpler term is "autocraft." Tomorrow probably we shall see two types.

There will be the type that's a good automobile first and a fair airplane second. The owner will use it primarily as a car. Only on occasion will he go to the airport, attach his wings, and fly for sport or on week-end trips. The motorcar performance will be stressed, and performance in the air will be secondary.

In the other type, better suited to the West and to those who travel long distances, the airplane will be the first consideration, and high speed and weather performance more important than roadability. This one will be a good cross-country airplane of at least two seats, with a cruising speed approaching 150 miles an hour, and with all the nonspin, nonstall characteristics available. It will have a fair wing loading, at least eleven pounds, yet be able to get into and out of very small fields without trouble.

The ideal roadable airplane will carry its wings folded right along with it. With the power transmitted to the wheels, this plane will roll over the highway until it comes to a roadside landing strip. There it will unfold its wings, shift the power to the propeller, and take off. If it is forced down by bad weather, it will land once more on a landing strip, pull in its wings, and take to the highway. This ship will never be stuck at a deserted airport. It will be able to drive into town. It won't encounter high hangar costs because it will be kept at home.

Helicopters can be made roadable just as easily. Means will be found to fold back the rotors, so that a helicopter will occupy no more space than a car on the highway.

There will be considerable difference in the kinds of airplanes in use in different sections of the country. In the Middle West distances are great and the land is relatively level. Out there the helicopter isn't so necessary, since the fixed-wing type of ship can land almost anywhere.

But airplanes for Middle Western use will have to be faster. In many of these sections for three months in the year the wind velocity averages fifty miles an hour. Roads are straight, there are few towns, and people have been driving their autos long distances at seventy and eighty miles an hour. Obviously, in such country a 100-mile-an-hour airplane would have no time advantage over an auto. The private owner will need a plane that will cruise a minimum of 130 miles an hour, preferably 140.

When it comes to Canada, where the landing areas are chiefly lakes, and where the plane must travel long distances over wooded areas, more powerful twin-engined ships equipped with skis and floats are indicated. Some wilderness flying will be done by helicopters, however, when the helicopter has increased its range.

The Eastern seaboard is crowded. Cities are large and close together and airports are invariably a considerable distance from anywhere a man wants to go. So the helicopter is indicated. It will fly safely and comfortably, at moderate speed, high above the traffic-congested road.

The average light plane of tomorrow will burn from five to six gallons of fuel an hour, meanwhile taking the pilot more than 100 miles on his way. Where the automobile lasts 100,000 miles before it is finally junked (after having been owned by a number of people), the airplane will last at least 500,000 miles. Many of our Ford trimotors are still flying in everyday service with 12,000,000 miles behind them.

UP to now, learning to fly has hardly been cheap, but it is likely that the government, after the war, will shoulder the cost of teaching thousands of selected young men—and women—to fly. We have learned that in war aviation is essential to victory. For purposes of defense we will never again permit ourselves to face international trouble with only a few thousand qualified pilots in the nation. A flying generation will be our best guaranty of peace.

Before the war, schools awoke to the realization that automobile driving courses were an essential part of education, in order to create new skills and attitudes and reduce highway accidents. They will also probably decide that air education is just as essential.

So between the government, the schools, and the manufacturers, the hurdle of learning to fly will be overcome. The training of our young men and women must keep pace with the realities of the forthcoming air age.

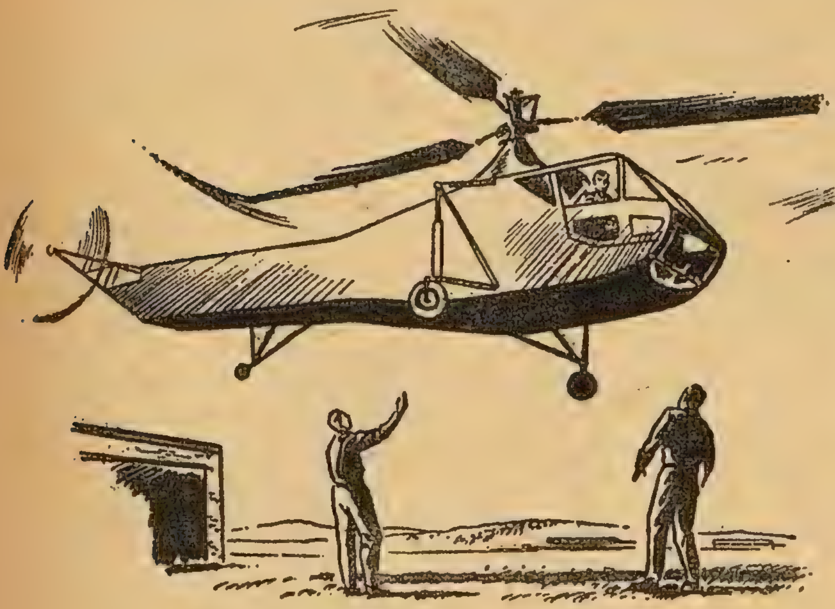
We will all have to learn new traffic rules when we take to wings. The air will be divided into levels, with the upper levels reserved to commercial transport and the lower levels given over to private operators. Those of us who own helicopters will be held down to 1,500 feet, at least in those parts of the sky where traffic is heavy. Owners of fixed-wing ships will be given a higher level, perhaps to 5,000 feet. Above that, the transport ships will rule the air.

The private pilot will learn that when he overtakes another plane he must pass to the right, instead of to the left, as in car driving. As a pilot approaches an airport he will know that he must circle to the left, not to the right. In flying over a city he will be required to stay above 1,000 feet, or as much higher as necessary in order to glide to a landing outside the congested area. Over open country a pilot will stay at least 500 feet up; and over water, at least 300. These rules, of course, will be modified for the helicopter, which can fly the lower altitudes more safely than a conventional ship.

The pilot will learn that he mustn't do acrobatics over towns, or without a parachute. Certain engine inspections and overhauls will be required. Infraction of our sky traffic rules will bring the offender before an air traffic court to pay his fine. Policemen in scout planes will keep order on the skyways.

Widespread private flight will affect American culture in more ways than in the creation of a new set of traffic rules. The airplane will bring with it a number of new vocations.

The airplane service station will make its appearance.



In many cases automobile and airplane service stations will be combined. Tourist courts will provide parking space for helicopters as well as autos, and the more enterprising of them will maintain a strip for fixed-wing ships. Airplane accessories will blossom on the nation's counters and airplane merchandise will appear in our department stores. Finance companies will provide installment plans for the plane buyer, and insurance companies will have to decide what to do about accident and life policy rates.

The influence of the helicopter will create more resorts in inaccessible places. There will be skiing resorts high up on mountain slopes unreached by any road. New fishing camps will spring up in the wilderness, and new business will come to these camps that can be reached now only by trail and pack, or canoe and portage.

Community life will take on a new pattern. Suburbs will grow up around small airports. Bordering the airport will be modernistic hangars, shops, and community halls and clubhouses. Ranged along the field will be drugstore, supermarket, and movie, along with the airplane dealer's showroom. People who live in this suburb will probably work in towns fifty miles away.

The chances are that by the time these developments in suburban life are ready to take shape, the weather problem will be licked. For example, the helicopter operator, when the weather is bad, won't attempt to land at home, unless he has plenty of room there. He will fly instead to his community field. Radio markers on the ground will tell him when he is over the field. All he needs to do then is to lower himself gradually until his wheels touch the turf. He will use his craft for commuting to work on all except the worst days.

One significant change in our scheme of life that will result from aviation is a further development toward centralized government. All forms of transport tend to break down state and county lines and bring all people under the regulation of the national government.

With the airplane, interstate travel becomes easier than with the automobile. Regulation of air traffic is likely to be directed from Washington, even though most of the traffic is local in nature, because the air is the highway used by our commercial transport. When it comes to flying, we will accept the breaking down of state control without much thought. Furthermore, the airplane will tie the forty-eight states so much more closely together that state lines will mean less to us. In many ways the air age will vitally change American life.

Will it lead to the mass transportation of cargo by air? We know that the Air Transport Command is ferrying the tools and supplies of war to our fighting fronts. Immense new cargo ships are going into service. Tomorrow these thousands of air freighters will be available for peacetime use, and very shortly, the more optimistic believe, we shall see flying box cars criss-crossing the highways.

It is an interesting dream. But it is only a dream. When the student digs down for the facts to substantiate it, he runs headlong into a hard unyielding phrase that reads, "cost per ton-mile," which means the cost of carrying a ton of cargo one mile.

The student then learns that in this year of 1943 our domestic air lines are charging approximately eighty cents to carry a ton of goods a mile, while our railroads are charging just under a cent. The contrast is sobering.

The idea of carrying by air a load exclusively cargo has thus far failed because of high cost and lack of patronage. The public wasn't ready, nor was the equipment. But the business of carrying express in the available left-over tonnage of a passenger ship was another matter. By 1941, nineteen major U. S. air lines had contracts with the Railway Express to get their express business for them. That Agency solicited business for the air lines and delivered express between airport and customer. Under this arrangement our air lines found many items they could carry with profit to themselves and advantage to the customer.

Today our domestic air lines carry the oddest, most interesting assortment of express imaginable.

Store merchandise of all kinds, especially those items needed to replace a shortage, has become a substantial part of air express. Racing forms travel by air because they're in a hurry. So do motion-picture films, mainly newsreels; delicate orchids and gardenias, packed in wet cotton and waxed cartons. The transcription record you hear over your radio frequently flies to your home-town station. Cameras, films, jewelry, and other valuables fly; likewise printers' proofs, frequently in a hurry; electros, matrices, engravers' plates, and other items of the printing trade, newspapers and periodicals.

The largest item of air express, surprisingly, is machinery, chiefly repair parts and production parts needed to eliminate a shortage.

AGAIN what about tomorrow? Will the plane move tomorrow's freight load? Up to now we have no proof that air transport is going to render obsolete our freight and express cars.

But as we got deeper into the war the Army began to move incredible amounts of material incredible distances by plane. The natural assumption is that fleets of these air freighters will immediately go into service after the war, replacing freight cars, trucks, and barges. Many—perhaps all—of them *will* go into peacetime service, opening up rich new territories to man, pioneering new frontiers, policing islands of the Pacific that can no longer be safely ignored. Fleets of them will provide instant hinterland service to South America, Mexico, Canada, Alaska, Africa, China, and Australia over routes where roads and rails don't exist. Here will be enough business for all the cargo planes built if men and governments are alert to grasp the opportunity.

One interesting possibility is a cargo ship with a detachable body. Such a ship would land at the airport, unhook its body and leave it in front of the proper freight-house door, then taxi over to another part of the field and take on a fully loaded body for delivery to the next stop.

The postwar period will also very likely see the arrival of the flying truck, used by large manufacturers for a multitude of purposes—for doing all the hurry-up carrying jobs that arise in manufacturing operations. Companies like Ford and Chrysler and General Motors, with hundreds of small subcontractors, will use flying trucks to deliver emergency parts from subcontractor to main plant. Rush orders of tool steel, repair parts, blueprints, and drawings will go by sky truck.

During this war, our big manufacturers are becoming used to this kind of service. The Civil Air Patrol is doing a great and unsung job of eliminating plant shortages, delivering parts and tools cross-country between factories, speeding the war effort in a hundred ways by making deliveries in half a day that might take two days or more by express. Tomorrow, fleets of sky trucks owned by manufacturers will perform the same service.

One of the most interesting hopes of the air lines is that they will some day carry *all* the long-distance first-class mail, instead of the five per cent carried before the war. This is a revolutionary idea and is based on the premise that air lines can serve many more communities than they do now.

Bringing mail and express service to the small town has already made an encouraging beginning. Today, if you live in the Appalachian region of the East, in any one of more than 100 communities ranging in size from 500 population to more than 100,000, you have seen a small Stinson Reliant plane swoop low over the local airport, dropping a shockproof container to the ground.

Then you saw the same ship, without landing, fly toward two poles between which a rope was stretched. A hook extending from the airplane's tail engaged the rope, whereupon the line was reeled up to the plane, taking with it a mail sack. Then the plane hopped over the trees and set a course for the next town, perhaps five, perhaps twenty miles away.

This is the serial pick-up system operated by All-American Aviation, Inc., a company headed, until his recent death, by the well known soaring pilot Richard C. Du Pont. In 1943 it was serving 115 communities, and, in spite of the fact that its routes led through the difficult Appalachian region, over which the planes had to fly "contact," it was completing from 90 to 95 per cent of schedule, thereby providing small towns with a reliable mail and express service.

Along with pick-up, postwar United States will see the extension of feeder lines, branching off the trunk routes of our air lines. Hundreds of new airports, built for war, will be waiting to accommodate these new lines, and many more airports will be built. Helicopters will serve towns without airports.

Then mail will take wing for good. One-day letter service—at the most two-day—to all parts of the country will be a reality.

When the airplane arrived, at the beginning of the century, the United States already had a complete and adequate network of railroads to provide transport for people and goods. After World War I, when the airplane had grown up to become a load-carrying vehicle, the highway and automobile age was well under way. Against the strength and scope of these far-flung systems of transport, aviation had to struggle its way into the picture, carrying mail, small amounts of high-value express, and such passengers as dared to fly.

But in the undeveloped countries no such competition exists. Already many of these countries have the sturdy beginnings of an air service. Tomorrow the improved ships of the postwar period will make their bid to develop the new and unmapped interiors, much as the railroad developed the United States in the last half of the nineteenth century.

THE airplane has already done important colonizing in Alaska. This territory of 39,000 whites had a prewar fleet of commercial airplanes numbering 175, or more than half as many as the entire United States. In 1939, 30,000 rides were sold, or almost one ride per inhabitant, where the United States sold only one ride per 400 inhabitants. In that year airways in Alaska carried as much freight tonnage as in the United States.

Alaskans say that an hour by airplane is equal to a week by dog team. They use the airplane to go to the grocery 100 miles away. If an isolated trapper or prospector wants supplies, he'll build a circle of brush on the ground, and the cruising pilot, seeing the signal, will drop to a landing on the tundra or near-by lake. He'll receive the trapper's order and be off to fill it.

The value of the airplane in opening up new regions has been demonstrated many times in the frontier sections of another country—Canada.

At present Canada has a main air line running from Halifax on the east to Vancouver on the west, stopping at all the chief cities, and branching off to Quebec on the north. It also has a northern main line going via Calgary, Edmonton, and Whitehorse to Alaska, with a branch to the gold-mining country of Dawson. A third branch goes north to Aklavig and Coppermine on the Arctic Sea, two settlements that previously were reached only during the short summer of Arctic ocean navigation, but are now connected with the south all the year round.

And Canada has taken care to develop its air routes with an eye to the future. During the depression, relief labor was used to build a string of airports through the central portion of Canada in order to complete a transcontinental line without having to switch to American lines part of the way.

WHEN the present war came on, Canada was faced with the necessity of building new airdromes to train pilots. Instead of building these hit or miss, in locations dictated by regional pressures, she constructed 100 airdromes, together with twenty-nine repair and equipment depots, in a line across the continent. Now she has an airport every 100 miles across the land, with emergency fields every thirty-five miles forming a main trunk line for the future. Canada is building her wartime expansion in the firm conviction that it should create a peacetime network, provide a necessary link in a Canadian route to the Orient by way of Alaska, and open up the wilderness to the north.

Other frontier countries in this hemisphere with interiors inadequately served by other forms of transport are Mexico, countries in Central America, and all of the countries of South America.

In Central America there is TACA (Transportes Aeros Centro-Americanos) under the enterprising direction of Lowell Yerex, former Royal Flying Corps pilot. TACA's business is all-inclusive. A ship will land at a ranch to take on a load of slaughtered beef, deliver the beef to a banana plantation, and take on a load of bananas. It will fly in a tractor and take out chicle. It will take in refrigerators, stoves, radios, and medicine and carry out mahogany logs.

When it comes to the function of aviation in undeveloped countries, Brazil will be an interesting nation to watch. There are in Brazil some 2,500 miles of railroad and some excellent waterways. Its Amazon Valley and coast line are well served by water transport, but its central region is unserved by any reliable form of all-year transportation. Road building in the Brazilian jungle is a staggering job. During the rainy season roads between the interior and coast become impassable. In many localities if a road is left alone for a year it will become overgrown.

Here is a rich country with a population of 44,000,000, but with area enough to support five times that number. It has insufficient transport but a budding air service.

Brazil represents a test country in the competition between aviation and other forms of transport. Unlike the United States, the airplane will reach the interior before the railroads, and become established first. It will carry anything and everything, including livestock, farm produce, and all manner of processed goods. Aviation will have a chance to find out how cheaply and adequately it can perform this all-inclusive service.

That is not to say that roads and rails won't eventually be built. It is noteworthy that in Canada mining supplies go as far as they can by rail and water before they take to the air. These forms of transport, once established, are still the cheapest.

But when it comes to the interior of South America and Mexico, the air line will be the pioneer form of transport—not trails, not wagons, not trains. The shoe will be on the other foot. The country will have to decide whether to invest the billions needed to defray the high original cost of roadbeds, locomotives, cars, and stations, the major task of hewing highways through jungle and mountain, or go on using the airplane.

Thus, in these countries only, *not* in developed countries, will we be able to learn the extent to which aviation can displace rails and roads. Our own conclusion is that eventually, as populations become dense, roads and rails will come in. But by that time air lines will be vastly cheaper, more flexible, and more capable of carrying any kind of product than they are now. Therefore, when all forms of transport are established, there will be a *new proportion.* It will be a proportion much more favorable to wings than anything we are likely to know in this country for many years.

Throughout all history our great centers of population have grown up along our coasts and navigable rivers. In the United States our railroad network took liberties with this kind of development. It led away from navigable waterways and deposited population on the plains. But even the railroad is less flexible than the airplane, for once the rails are laid down, there the trains must go. The airplane can go in any direction and surmount any obstacle without previous investment, so long as there is a level spot large enough for landing at the end of the trip.

Therefore such factors as waterways will be less meaningful in the postwar world. Wherever riches are discovered, there men can go in a few hours' time to exploit the country. Just as the airplane has opened up new sources of wealth in Canada and Alaska, so it will discover new locations for men's endeavors in South America, Africa, and Asia. The airplane will serve after the war in colonizing all the untouched interiors of the world.

There are the hinterlands of Mexico, where the only building material is adobe and roads are few. There are the interiors of South America, Africa, and Asia, where tomorrow's airplanes will establish new settlements.

It seems certain that tomorrow our manufacturers will be supplying these frontier markets with houses shipped by air, just as today thousands of houses fabricated in the United States and designed for airplane shipment are being flown to our remote Army outposts. The room-bath-and-kitchen house weighs just two tons and may be dismounted into some twenty-five panels, each four feet by eight feet by six inches. Today's cargo planes can carry two such houses, and tomorrow's ships will be able to load eight or ten.

Collapsible furniture will be built of light metal alloys and our new plastic-bonded plywoods. Farm equipment too can be built for easy demounting and folding into small space. Makers of vacuum cleaners will use magnesium alloys, thus creating a cleaner that is comparatively "light as a feather." Portable typewriters—and uprights too, for that matter—will employ light metals. And as these become lighter they can be more economically transported by air.

Through dehydration, even food is being redesigned for air transport. Tomorrow, all the communities not adequately served by roads and rail can enjoy a fare as varied as that of the city dweller.

When the airplane goes into service after the war, developing our frontier countries, tons of dehydrated foods will travel to all the growing settlements of the world. A cargo plane with ten tons of dehydrated foods will be carrying the equivalent of 100 tons of fresh foods and the airplane won't have to be refrigerated.

THE postwar influence of the airplane, then, will be to accelerate the redesigning of many of our consumer goods. At first these specially designed products will go chiefly to communities dependent on air transport, but as their advantages become apparent they will find a domestic market as well. Lightweight collapsible furniture, household and farm equipment will not be limited to the frontier market. Dehydrated foods will be sold in the United States not only because of the ease of shipment, but because the apartment dweller can store them in small space, and because dehydration is a way of carrying over a surplus fruit and vegetable crop without danger of spoiling and without the need of cold-storage warehouses.

Aviation will have its effect on tomorrow's automobile. Present automotive engines weigh six to ten pounds a horsepower, whereas an airplane engine weighs between one and two pounds a horsepower. Satisfactory automobile engines can be built to weigh 200 pounds instead of the present 600 pounds or more.

The motorcar of today, on a given wheel base, wastes most of the ground space occupied by the car. There is a long hood to accommodate a small engine, and a small space left behind the hood to accommodate the passengers. Width that might be used inside is wasted on running boards and fenders. To the airplane designer who is accustomed to using the entire volume of his craft for occupancy, these things do not make sense. Neither does the idea of two separate constructions—a frame below and a body above. The two fight each other and make bad engineering.

With the entire space occupied by the car devoted to passengers, the interior of tomorrow's car can be much roomier than it is now. There can be a full-length couch at the rear on which the nondriving passenger can stretch out and take a nap. There can be a table and a couple of movable chairs inside, as there is in my experimental Scarab car. The interior will be a room in which passengers can have some choice as to where and how they will sit instead of being divided into two rigidly compartmented seats.

Tomorrow's doors can be sliding or divided instead of on hinges. Air taken into the car through ventilators can be washed or strained free of most of its dust before it comes into the car. Engines should be in the rear of the car. This will eliminate the tendency of the front wheels to turn under when curves are taken too fast or when the front wheel runs onto a soft shoulder.

The lighter car of the postwar period will require a new kind of springing. There will be some means of adjusting the spring rate to the load of passengers and baggage being carried. These lighter cars will be more efficient, consuming less gas and oil but not sacrificing luxury and comfort. We don't know how soon developments of this kind will take place, but sooner or later the logic of new materials and aviation design and progress must take hold.

THE postwar globe-trotter will be able to leave Detroit or New York Friday night, spend the week-end in London, and be back at his desk Monday morning.

The Chicago business man will be able to fly to Buenos Aires in twenty-four hours, spend another day talking to his dealers, and be back in Chicago by the end of the third day. The Orient is a mere day and a half from Minneapolis.

When tomorrow's air liners take off for such overseas destinations, how much money will we shove across the counter for our tickets?

Glenn L. Martin estimates that for his 250,000-pound flying boat he can charge passengers $225 for a one-way trip from New York to London, or $400 for a round trip. This estimate is based on the premise that the ship will be loaded, on the average, to 75 per cent of its capacity.

Mr. Martin, however, is planning a nonstop flight of 3,500 miles between two cities, and long nonstop flights are expensive because of the fuel that must be carried. Multi-engined planes burn a terrific amount of gas. A six-engined ship such as Martin is building could easily burn a ton and a half of gas an hour. Martin plans to carry 100 passengers on his ship, allowing 250 pounds for each passenger and his luggage.

It is obvious at once that an overseas line could plan an entirely different kind of operation. Instead of carrying such heavy tonnages of gas, the ship could make a couple of stops along the way to refuel. By making stops at Newfoundland and Iceland, or possibly at a floating airport moored in mid-ocean, the Martin ship could, perhaps, reduce its fuel load to twelve tons from twenty-four. Instead of being designed for 100 passengers, the ship could then be built to carry 200. With twice as many fares, a rate of $150 or less should be possible.

If our over-ocean lines could make stops as frequently as domestic lines, they could design their craft for large passenger capacity and fares would drop sensationally.

In some places this kind of service is possible. There are no long water jumps, for example, on the prospective route to the Orient by way of Alaska. The United States already has immense bases in Alaska proper and the

Aleutians. A whole string of airports could be built down the coast of Asia, with lines branching off to Peiping, Chungking, and other interior points. The crossing of the Atlantic is more difficult. Stops can be made at Newfoundland and, if the plane is willing to go somewhat north of the shortest route, at Iceland.

Some years ago, enterprising engineers designed a floating airport supported by airtight flotation columns. These were the Armstrong seadromes developed by Edward R. Armstrong. Four seadromes were to be moored 600 miles apart along the fortieth parallel of latitude between the United States and Spain.

Each seadrome was to be equipped with hotel accommodations for passengers who wanted to stop over for deep-sea fishing; with filling stations, repair facilities, weather bureau, radio station, beacon lights, swimming pool, gymnasium, billiard rooms, motion-picture theater, and tennis courts. Each one was to be 1,500 feet long, 300 feet wide in the center, and 150 feet wide at the ends. The six-acre landing area was to be 100 feet above water. The supporting columns were to extend forty feet below the ocean's surface, and ballast chambers filled with iron ore were to extend 208 feet below the surface, thus maintaining stability in the face of the severest storm. Waves would ride past the streamlined flotation columns, leaving the landing surface undisturbed. Models tested in tanks proved to be motionless under severe tests.

Each seadrome was to be moored to the bottom of the ocean by a 1,500-ton anchor. Automatically, and with stately deliberation, the great structure would always move around so that it was heading into the wind.

When the seadromes were first publicized, they seemed like a fantastic futuristic dream. Today the idea is being revived. Two seadromes considerably larger than those originally proposed could be placed in the gap between Newfoundland and England, splitting the long hop into three jumps of under 700 miles each.

With refueling facilities like this available, there seems no valid reason why, in time, over-ocean trips to Europe cannot be as cheap as overland trips. There is no valid reason why a two-cent-a-mile coach rate couldn't be set, making the one-way cost to England $70.

UNDOUBTEDLY this is the trend of the future. Cost at first will be too high for most of us, but as service is perfected, as ships increase in size and volume of business grows, fares will come down. Pan American recently announced a plan of establishing postwar $100 trips from New York to London. There will undoubtedly be two kinds of international travel: fast nonstop luxury air liners charging rates comparable to those of a medium-priced liner, and slower coach trips at low cost.

The luxury ships will be compartmented, probably divided into two decks, with dining saloon, lounging room, and private suites. The captain will have an office to himself. The crew's deck, up forward, will be a world in itself. At the wheels will be the first and second pilots. At their desks, facing mysterious dials and instruments, will be radio officer, navigator, and engineer. The engines will be reachable by catwalks through the wings, and minor repairs to engines will be made in flight.

When President Roosevelt flew to Africa, an engine of one of the planes began to run "rough." It was shut off, the prop "feathered," and the ship continued on its way on three engines. No passenger noticed the difference. Previously the propeller would have turned in the air stream, running wild and racking the engine to pieces. No such accidents will happen tomorrow.

One intriguing feature of the flight deck will be the "Howgozit" chart such as is now used on Pan American Clippers.

This chart is a complete prediction of the weather to be encountered en route, including visibility, strength and direction of winds, speeds to be maintained, and gas to be consumed.

The chief difference between the long-range luxury liner and the short-range flying coach will be in the amount of space devoted to passengers. The coach ship will be designed for a smaller gas load and a larger passenger load.

Cruising speeds of tomorrow's over-ocean liners will probably be in the range of 200 to 250 miles an hour. We have been reading much about our 300- and 400-mile-an-hour bombers making the crossing from Newfoundland to England in six hours, and many of us have assumed that passenger ships tomorrow will equal that time. The fact is that bombers are overpowered to enable them to fly away from trouble in a hurry. They sacrifice fuel economy for speed.

Our immediate postwar ships won't strive for bomber speed but for economical operation. At speeds approaching 250 miles an hour they can overcome head winds and still make good time.

From New York we will have a twelve- or thirteen-hour service to London and an eighteen- or nineteen-hour return. A hop from Chicago to Fairbanks, Alaska, will take twelve or fourteen hours. We will be able to reach most of the capitals of the world in two or three days. Rio and Buenos Aires will be twenty-four hours away.

Obviously, in a travel world of this kind, mileage will no longer mean much. We will measure travel to all parts of the globe in hours.

Never before in history has a Waterloo, Iowa, bank clerk, or a Kansas City stenographer been able to plan a foreign trip for the traditional two weeks' summer vacation. To Mexico City, perhaps, but hardly to Switzerland, Rio, or India. Tomorrow the office worker who has saved up the necessary money can completely girdle the globe in two weeks, and spend considerable time sightseeing on the way.

Steamship companies are entirely aware of what postwar international air lines will do to them. If a man wants to go to London, South America, or the Orient on business, he will hardly waste his days on a surface ship going thirty knots. For all business purposes, for all trips in a hurry, ocean liners will cease to exist. The Normandies, Queen Marys, the Rexes, and Empresses will be relegated to the role of floating hotels. People who travel on them will be those who enjoy an ocean trip for its own sake, who like the roominess, the luxury, the deck games, and leisure of a cruise.

Such honorable names as Cunard, Canadian Pacific, French Line, United States Lines, and the others will fade in importance before the strange-sounding titles of the air-world—Pan American, Export, K. L. M., Air France, and BOAC. Those are the names we will think of as we plan our vacation trips to the far corners of the world.

International air lines tomorrow will carry all the mail. Mail traditionally goes by the fastest carrier. Even before the war, England announced that mail to the dominions would go by British airways at no extra charge over the domestic rate. Before the war, total mail between Europe and the United States averaged 7,000 to 8,000 pounds a business day. A single postwar airship can carry that volume and get the mail there on the same day.

Postwar ships will carry increasing amounts of high-value cargo; and over-ocean air cargo will have advantages over surface shipping, for often it will be delivered direct from the airport nearest the supplier to the airport closest to the customer, saving many transshipments and much handling.

The terminals of new international routes need not be seaports. The airplane doesn't insist upon being near water, unless it happens to be a flying boat. Flying boats will rule wherever airports don't exist and where water is available. At most destinations, airports will be ready for use, and these airports aren't necessarily on the seacoast.

As time goes on and air transport increases, seaports will inevitably dwindle in importance. Inland cities such as Chicago, Minneapolis, Detroit, Kansas City, and Fort Worth will in time grow to be terminals of international travel.

I recall the first commercial trip ever made to Mexico, late in the 1920s. We flew down in a Ford trimotor to discuss the possibility of an international air line with Ambassador Morrow, and on the way stopped at Brownsville, Texas. We landed in a cow pasture.

The citizens of Brownsville gave our mission a dinner, and in the after-dinner talk I told our hosts that the first border city to build an airport would be a port of entry for much of the north-and-south traffic between the United States, Mexico, and South America. Then I warned the town that the airport would have to be built within a year.

A year later I visited Brownsville again. They had acted on the tip. They had a well planned, well equipped airport. Later, my prediction came true. Today Brownsville and Miami are the chief ports of entry for the growing traffic to Latin America.

If Brownsville, Texas, can become an important international port of entry, then other new names are going to loom up in black type on tomorrow's air geographies. Little-known inland towns, because of the logic of their position, are going to blossom into terminals for a new kind of traffic that has no respect for coast lines.

ONE of the questions that will knot the brows of our peacemakers will be, Who is going to fly the postwar international air routes? Every nation among the Allies will come to the conference table eager to extend its air operations into the international field. Each nation will have certain advantages.

The United States will have the most experience in international flying. Before the war, Pan American operated more routes and carried more traffic than all European nations added together. Furthermore, the United States will have the ships. By agreement, England has left the building of cargo carriers to us. When peace comes, we will know a great deal about it and will have a vast trained personnel ready to take over.

England, on the other hand, has the advantage of strategically placed land areas. England can establish routes almost anywhere in the world and land always on Empire soil. Her chief lack consists of suitable bases for traversing the Pacific. The United States is fairly well fixed for transpacific operations, and has the advantage of Alaska and the Aleutians in the northern route to the Orient. Puerto Rico and the Panama Canal Zone give us stopping places to the south, and Pan American's head start in South America assures us of excellent services to that continent.

France, with possessions in Africa, South America, islands in our hemisphere such as Pierre-Miquelon in the north and Martinique off South America, with Madagascar and presumably Indo-China, has certain trumps. Portugal has strategically located islands widely distributed.

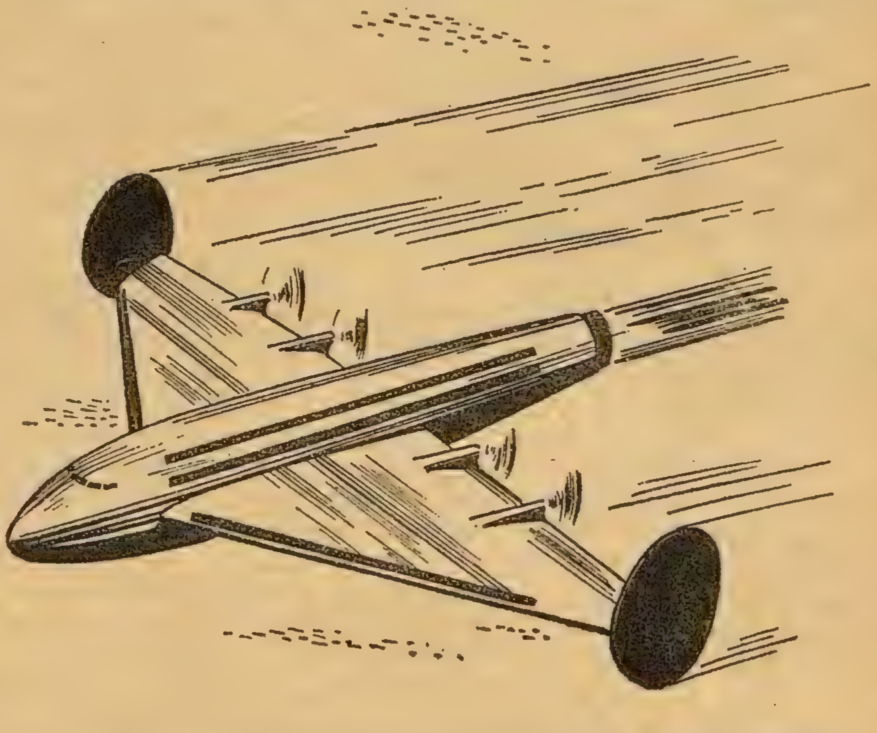
Russia has a vast territory to interconnect within her own borders, but will be looking with great interest to the north, as she always has done.

How will these cards be played and what policies will be decided upon at the peace table?

After the last war, the air over each nation was declared to be "sovereign." That is, each nation could permit or deny its air to the planes of other nations.

Instead of permitting air to remain sovereign, a possible policy would be to internationalize the air, permitting any nation to use it. It might be possible also to designate certain airports in each country—the largest ones—free ports. Our seaports are open ports. The ships of any nation can enter any port and ascend any river to the limits of navigation. Ships may get such trade as they are able to obtain in any port.

But the airplane is such a powerful weapon of destruction that our war-conditioned statesmen would hardly permit the airplanes of any nation to use their skies and airports freely. There might, however, be a modification of the free-port system, whereby a plane would have the right of passage through the air, and the right to land in case of emergency. Such a condition is called the "right of innocent passage" and it has its advantages. It would enable air lines to establish direct routes to their goals without having to make uneconomic detours around unwilling countries.



Most probably we will continue our prewar policy of making separate agreements between the countries involved. Except for the Axis countries, who will undoubtedly be denied the privilege of air development for some time, the air lines that had made progress in international transport before the war will continue to do so after the war.

There will be those in this country who will say that the United States should "demand and get" air bases wherever we need them throughout the world. There are those who insist that America "dominate" the world air routes. Some of them say that we should trade our lend-lease balances for strategic bases, thus putting the dollar squeeze on our allies.

This kind of attitude will hardly promote Allied solidarity and friendship at the peace table. It ignores the valiant pioneering in air travel done by the British, the Dutch, the French, and the Russians. America has done wonders in international transport, but it hasn't done everything.

The method of extending air lines by individual agreement with nations hasn't worked out badly for the United States. We have, in fact, forged ahead into a position of world leadership. We will continue to make satisfactory progress after the war without angering our allies, for co-operation in the international field is entirely feasible. A glance at the prewar air map shows the air lines of three countries paralleling one another from Europe to the Far East. They are the lines of the French, British, and Dutch. Rather than carry on a senseless competition, the three lines made an agreement to stagger their departure times in order to offer the traveler a greater frequency of service. This kind of common-sense co-operation can and should prevail after the war.

The question of what American companies will be permitted to engage in international trade will have to be decided by Washington. Practically every major air line is flying personnel and cargo to foreign airports by contract with the Army, gaining experience in overseas operations; and all will be eager to put that experience to use after the war. It seems certain that more than one or two air lines will carry the American flag over foreign soil tomorrow.

It has been proposed that the United States permit any European country to establish a line here in return for an equivalent permit for an American line to reach that country. But of all the traffic reaching the United States from Europe, about half of it originates in the British Isles and a quarter of it in France, with the rest of it divided among various countries. It seems, then, that the matter of air routes between the United States and Europe is chiefly of interest to the three countries that account for the bulk of the traffic, and they should be the ones to operate the North Atlantic lines. Questions of this kind will have to be ironed out.

The chances are that the postwar network will, like Topsy, just "grow." That is what has happened so far. Under the principal of sovereignty, with the necessity of separate deals, British Overseas Airways Corporation reached thirty-one countries, Pan American thirty-eight, K. L. M. twenty-seven, and Air France fifteen.

There was, of course, much card playing and bargaining. America at one time refused British ships the right to land at Honolulu, thereby preventing a British line from crossing the Pacific. When Pan American wanted to use Hong Kong for its western terminal. England refused. Thereupon Pan American obtained from Portugal the right to land at Macao, not far from Hong Kong. The British found that they were merely depriving themselves of a worth-while transport service and thereupon let Pan American in to Hong Kong.

These are the side shows to international air development, and the side show will continue. But the network will grow.

America will enter the field in a strong position. We will have all the experience of the Air Transport Command. We will have more than 2,000,000 men in our air force. We will have a head start in South America, where Pan American provides most of the service, and in China, where Pan American has operating agreements with the Chinese government.

We will do very well for ourselves without resorting to jingoism or domineering at the conference table. There will be plenty of air and plenty of trade for every one.

IT is difficult to peer much farther into the future than we already have, but it doesn't seem logical that either the rigid-wing ship or the helicopter is the final answer to the problem of flight.

We shall do very well with these two kinds of craft. They will provide us with everything from low-cost family planes to high-speed luxury liners, and the world will travel on wings, either rotating or fixed. Yet each craft has limitations that will keep many of us busy in our laboratories and over our drafting boards for the rest of our lives.

The helicopter is a good machine for rising, but not so efficient for going forward. You soon come to a point beyond which you can't speed up the craft any further. So the top speed of the helicopter is decidedly limited. A fixed-wing airplane, on the other hand, is a fine device for going forward, but not so good for lifting. Tomorrow's large transports will need long runways to get off the ground and long runways to land. They will need speed in take-off and landing. One can't look at them without wondering if there isn't some way to take them off and land them in small space.

So here we have a helicopter with its power-driven rotor on top (it's really a propeller) giving it marvelous lift, and we have a conventional-wing ship with its propeller out in front giving it marvelous speed.

At once it occurs to the designer to combine the two by putting wings on the helicopter. In leaving the ground, such a machine would rise vertically just as it does now. Once in the air, however, it would rotate forward on its axis so that the rotors would be out in front, pulling it. In that position, the craft would be supported by its wings. Such a plane should have all the advantages of a helicopter in rising and descending vertically, and still have a forward speed of 200 miles an hour for traveling purposes. For small craft, it might be worked out.

Another line of reasoning, born of the limitations of present craft, presents itself. We know that a rigid wing, in attacking gusts of air, a cold bank, or a cloud of humidity, receives terrific impacts and these impacts are conveyed to the passengers. Because of these impacts and shocks, wings have to be made much stronger than would be necessary if they were flexible and could "give" to the impact of air. In other words, if a conventional wing were permitted to flap slightly, it would be much improved. The "bounce" would be largely taken out of an airplane ride.

The first men who studied flight tried to copy the birds. They attempted vainly to create flapping-wing machines, or ornithopters. When the Wrights achieved flight with a rigid-wing ship, we assumed that this was the true path of progress and that other paths were false. But even fixed-wing craft failed to succeed before a certain date because power wasn't available and engineering wasn't far enough advanced. The rightness or wrongness of the original concepts had nothing to do with it.

Today, with power plants available, new materials to work with, and our engineering far advanced, ornithopters can well be taken up once more. When we do this, it will be well to study *not birds*, but insects. If one watches a dragonfly, he realizes that here is a marvelous flying machine. It can hover, back up, dart sideways or straight up, and perform these maneuvers with unbelievable speed. It can control wing motion and angle of attack in a manner that achieves instant thrust or lift as desired, and there is reason to believe that these motions can be mechanically duplicated.

Successful ornithopter models have been built. A number of youngsters today are building *and flying* them. Perhaps from these eager and uninhibited minds will come answers that evade older heads.

WILL airplanes always be pulled by gasoline engines? There's the Diesel engine, burning oil, with the advantage of having to use fewer pounds of fuel to deliver the same energy and the disadvantage of weighing somewhat more than a gasoline engine of the same power output. Germany has used Diesel-propelled aircraft for years, and likes them.

But both Diesel and gasoline engines are of the internal-combustion type. Both must take in air from the outside, and with the air a certain amount of dust comes in, no matter what filtering method is used. This dust in turn grinds out the cylinders.

Perhaps our next step will be the gas turbine, which doesn't need to take in air. As developments take place, we may be able to produce lightweight turbines revolving 30,000 or 40,000 revolutions per minute (ten times more than the speed of present engines) and giving us great horsepower. Even the steam engine cannot be ruled out as a possible future motive power for air liners—perhaps an engine using a vapor of something else than water. Either steam engine or gas turbine would give us undreamed-of horsepower.

As we talk of future power plants the thought of rocket propulsion occurs to us.

Rockets are another phenomenon we have known about for thousands of years. The principle of rocket propulsion is simple. It means that any burning fuel, escaping through a nozzle, tends to shove its container in the opposite direction. A rocket needs no propeller.

Airplanes now use exhaust gases from the engine to add speed to the plane. These gases go rearward through a nozzle to contribute to the forward progress of the ship. They call this "jet propulsion."

For the near future, we will probably use jet propulsion in combination with the propeller. We will use the propeller to get the craft off the ground and take it to a fairly high altitude. Up there, jet propulsion will take over. It is most efficient at high altitude and speeds over 350 miles an hour.

When we indulge ourselves in dreams of the far future, it is impossible not to think of atomic power.

When Professor Alfred O. Nier of the University of Minnesota and Drs. H. C. Pollock and Kenneth H. Kingdon of General Electric isolated tiny traces of a certain uranium compound, and later when it was found that the atoms of this compound could be broken up with a tremendous release of energy, they started the world to speculating on the possibilities.

If the energy in the atom can be harnessed to do man's work we will enter a new age of power. One pound of uranium-235 equals 1,400 tons of coal. One pound of it could run your automobile for a lifetime.

Furthermore, our experimenters believe that there is a simple way to harness the power. It would only be necessary to put a small amount of U-235 in water. As long as the water was present, U-235 would break up with great energy, turning the water to steam, which in turn could be used to drive our autos and airplanes. By controlling the supply of water to the compound we could control its action.

Think what it would mean to an airplane if, instead of carrying forty tons of gas for an over-ocean hop, it could take along instead a small brick of U-235.

The obstacle today to atomic power lies in the difficulty of extracting any great amounts of the proper uranium ore. Right now it takes years of laboratory work to recover the tiny amount needed for experimentation. Some day, when this difficulty is overcome, we may be running our air liners on a few teaspoons of fuel.

Such visionary look-aheads are all in the realm of speculation. We do know, however, that none of our present types of flight are perfect enough for us to freeze our designs and say, "This is the best answer." The limitations are so obvious that we know our present ships are merely a step toward the more perfect product.

Now we can be reasonably certain that postwar flight is going to mean practical, easy-to-operate, stall-proof and spin-proof planes in the hands of many people; family flivvers and helicopters traveling on highways with wings and rotors tucked in, soaring through the air on Sunday afternoon with wings and rotors spread out.

We can see fifty- to 400-passenger ships taking us over all parts of the world at speeds approaching 300 miles an hour. New forms of fun, new concepts of travel, a move to the suburbs, new groupings of our population, the dwindling of some cities and the rise of others, a great colonization of all the undeveloped regions of the earth . . . all these developments are implicit in what has already happened.

In addition, the airplane may give us a spiritual uplift and a driving motive that will help save us from postwar discouragement. The airplane may provide the spark in the postwar world.

All this seems within the realm of safe prediction. Beyond that, we can only guess.

THE END

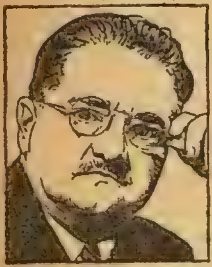
BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

It now seems long ago indeed that **Alexander Woollcott,** that tireless and (as he often but not quite accurately suggested) unsalaried press agent for literature and drama, made me a one-man audience for a typically brilliant Woollcott dissertation.

The subject was Ernest Hemingway and his gory, action-for-blood's-sake novel, To Have and Have Not, which had then just made its appearance. It was a disappointment to the Hemingway public, to most of the critics, and certainly to me.

Woollcott brushed aside an estimate of Hemingway's ability based on this one book, and set off (orally) on one of those essays for which he was so deservedly famous. He ended it with the prediction that Hemingway had not written the book which he would one day write when sufficiently moved by a cause or an idea great enough to take hold of him completely. I never thought it necessary to check, but I am sure that Woollcott considered For Whom The Bell Tolls sufficient proof of his literary oracular powers.



Alexander Woollcott

Woollcott was a usually shrewd, if somewhat sentimental, judge of literature. His judgments were made richer by his own experiences, his charm of expression, and the agility of his own mind. As he said of Shaw after their last meeting, "Perhaps his mind [at that advanced age] was not as good as it used to be. It was still better than anybody else's."

Emily Kimbrough

Right until he died (actively venting his hatred of Fascism) that was true of the Woollcott mind when applied to the short personal essay. Thus the Woollcott dissertations were always enjoyable, often instructive, and usually memorable. A new (and I fear, the final) collection of them has now been published under the title of **Long, Long Ago.**

It contains some twoscore of Woollcott pieces done, for the most part, in the decade of 1932 to 1942. There are personality pieces (where I think Woollcott was at his best), such as the two gems on Oliver Wendell Holmes, one on Shaw, another on "Miss Kitty" Cornell, and other notables. There are a few on murder, on the theater, on books and authors, and two of the famous broadcasts. They make a wonderful collection, a book you can dip into unfailingly and repeatedly for pleasure of a high order.

Published by the Viking Press, New York. Price, $2.75.

A PLEASANT and amusing enough book is **We Followed Our Hearts to Hollywood,** by **Emily Kimbrough,** who was, with Cornelia Otis Skinner, the co-author of last year's merry volume, Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.

Miss Kimbrough, without benefit of her famous collaborator, lets us in on what happened to the girls, now grown older if not commensurately wiser, when they set out for Hollywood to work on the picturization of their book. They met many of the screen great, they managed to involve themselves in a suitable number of amusingly malapropos adventures, and they had, as usual, a great deal of fun.

It ranks pretty close to the top of the season's literary amusements and is particularly recommended to those who have been clamoring for a change of pace. You'll hardly find a word about the war in it.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, $2.50.

RECALL IN BURMA

Continued from Page 13

then suddenly her lips curled and she gave a soft laugh.

That elephant had shambled up through the street of bazaars, and Mary was laughing—not at the big cow elephant, but at her hairy pink-skinned little calf.

The doctor followed her to the window and saw the elephant herder trudging along wearily on the near side of the cow. "Come in, come in," the herder was saying as he touched the trunk with his hand. The elephant obeyed, following him to the door of the dispensary. "Got any Epsom salts here?"

The dresser went out and twirled the ribbon of his spectacles as he stared. "It is apparent you are not Burmese, else you would speak in our tongue. Nor do you look Burmese. Hence, may I say, who are you anyway?"

"I'm from the teak country up yonder. I speak Shan."

Dr. Post understood the Shan dialect which the dresser tried out. He—the dresser—explained that he had no Epsom salts. The Japs had taken it all for their six-miles-a-day elephant convoys.

The herder nodded agreeably, but he stuck to English. "This bull's sick. Back there at the well she sprayed water on her forehead and it steamed. Means fever. Got any Epsom salts?"

"I just explained in Shan what has happened to my Epsom salts. Hence you do not understand Shan. And it occurs to me that a cow elephant is not a bull by any process of thought. Hence, similarly, you are an impostor."

The doctor and Mary studied the man through the tatti curtains. He was a bronzed, chunk-shouldered, unshaven fellow in a soiled turban and the usual long-skirted *loongi*. He could pass quite well for a Moslem from some jungle tribe, except for his accent. It was not a half-breed's *chi-chi-bat*, nor the cockney of Burmese ports. It was Brooklyn.

THE doctor felt Mary's shoulder under his palm trembling with excitement. "You stay in here while I find out who the rascal is." He went out into the main room of the dispensary and called to the street, "Come in here, friend."

The herder gaped, seeing a white man. And then as he came in he gave a grin distinctly alien to the Orient. A Yankee all right, but not Brooklyn, the doctor thought as the two men clasped hands hard. Perhaps Forty-second Street over toward Ninth Avenue. Maybe the Middle West. Can't quite place him. He was thinking this as he said aloud, "I'm Dr. Post. Missionary. And American."

"I heard a couple of missionaries were held prisoner in this town. My name is—" the elephant herder nodded to the bespectacled dresser. "Get that guy out of here and I'll tell you."

When the dresser salaamed himself out, the herder said, "You got my number all right, doc. My name's Dugan." He unslung a bottlenecked basket from his shoulder, unwound his turban, and wiped the sweat and dust from his face. Mary, watching from the inner room, saw the face turn young. So did the body, relieved of that basket of wild guavas. The guavas, the size and shape of marbles, seemed very heavy, for the basket clanked when it hit the floor.

"You've been blowing up bridges, I'd guess."

"Guess anything you want. I'm not saying. My grandmother told me, don't trust anybody in this war. Not even missionaries."

The doctor laughed, punched the young fellow's ribs, felt both his arms, which were not only the color of bronze but the texture too. "This is great!" he laughed. And Dugan laughed back. They were like two college chums meeting after many years. Except that Dugan was obviously not a college man. They were more like father and son.

They sat down together, side by side. "Your grandmother," the doctor said, "is Lord Mountbatten or perhaps Wingate. I'll make another guess—our American Vinegar Joe."

"Whoever I am, I'm buying a drink."

Dugan dug into his basket for a flask and the doctor pretended to take a sip. "It's rice wine," Dugan said. "Stole it from a dead Jap."

"I heard Vinegar Joe is sending you fellows out raiding through these *jheels*. But what's the elephant for?"

"Just for fun."

Here was an American for sure! Like all the rest of them in India and Burma, getting as much fun as they could out of hell, high water, death, and killing Japs. He was preposterously young, in body and spirit both. Right now he was trying to hit a house lizard with a guava, like a boy shooting marbles.

"But, look here! It makes you conspicuous. The Japs are rounding up all the convoy elephants they can find."

"I can't help it if she's adopted me. She's taken a liking to my K ration and I can't get rid of her. Anyway, I always wanted to own an elephant."

The missionary laughed all the way from his huge stomach to his several chins. "So did I—when I was a boy back in Massachusetts. But your state—I can't seem to place you, son. You seem to belong to them all."

"Right. I grew up in 'em all. Take me back to any one of 'em and I'm home."

"You've taken *me* back already!" the doctor said as Dugan took another shot at the lizard and missed. His hand, the doctor noticed, was browned not only on the back but on the palm, which should have been yellow. "Somebody's going to see through your complexion, son, although it's a good one! Some sort of dye, I presume?"

"It's the stuff the girls back home are using for stockings."

The doctor whooped. "Girls—stockings—back home! 'Back home again in Indiana,'" he hummed, and Dugan started harmonizing.

Mary McCabe came to the door, flabbergasted. She saw the two men with their heads together, the doctor's arm over the elephant herder's shoulder, the latter playing marbles with guavas!

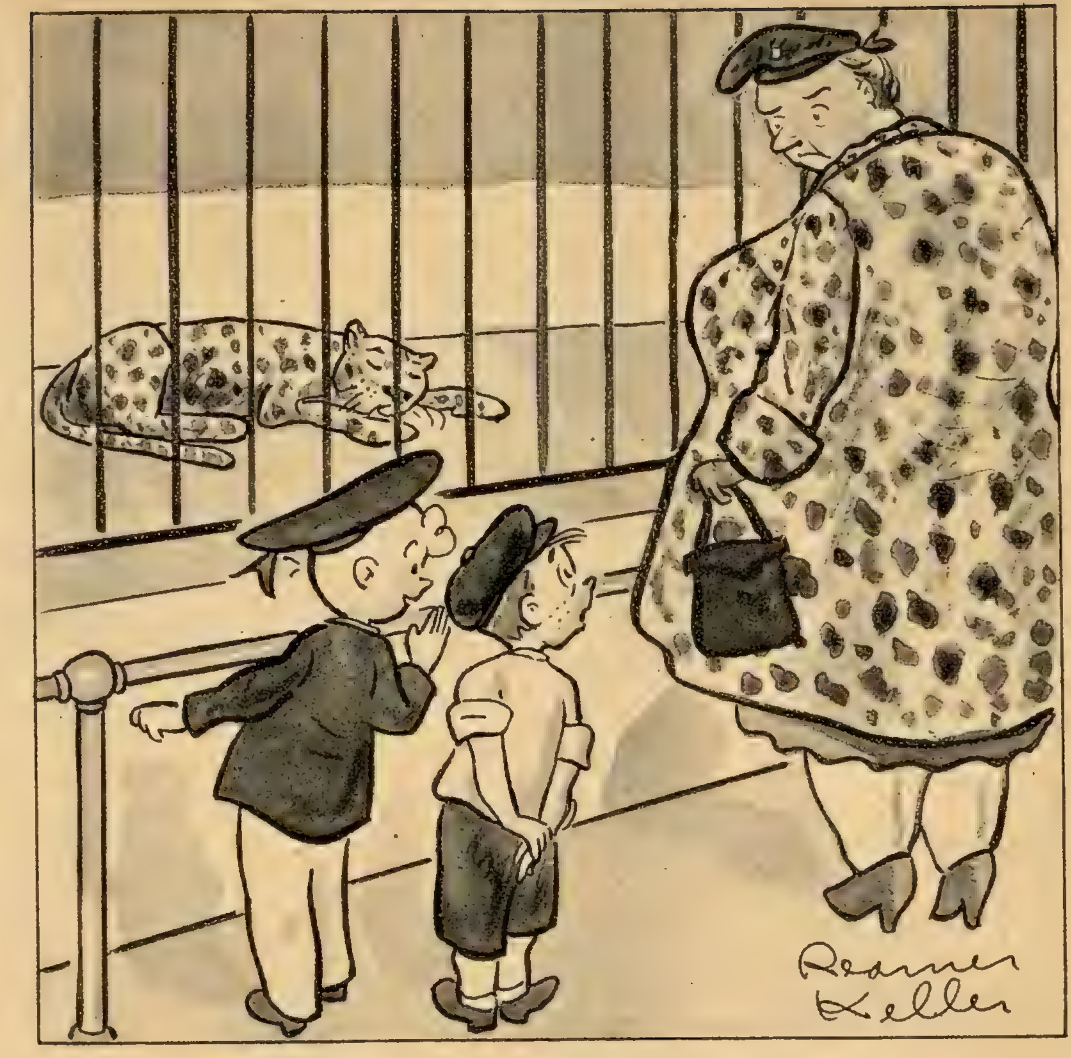
SUDDENLY the doctor broke off this close harmony. "Let somebody shoot who can shoot!" He took a guava and flicked it at the lizard.

"Pretty good for a preacher!" Dugan said as the lizard fell wriggling from the bamboo rafter.

"I was always a fair shot," the doctor said expansively, but Dugan did not hear him. He was staring at the half-opened door where he thought he saw an oval white face, gold-white freckles, and gold-brown hair.

The doctor rattled on: "I started as a sharpshooter at the missionary home. That's in Auburndale, near Boston. Funny how you take me back to those days! It was clay ducks then. Now it's sambar." Dr. Post was a boy again, boasting to another boy. "For big game I use a five-hundred Express rifle. Magnificent piece! Had it for years. I didn't let the Japs get *that* gun, I'll tell you! Mary got rid of it for me just in time. You must meet Mary."

HARDTACK



"See, I told you they didn't grow that big."

"I've already met her," Dugan said.

The doctor turned. Mary put out both her hands and Dugan clutched them. But then she said breathlessly, "You better not stay here—not another minute! This town is full of Japs!"

"How many?" Dugan asked absently, for he seemed to be counting her freckles.

"Half a dozen military police," she said, "and those soldiers at the guardhouse, and a lot of civilians—"

"About twenty civilians," the doctor put in. "Agricultural experts and business agents. They want to change this country over from growing sesamum to cotton. There's a guard detail on bicycles right now." He pointed through the tatti curtains at some Japs trundling down the street of bazaars.

"Did you say she hid your Express rifle somewhere?" Dugan asked.

"She threw it in the river," the doctor explained. "You see, it was no use hiding it in the bushes. Monsoon vapors would destroy it and destroy the cartridges too. But haven't you got a gun?"

Dugan did not say. He turned to listen to a high-pitched Jap voice in the street: "To who belong this elephant?"

The reverend's heart pounded as he saw the Japs at the front door sliding from their bicycles. Out of the side of his mouth Dugan said to Mary, "I'll talk to you when I get back." Then he walked out to the street.

"Want to buy an elephant?" he said to the Japs.

The Jap officer and four soldiers blinked at him as he stepped down from the veranda. The cow elephant cooed and thumped on the ground, as elephants will, to attract attention; then, as Dugan walked over to her, she blew in her ear to show she was happy.

Dr. Post's old heart subsided to its usual beat. For he saw that the Japs were not interested in Dugan at all, but in the elephant and the calf.

"I'll sell her cheap and throw in the punk too," Dugan said.

"It's an old one, I think so," the Jap officer said. "No good for convoy."

DUGAN might have let it go at that, the doctor and Mary thought—and prayed. But this American soldier was peculiar. Perhaps it was the sight of Mary that put him up to it, but he wanted the center of the stage. And also, it appeared, he was the type of Yank who could not resist the chance to pull off a skin game.

"You're getting a bargain. She needs grooming maybe. Some neat's-foot oil for her lice, and you got to cut her toenails twice a year. Aside from that she's a beauty."

"I will requisition. One thousand rupees," the officer said, unclipping a fountain pen from his tunic. "Sign bill of sale. I command, please."

It occurred to the doctor that this Jap did not bother about proof of legal ownership. The transaction was merely to impress the bazaar keepers, buffalo herders, and paddy growers who had gathered.

"A thousand rupees! You're crazy!" Dugan snorted. "Tushes cost anywhere up to six thousand dollars Mex! But you're a good Jap. I'll make a bargain—"

"It is runt elephant. Too many warts, I think, and hair grow both ways. Second-class convoy elephant."

"What're you talking about! Two-way hair means an elephant has savvy. And it's only the warts on the trunk that you count."

The doctor nudged Mary. "He's picked up a lot of information somewhere. From an elephant *bomo* perhaps. Reminds me of a horse trader down East."

"Anyway," Mary said, "he's got a good line."

Dugan went on, "Why, you don't even notice how her tail hangs quiet instead of wagging, like a nervous bull!"

"No tail anyway. Tail torn off. And ears ragged. Means fighter," the Jap said truthfully. "I do fair business. Two thousand rupees. You sign."

"Hell, man, it's robbery! All the Burmans in town will call you robbers! They know a good bull when they see one! And you talk of co-prosperity—ph-tht!"

This Jap obviously enjoyed the bargaining, for it gave him a chance to impress the villagers of his integrity. There was to be no ruthless commandeering in this country as in Yunan. The Burmans must be shown how benevolent the Japs really are. "I pay you three thousand." He held out a roll of bills. "You sign document."

* * *

Göring, Goebbels, and Hitler were discussing the likelihood of Germany coming in second. "If we lose the war," said Goebbels, "what do you think will happen to you, Göring? You will be shot!"

"I am not worried," replied Fatso. "The Americans know that I am a good airman, and they will offer me a good job modeling planes."

"Say, for that matter," said Goebbels, "I'm not worried, either. They know what a good liar I am and probably will offer me a job writing editorials in Chicago or Washington. But you, Adolf—what's going to happen to you when Germany loses the war?"

"Me?" screamed Hitler. "I'm an Austrian!"

* * *

Dugan looked at the roll. "You mean you're paying in invasion currency! Say, listen, I'll feed this fake money to the bull and her punk. I've seen a bull eat newspapers. Give me a hundred rupees cash and I'll call it a deal."

The Japs chattered to one another, spat, hissed. The officer turned finally and said, "You show us how drive elephant first. What commands give, please?"

"Now he's in for it!" Mary gasped and the doctor agreed. The foolhardy rascal would be unmasked now!

But Dugan seemed to be a resourceful fellow in his Yankee way. "If I show you how to drive her, what's to stop you riding off? You get your bill of sale. I want my hundred rupees."

The officer, smiling the Jap smile of embarrassment, took out a wad of Bank of India notes, peeled off a hundred rupees. Dugan examined each note carefully. "This is more like it," he said, pocketing the money in his sash. "Now I'll show you."

To the doctor's surprise, Dugan went up to the beast, approaching her from behind in the orthodox way and driving her from the near side as Burmans drive oxen. He touched her on the trunk and gave the command, "Shy!"

The beast started shambling off to the right as the crowd of villagers and dogs got out of the way.

"Stop!" the officer barked. "No farther, please! I command. Stop!"

It was the elephant's docility that astonished the Rev. Dr. Post. When Dugan said, "Tut!" she stopped. He was leading her of course by the hand, since it was ridiculous to suppose a Burmese elephant could understand his commands.

Dugan called over his shoulder, "When you want her to run, tell her, 'Mule up!'" The elephant might have understood this, for it was almost the native command, "*Mail! Mail!*" She started jogwogging along until Dugan himself began stretching his legs.

A fat native in the crowd remarked, "This is a peculiar circumstance, your excellencies. How is it that this man gives English commands when our elephants understand only Burmese?"

MARY came to her fellow countryman's defense and called down from the veranda, "In the teak yards they speak some English—even the elephant herders."

"But if she's a teak elephant," the fat Burman objected, "why is her forehead so smooth when logically it should show bruises from teak logs?"

Dugan had the elephant going at a good pace now. He got her trotting, starting to run himself, his hand on her trunk. She swung along heavily, clumsily, scattering chickens out of the way.

The Japs stared at one another, their faces sweating with frustration. They jabbered wildly as another Burman, seeking to please the conquerors, said, "You are being cheated roundly! It is my belief the man is no mahout or herder but an alien to this country, for whoever heard of a calf denominated a punk?"

The crowd was snickering. The Jap officer scowled with tight flaming eyes at the shambling elephant, the calf, and the herder. He was so flabbergasted at this loss of face that he had not noticed until this moment that the elephant was trotting faster down the road, heading for the open paddies.

Dugan kept going.

The Japs shrieked like jackals as they rushed for their bicycles. Their howls brought more natives out of bazaars and huts so that the road was jammed. A Jap private unslung his rifle and tried to get a shot over the heads of the crowd. The rest got to their bikes, screaming at the natives to get out of the way.

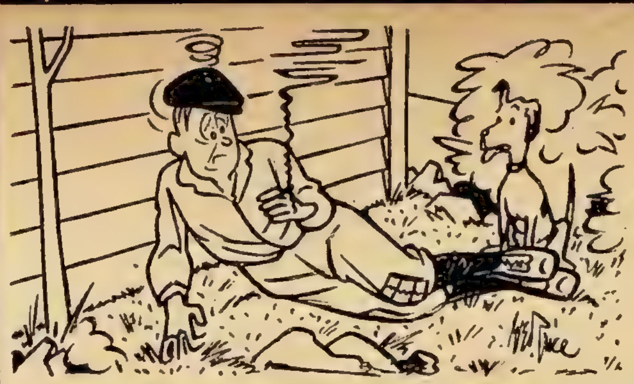
"They can catch him easily enough," Dr. Post said, turning to Mary. But Mary was not at his side. She had slipped off to the back room where she was moving an old teak locker from the wall. She dug some loose earth from the floor and got out a bundle of plantain leaves, unwrapped a flannel-swathed rifle.

When she looked over her shoulder at the doctor, his face had a grin on it—the grin of a bad boy about to play a trick on his teachers and settle a score. "But the cartridges?"

"I had to clean them every once in a while." From an *almirah* drawer she produced a handful from which she had scraped the verdigris of damp.

"He said I'm a good shot for a preacher!" the doctor chuckled. "He hasn't seen anything yet!" He ripped the flannel from the Express rifle which Mary had coated and massaged and fondly nursed with oil.

Because of the clumsy little calf, the mother elephant had dropped from a trot to a shuffle. The Japs had no trouble catching up. Already the first soldier had jumped from his bike, lifted



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

SICKARETTE: Your first corn-silk smoke.

BING-PONG: Table tennis at the Crosbys'.

CUERATOR: Major-domo in a pool-room.

FLEWID: Gasoline used in yesterday's air raid.

BLAHSSOM: A faded flower.

CELEBATION: A lively evening in a monastery.

SCARICATURE: A frightening likeness.

CARREAR: In debt all your life.

PAINT: 'Tisn't, if it doesn't cover the surface.

STYPEND: Hogmented compensation.

his garrison rifle. But the reverend's slug caught him in the back of the neck.

The other Japs turned in utter consternation, and a second sprawled—not from the reverend's fire, but from Dugan's.

From the gate of the mission compound the guards came running. They ran into the same cross fire—from Dugan on one side and, from the other, some unseen sniper behind the bazaars.

The Rev. Dr. Post felt an enormous sense of relief. He had killed his first man. He had always feared that shooting a Jap would be like killing a monkey—a horrifying deed which even the native taboos long proscribed. But it was nothing of the sort. It was sheer fun—like shooting clay ducks.

The Japs were all in the street now—the detail from the guardhouse, the sentry in charge of the dispensary, and then the rabble of civilians pouring out of the main mission building. Not a single one had seen the doctor, whose shots were defiladed by the dispensary hut. But they could all see Dugan's legs behind the elephant. The doctor and Mary could see his whole figure as he tried the detonator of a grenade which he had fished out of his basket of guavas.

The Japs got a shot or two at him between the elephant's legs. Pinged in her thick hide, the beast gave a blasting hoot, crimped the ear of her calf, and bolted. She had had enough of this village and this man and his guavas and K ration. With her calf heeling, she lumbered off for the rice paddies and the jungle.

With her passing, the village street seemed like a vacuum, for the natives likewise had vanished, diving into their huts. Dugan stood alone, shielded no longer by elephant hide.

When the first slug hit him he dropped the grenade, picked it up with his other hand and pulled the pin with his teeth.

IT was then that Mary ran out in the middle of the street. The guard detail had started to deploy when they saw her. The slim white ghost distracted them for that one moment when Dugan threw. The grenade blasted most of them. The doctor dropped two more and then licked his pulpy lips, grinning enormously.

This was glorious! This was not a hut in Burma. It was a shooting gallery in the States! He was shooting in remembrance of Boston, the Charles River, Auburndale! Burma was no Chillon. The A. B. C. F. M. was no longer America!

Inside the compound gate a dozen Japs scrambled into a mud-caked reconnaissance car. A fat prosperous little monkey, agent for the Mitsubishi Company, screamed at his staff, his interpreters and clerks. Several of them, as the driver jumped the car into reverse, tried to stand up and fire across the windshield.

Dugan's turban twitched as if a rat had jumped out of it. One arm hung limp and so did the other when he reached in his basket. His knees crumpled, but he did not fall, for a slim shoulder was tucked under his armpit. "Come on, mister, enough's enough!" This, he realized, must be Mary dragging him behind a gatepost. He gnawed at the grenade, tried to throw it, but couldn't. It was too late anyway.

That reconnaissance car was heading for the gate with a crowd of Japs trying to scramble on board. Like a man in a nightmare, Dugan tried to lift his arm to throw. It was a nightmare pure and simple when he discovered the grenade was not even in his hand!

"That apple—I pulled the pin!" he groaned. "It's going off!"

Mary must have snatched it from him, for he saw her tossing something sideways and with horror, as if shaking off a scorpion. She tossed it, however, with something of an aim.

Dugan remembered the explosion vaguely. But it was unimportant. He mentioned the only important point when he found himself lying on a cot in the dispensary with a shapeless fat man working over him. "Where's the girl?"

"She went for a bullock bandy," the doctor said, twisting a tourniquet. "Knows enough not to let the natives see how we get out of town."

"She knows a lot. She's smart."

"A good missionary," the doctor agreed. "Did you see her blow up that car full of Japs?"

Dugan did not care about the Japs. "She's got smart eyes too. And those faded freckles—they won't fade out complete, will they, doc?"

"I suspect she uses a beauty lotion on them." The doctor went on cleaning the next wound. "Her mother was in the show business before she saw the Light."

"What do you know! In the show business! My dad had the juice joint in the circus where I was born. Tell her we got something in common, doc."

They heard the creak of a bullock bandy and the doctor could see its thatched roof above the sill of the compound wall. When Mary ran in, he said, still working, "He's a circus man. And that old cow elephant was the only one who knew it!"

"Couldn't you guess?" Mary said, helping with the bandages. "Why, he's a circus man through and through. Punks, tushes, bulls for male or female, Epsom salts. Selling a sick elephant that didn't belong to him—"

"And he was brought up in *all* the States, come to think of it!" the doctor added.

"Shy! Come in! Mule up! Tut! You got it all," Mary laughed, "not from the teak country but from the circus!"

THE doctor tried to lift Dugan up, but he found to his astonishment that he could not stand up himself. His fat-covered knees twitched and he grabbed for the punkah cord for support. He stood there puffing and dizzy while Mary and the bandy wallah carried the wounded man out.

It was sundown now and the tom-toms were on the air. A rabble of Burmese gathered around their thugyi, wailing in alarm, but this was out in front of the dispensary. Here in back, between the dispensary and its go-down, the air was quiet and dark. As noiselessly as it could be done, the bandy wallah helped the doctor into the cart, shoving his enormous hunkers from behind.

"It is of great doubt," the bandy wallah whispered, "how far my bullocks will take you before some interception. For the tom-toms have noised it across the paddies how a lady missionary and a commando massacred this Japonay garrison at Kaung-do."

"We must pray about it," the doctor puffed heavily as the bandy man climbed up in front.

Mary sat among the maize bags with the head of the wounded man in her lap while Dr. William Webster Post prayed. But the prayer drifted into humming "Back home again in Indiana," as the driver twisted the tails of the bullocks and put them into a good lope.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A minister from a big city church was substituting for a friend in a rural hamlet. As the deacons were placing the morning collection at the foot of the altar, the minister was shocked to see one of them remove a silver dollar from a collection plate. After the service the minister cornered the deacon and accused him of misappropriation of the Lord's money. For a moment the deacon was clearly puzzled, and then he smiled his understanding and withdrew the dollar from a vest pocket.

"Surely you don't mean old Betsy here, parson? Why, I've led off with her every Sunday for the last ten years!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

FITCH'S ANGELS OVERHEAD

Continued from Page 19

have commensurate rank as battleship commanders. He was forty-six when he enrolled at the Pensacola air training school in 1929—and was dubbed the "gray-haired ensign." Since then he has piled up 2,000 hours and flown 240,000 miles.

So Jake Fitch is no swivel-chair strategist. He and his staff constitute a mobile organization which hops from one camp to another as fast as a bomber will carry them. The first time I saw him his main camp was in a jungle. There he had an aerological station with an observation tower rising 200 feet above sea level. I'll never forget the sight of him running up the winding wooden staircase with the agility of a young man.

I stood with him at the top of his tower. Below one could see at first nothing but uplifted coconut palms, but gradually the eye detected camouflaged Dallas huts and tents, fighter and bomber strips, ammunition and fuel dumps, and roads skirting in all directions in what had been, until a few months previously, primitive and unspoiled cannibal country.

For a vice-admiral, Fitch was living simply enough in a plain unpainted house of wood and screens. He slept on a folding cot erected every night in a drawing room, virtually the only room. The only other occupant of the house was his Negro mess boy, who slept in the pantry. Outside was a booth where a marine orderly stood guard. A short boardwalk connected with a thatched cabin, the home of his chief of staff, Captain Lucian A. Moebus. Off this was the staff headquarters, a wardroom with two long tables to accommodate fifteen to twenty officers, and a smaller room plastered with maps and charts.

Here by day the staff met to discuss strategy and tactics. Their day's work done, they had their choice of playing backgammon or table tennis, rehashing anecdotes, going off to the movies, where the admiral had a bench of honor and the enlisted men had seats on cut coconut trunks, or attending an occasional dance with nurses from Army or Navy hospital ships. Fitch, no mean dancer himself, approves of the nurses' presence. "It's good for the boys to see an American girl once in a while, even if she merely walks across a stage and vanishes into thin air," says he.

ESSENTIALLY a man of action, he likes to be on his feet around camp, when he's not flying from one end of the Pacific to the other. He keeps his weight down by climbing countless steps to his observation tower, by dancing, and by playing tennis and pitching horseshoes. He weighs himself religiously every day, and bets his staff they'll gain more than he does. He scales 173, hardly more than he did in his athletic days at Annapolis. Tongue in cheek, he complains that he's being starved by his mess boy.

That's Charles Spencer Reddick of South Greensboro, Alabama, a veritable dictator at the breakfast table. Reddick appraises the admiral fore and aft and serves him one strip of bacon and one piece of toast, if he sees fit. He has a worrisome job, for, as he told me, "The admiral complains when I give him one strip, and when I give him more he complains that I'm fattening him up."

Reddick has been Fitch's personal steward for four years. He and the admiral are inseparable companions. A typical conversation between the two goes this way:

"Admiral, we is short of drawers."

"Is we, Reddick?"

"Yes, we is, sir."

"Well then, Reddick, we better get more drawers."

It would be difficult to find a more democratic admiral than Fitch. As senior officer he sits at the head of his staff mess, but he's never served first. That's because of the "buck" custom. The buck is a table marker or statuette and is set before a different plate each day. Each diner thus gets a chance to have first crack at the steaks or chops. Fitch passes the buck when his turn comes, so he is always served anywhere from second to last. He gets a kick out of watching his younger officers load their plates and put on poundage while he guards his waistline. In fact, he gets a kick out of everything. He likes men around him who work hard, play hard, eat well, hold their liquor, and spin a good yarn.

FITCH'S ANGELS OVERHEAD

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

From Samoa to New Guinea, over
trackless tropic seas,
From the alien shores of Truk down
to the south New Hebrides,
His aircraft hunt the Nippons down,
then bomb them to their knees—
He keeps them flying on.

Now in Nippon it is rumored, while in
SoPac it is said,
When the weather's such that all the
birds and fish have gone to bed,
The convoys hear the noise of Fitch's
angels overhead—
He keeps them flying on.

When this blooming war is over, and it
all seems like a dream,
And the flames of Yokohama lie abaft
the starboard beam,
We'll hear above the roar ashore a sad
Mikado scream,
"Fitch kept them flying on!"

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
JOHN BUNYAN BOWEN, JR.

Behind his back his staff members call him Jakey, and he loves it. He has nicknames for them, too. Captain Moebus is "Fish." Lieutenant Commander John Bunyan Bowen, Jr., communications officer—and author of the battle hymn Fitch's Angels Overhead—answers to Jay and Cutie. Commander Paul D. Stroop, former flag secretary and now skipper of a seaplane tender, settles for PeeDee, Lieutenant Calvert Chipchase, a communications officer, for Chip, and Lieutenant John Edward Pace, flag lieutenant, for Baby.

Vice-Admiral Fitch likes to tell this story on handsome Baby Pace. When they were visiting in Brisbane, Pace, in line of duty, repeatedly telephoned the Navy's motor pool to order automobiles in the name of his admiral. Checking back, the confused motor pool telephoned Fitch's quarters at midnight and inquired:

"Is this Admiral Pace?"

"No," shot back the admiral. "This is Lieutenant Fitch." Having thus been routed out of his sleep, he telephoned the room shared by Pace and Bill King. King answered, and was flabbergasted to hear:

"This is Lieutenant Fitch calling. Tell Vice-Admiral Pace his car is ready."

Fitch learned humility at Annapolis. Reporting fresh and swaggering from St. John's, he was lined up with the other plebes for physical instruction by a dear old Belgian gentleman named Corbisier, who hated tin soldiers and had a sharp tongue. When Corbisier asked all plebes who had had any military training to step to the front, Jakey Fitch complied proudly. Said the fiery old boy:

"I called you out to tell you that you've got more to forget than the others have to learn. Back to ranks!"

And he had no reason to crow over his academic record. He had a hard time keeping his head above water those four years on the bank of the Severn. It wasn't unusual for his teachers to say, "Now, little Aubrey, come up and see what mark you're going to get." And then, "Swobbo!"—Annapolis jargon for zero.

Our hero survived to rub out far more deadly Zeros.

"But I never would have graduated from Annapolis except for the constant coaching of my friend Billy Calhoun," he confesses unashamedly.

"Billy" is Vice-Admiral William Lowndes Calhoun, chief supply officer for the whole Pacific under Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. Fitch and Calhoun are said to be the only roommates in the history of the Naval Academy who both became vice-admirals. The two complement each other. Calhoun bubbles over with loquacity and natural effervescence. Fitch is relatively quiet and reserved.

Calhoun says he was paid in full for all the tutoring he gave Fitch. Jakey, an all-round athlete and a born leader of men, was the most popular man on the campus and took Billy Calhoun into social circles where bookishness wouldn't have taken him. Jakey stroked the varsity crew, was halfback on his class football team, undefeated in four years, and was champion boxer in his class.

HE was also good at hanging by his fingertips from windowsills. One day the superintendent of the Academy, Admiral Bronson, brought the commodore of the New York Yacht Club around to inspect midshipmen's rooms. Fitch and Calhoun had a reputation for keeping an orderly room. They had to; they couldn't afford any more demerits. With complete confidence the admiral led his guest into their room, naturally unaware that on the bathroom shelf reposed a little liquid cheer.

Calhoun, who was and still is a teetotaler, managed to shut the bathroom door, leaving Fitch and the incriminating evidence inside. For once in his life, the ebullient Calhoun was speechless as the admiral and the commodore carried their inspection ever nearer the shower. The admiral took one glance around the bathroom, shut the door without a word, and departed with his guest.

All the time Jakey Fitch had been hanging by his fingers from the window ledge, risking a drop into the moat forty-five feet below. His vague theory was that, not being in the room, he couldn't be held responsible for the liquor. Certainly Calhoun, notorious abstainer, wouldn't be.

That afternoon Fitch and Calhoun were summoned to Bronson's office. Said the wise old gentleman gently, "This morning I paid you an informal social visit; next time I visit your room I shall do so as superintendent."

The two spent several "cruises" on the good ship Santee, wooden Civil War craft utilized as a brig for errant midshipmen.

At Annapolis, Fitch won his class boxing championship with ease, then plunged into the heavyweight class and won the semifinals from his friend the late Captain Ken Whiting. With only five minutes' rest, he went against a burly fellow who outweighed him by thirty pounds, and lost the only decision of his life.

But it was his victory over Whiting that cemented a strange friendship. Whiting always insisted he could reverse the verdict. For forty years the two fought a friendly feud all over the world. When they chanced to meet in Shanghai, for example, Whiting sprang on top of "the longest bar in the world" and advanced toward Fitch with the challenge:

"Jakey, I can whip you, you —— ——."

"No, Ken," was the acceptance. "I beat you once and I can do it again."

There were never any decisions in these brotherly bouts.

At the Academy Jakey was often elected to referee grudge matches between classes. In 1905 a middie named Branch Merryweather was accidentally killed in such a bout, and though Fitch as referee was merely the third man in the ring, he was lodged in the Santee and threatened with expulsion from the Academy. The tragic affair received wide publicity. Finally President Teddy Roosevelt, something of an amateur fighter himself, intervened in Fitch's behalf and had him placed on probation.

Following his graduation, when Fitch reported aboard his first ship in midshipman's uniform, the skipper, a gruff old-timer with a handle-bar mustache and a heart of gold, demanded to know why he wasn't arrayed as an ensign. He explained that it was part of his probation as dictated by the superintendent at Annapolis.

"Well," drawled the skipper, "your superintendent may be running Annapolis, but he's not running my ship."

The skipper took a benevolent interest in Fitch and assigned him to navigation. One day he was a bit tardy reporting to the bridge and climbed the ladder just in time to see the skipper sweep the skies with his glasses and hear him say:

"There's Polaris, there's Mars, there's Venus—where in hell is Mr. Fitch?"

Vice-Admiral Fitch was born in 1883, the eldest of four children. His father, a railroad man, had migrated to the States from England in 1880. Young Fitch was brought up in the village of St. Ignace in northern Michigan, and attended the Episcopal school there before going on to Wisconsin, Annapolis, and the wars.

On Sunday, December 7, 1941, Admiral Fitch was ashore at Coronado, California, the Navy air base. His flag secretary, PeeDee Stroop, and his communications officer, Jay Bowen, were out on the golf course when they saw the admiral striding across the fairway toward them.

"Now what does the old guy want?" one of them asked peevishly.

The old guy had the look of a man in a hurry with urgent news to shout. Instead, he whispered it: "Those —— —— Japs have bombed Pearl."

Immediately the admiral dispatched a self-killer message to Pearl Harbor. (A self-killer message, in Naval parlance, is one that permits action without waiting for a reply.) It said: "Unless otherwise directed, Admiral Fitch and staff will bring Sara out, starting tomorrow."

Admiral Fitch "stole" some destroyers and away they steamed at twenty knots, although Fitch and his staff had not been expected to make that particular trip. They went hunting for the Japanese fleet as far as Midway and Wake, and it was not their fault that they didn't find and engage the enemy.

It was his friend Admiral Halsey who recommended that Fitch be raised to vice-admiral the December following his Coral Sea exploits in the Lexington. The tragedy of the Lex, incidentally, did have an amusing interlude—amusing in afterlight, anyway. Fitch naturally wished to be the last to leave the stricken carrier. As he was grasping a rope, his orderly, a marine named Brandle, came running across the blisteringly hot flight deck with the admiral's dress white uniform folded carefully in his arms.

"You go first, admiral," said the orderly politely.

"No, you go first, Brandle."

"You're an older man. I'd rather go last," said the orderly, hanging back.

"—— —— it," exploded the admiral, "*you* go on down that line!"

The orderly obeyed. People generally obey Jakey Fitch.

The admiral slid down the line into the motor launch sent from a cruiser. Later, aboard the cruiser as the guest of Rear Admiral Kinkaid, he found his dress whites laid out on the bed by the admirable Brandle, who had carried them across the intervening waters without spoiling their well pressed creases. That uniform, the suit he was wearing, and his watch were all Fitch salvaged of his personal belongings.

Vice-Admiral Fitch has three children and all three are in the Navy. The eldest, Aubrey Wray Fitch, Jr., is a lieutenant (j. g.) on an auxiliary carrier. Omar Conger Fitch is a lieutenant and communications officer on Vice-Admiral Carpender's staff at Brisbane. The youngest, Jackie Fitch, is a lieutenant on a destroyer which has seen plenty of action in the southern Pacific. All graduated from Navy indoctrination courses.

In the fleet they tell the story of how Jackie Fitch inadvertently left a five-pound tip at Prince's plush café in Sydney and since then has been able to command a table at any time. Lieutenant Jackie told the Vice-Admiral of the United States Navy:

"Look, pops, if you ever go to Prince's and they don't treat you right, just tell them you're Jackie Fitch's father."

On Christmas Day of 1942 the admiral and his three sons gathered somewhere in the Pacific and drank a toast to the wife and mother who is waiting for them at Coronado, California. "The only way I'll ever get home," Fitch has written her, "is to get fired or be hit on the head with a coconut."

But the time will come, for the days of the Japanese empire are numbered, with "Fitch's angels overhead" and gaining momentum as they bomb their way to the gates of Tokyo.

THE END

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In six months the original loan on the Permanente Foundation Hospital was being repaid at the rate of $50,000 a month.

HOW FAR HAVE WE GONE TOWARD SOCIALIZED MEDICINE?

Continued from Page 11

contained forms of prepaid medical care for their employees.

But is that the socialized medicine of tomorrow?

The war has thrown a sharp new light on the controversy. It is becoming more acute as we move into the changing world that lies ahead of us. The question is, are we headed for socialized medicine under government control?

Let's get back to the remedies evolved to meet the war-created emergency. It is perhaps significant that the most spectacular of all sprang not from government, nor even from the medical profession, but from an industrialist. That would be Henry J. Kaiser.

When he began to man his great shipyards on the Pacific Coast, he was faced with an almost overwhelming influx of workmen and their families. It was *in fact* overwhelming to the doctors and hospitals already existing in Richmond and Oakland, California, and in Vancouver, Washington. Kaiser had about 125,000 people working for him, and those people had families. The people began to get hurt, began to get sick. That was natural. After all, the healthiest and strongest of our population were in the armed forces, leaving in many cases the less able-bodied and often inexperienced to carry the burden of highly accelerated production.

Kaiser knew where to turn. Well before the war, when he built the Grand Coulee Dam, he had been faced with the same situation in miniature. He had picked out a young doctor named Sidney Garfield to solve his medical problems. Dr. Garfield had made a very pretty success of the job at Grand Coulee, and now he swung into the bigger job at the shipyards.

He had a businesslike technique.

First, he got from all the unions whose men were engaged in the huge enterprise approval for the weekly deduction of a small sum from pay envelopes—provided, of course, the individual workman agreed.

Then he made a deal with a group of industrial insurance companies. They were to pay over about 18 per cent of all the fees they received in premiums for workmen's compensation, and Garfield was to provide in return all medical service to the injured.

Next, Kaiser signed notes at the banks for the $250,000 needed to build and equip the Permanente Hospital. It was to have only private or semiprivate rooms. The equipment was to be the best obtainable.

Finally, Garfield assembled his staff of doctors and technicians and nurses.

Ninety per cent of the Kaiser workmen (and women) signed up for this prepaid medical service. They authorized the deduction of 50 cents a week from their pay. The hospital was built. Sixty medical specialists were brought in at good salaries—from $450 to $1,000 a month. First-aid stations were built at critical points. Ambulances and station wagons were bought. The Permanente Hospital got down to business.

IT was a roaring business. Within three months the hospital had to be enlarged, at a cost of $300,000. This time Kaiser did not sign the notes at the banks. The bankers needed no such security. With the workmen's half dollars providing 60 per cent of the hospital's income and the payments from insurance companies providing the other 40 per cent, at the end of the first three months the original loan was being paid back at the rate of $25,000 a month, with interest. Three months later it was possible to pay back $50,000 a month.

Fifty cents a week for medical attention you may never need is not peanuts; it is $26 a year. But the thousands of men and women at the Kaiser shipyards do not think the charge exorbitant. They know from experience what it buys for them.

They don't take physical examinations. Even chronic diseases contracted long before their employment at the shipyards are treated without question. The treatment they get has no limits; there is no maximum set for the sums to be paid for medical care, as is the case with many group insurance plans. There are no extra costs of any kind. True, there is a contractual limit of 118 days of medical care for a single illness, but this has never been invoked.

Hospitalization includes the services of surgeons, anesthetists, and nurses, plus excellent food. X-rays are given without stint, as are transfusions and physiotherapy.

There are no extra charges for medicine, including insulin for diabetics, nor for special diets. House calls are made by the doctors without cost to the patient. Ambulance service is free within a radius of thirty miles.

This is not new with Henry Kaiser. Other great corporations do the same thing to some extent. But the medical directors of several of those corporations have gone over to the Permanente setup as the last word. The workers share the enthusiasm.

In fact, committees of workmen requested that the prepaid medical service be extended to include their wives and children. This was an impossibility, for a variety of reasons. It was difficult to find more staff physicians to take on the extra burden, and the local medical societies rightly contended it would be an infringement upon their own private practice.

But there was a way around this. Kaiser appealed to the California Physicians' Service, a prepaid medical service plan having a membership of nearly 5,000 doctors. Millions of persons make voluntary monthly payments to the service, either on their rent bills or by deductions from their pay envelopes. For example, there are about 5,000 families in the Federal Housing Projects at Vallejo and Marin City. All but about forty pay an additional five dollars each month with their rent for medical service for the entire family.

Kaiser asked the Physicians' Service to take over care of his workers' families. They said they couldn't because there were no adequate hospitals in the areas of the shipyards. His answer solved the problem:

"Our medical plan is showing a profit, enough to pay off our original investment of $550,000 in about a year. That is all the profit we want. After our plant is paid for, we will set up a fund, and you may use it to build your own hospital. Furthermore, we will collect prepay fees to cover wives and children—on a voluntary basis—and turn them over to you. Build the hospital, staff it, and run it yourselves. All we ask is a guaranty that these families get as good medical care as we give the workmen."

The California doctors are now going over the blueprints for the hospitals they will build under the Kaiser Foundation—hospitals which will support themselves and give good salaries to the doctors working on their staffs.

I do not know whether this is socialized medicine or not. Precisely speaking, a "socialized" thing falls within the jurisdiction of government. This sort of medical care obviously does not. The communities at Vallejo and Marin City are federal projects, it is true, but the prepay medical plan there was instituted and is run by the doctors themselves.

On the surface of things, then, the government has not gone into the medical profession. In the strict sense of the word, it is not "socializing" medicine. Yet there are currents which all of us must think about.

There are some ten million men in uniform. They are getting better medical care than any other ten million men on earth ever got. They are getting it free, of course. And they are getting used to it. Are they going to expect it as a matter of course when they get back? Millions of them have had their first experience with a doctor since the day of their birth.

A number of very thoughtful doctors pooh-pooh my idea that these things will affect the attitude of soldiers toward medical care once they are home again and out of uniform. But I have been out to far places with the soldiers and the sailors and listened to them talk. They just take it as a matter of course that somebody will be around to keep them up to snuff.

* * *

THEY SAY—

She sat up like an exclamation point.
—*F. O. Repplier.*

A girl with as many curves as a scenic railway.
—*P. G. Wodehouse.*

He gave her a look that you could have poured on a waffle.
—*Ring Lardner.*

* * *

Here is another important fact:

Of all the babies born to the wives of men in the service during a period of eight months, 69,206 were paid for out of the federal Treasury. Grants of money were made, for disbursement by state governments, which guaranteed to the mother free prenatal and postnatal care, delivery of the child, hospital bed at ward rates, and extra surgery up to $50. Medical care for the baby also was included.

This cost the Treasury—that is, the taxpayers—$3,000,000. Congress has just appropriated another $19,000,000 to carry on with the same scheme. It is the closest we have yet come to actual socialized medicine.

The American Medical Association is convinced that any form of socialized medicine would be a dangerous challenge to free enterprise; that the doctor should be at liberty to practice when and where he wishes, under the law, and that his usefulness would be ruined if he were under the influence of bureaucracy.

Let us see what it all adds up to.

The art and science of medicine has advanced with enormous strides during the past quarter century. Amazing discoveries, amazing improvements in technique have occurred. But the *full* employment of these developments, *full* medical care, has become very expensive to the patient. This is not the fault of the doctors.

The average doctor doesn't make much money. He starts his earning career late in life because of his prolonged education. His income fluctuates and his bills are hard to collect. He worries about his patients' finances almost as much as he does about his own. He spends much time in free clinics.

Thousands of such doctors would be more prosperous and happier working on salary in such a place as Kaiser's Permanente Hospital. The patients would be better off because they would have the benefit of the doctor's skill, his freedom to use enormously expensive equipment, and the advice of any specialist on the hospital team. And, by prepaying in small amounts for his medical care, the patient would not have to worry about paying the bill.

These are some of the advantages of prepaid medical care. But there are disadvantages, too.

Obviously, such a plan can work only in heavily populated areas. About half of our population is rural. What could be done, say, in a Georgia county where half the population is Negro, where cash money is of less importance than subsistence crops, and weekly or monthly prepay medical fees are consequently almost hopeless of collection? There are no pay envelopes from which to deduct such fees on a Virginia tobacco farm or an Iowa quarter section. Yet these people are entitled to share in all the benefits.

And as for the doctor who takes a salaried job at Permanente, when the war is over will he be thrown out of his job?

And what of the 46,000 doctors who will some day put away their uniforms and open up shop again, waiting for patients who wish to exercise the right of free choice of a physician?

You see, it is not so simple as it may seem. The Kaiser plan may seem wonderful at the Kaiser shipyards, but is it wonderful in Gallatin County, Montana? I do not believe anybody knows.

The medical profession must solve this problem, or it will be solved for it in peremptory fashion, and perhaps wrongly, by politicians. One society of doctors at least is aware that the problem exists as something other than an irritation attack upon traditional prerogatives. That is the New York Academy of Medicine. It has lately appointed a committee to study and to report upon Medicine and the Changing World.

We shall look forward with more than a little interest to this committee's recommendations.

THE END

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A BUSINESS MAN GUESSES THE FUTURE

Continued from Page 29

effect of production and employment. Without it the people cannot buy the output of factories and farms, and unless there is plenty of employment there is not enough buying power. Based on past and present trends, the national income should rise to $143 billion this year and, unless inflation breaks loose from government control, total income should remain at the same level through 1944, dipping to $138 billion in 1945 if the war is over by that time.

THE national income covers dollars going into savings, taxes, goods, and services.

Savings have been piling up at a fast pace, moving from over $30 billion for 1942 to nearly $47 billion in 1943, bringing the total accumulated savings in excess of $172 billion through this year. Although the yearly rate will probably move downward in the next few years, the accumulated savings should go to about $224 billion by the end of 1945, unless inflation is allowed to run wild and production and employment are permitted to drop. Cumulative private savings, based on current trends, should reach an average of $6,800 per family in 1945, as compared with only $2,200 a family in 1939 at the outbreak of war in Europe.

These savings will give strong support to the people's buying power, and only a small part of the total will be needed in easing the national conversion from war to peace.

Taxes on individuals took over $15 billion in 1943, and may increase to almost $22 billion in 1944. War's end may be followed by some reductions in taxes, but the decline will necessarily be slow.

It is in the purchase of goods and services that buying power makes itself most felt in our daily lives. More than $80 billion was spent in this way in 1943, and the trend shows a climb to $90 billion in 1944. With production and employment following the expected increase, it is possible for expenditures for goods and services to reach $100 billion in the first postwar year.

The outlook for the average family income is bright. While less than 21 per cent of all families received $2,000 and more income yearly in 1936, more than 65 per cent are in the higher-income group today. Allowing for some lowering of this percentage in the next few years, I believe that it will not fall below 61 per cent after the war ends, so long as we are successful in maintaining anticipated production and employment.

Prospect for family income, therefore, shows the number of families receiving over $38 weekly continuing the climb from 6,270,000 in 1936 to 18,300,000 by 1945. More than 12,000,000 new families will have moved into a "buying zone" for goods and services they did not formerly use, and thereby provide a vast new spending power to aid in the full functioning of our economic system in peacetime as in war.

ENORMOUS advances in scientific development during these war years, especially in the discovery and improvements of new basic materials, point to major changes in mechanical products, housing, transportation, clothing, packaging and distribution in the coming days. As more information becomes available to the public about the new magic of electronics and chemistry, now being used almost exclusively in war goods and their production, there will be a natural and intense public interest in knowing more about postwar plans of the country's manufacturers.

The veil of military secrecy now shrouding most of these discoveries will likely be lifted a little after the fall of Germany.

Even the little that is known by the public today about the revolutionary advances in such developments as frozen and dehydrated foods, chemical rubber, plastics and light metals, synthetic building and clothing materials, electronics, high-octane motor fuel, glass fabrics, and medicine is enough to give more than a promise that the first postwar year will signal the beginning of a period of greater emphasis on scientific development in its application to all types of consumer goods.

Public opinion will exert a powerful influence over the shape of things to come in the next few years. Until Germany is defeated, the war will continue to dominate the people's thinking. As American military forces go forward to new large-scale battles and the casualty lists grow longer, I believe the people will become more sober, emotional, and religious-minded.

In the months between Hitler's downfall and the surrender of Japan we should see a resurgence of individualism in the United States, marking a new growth of rights and responsibilities of the individual.

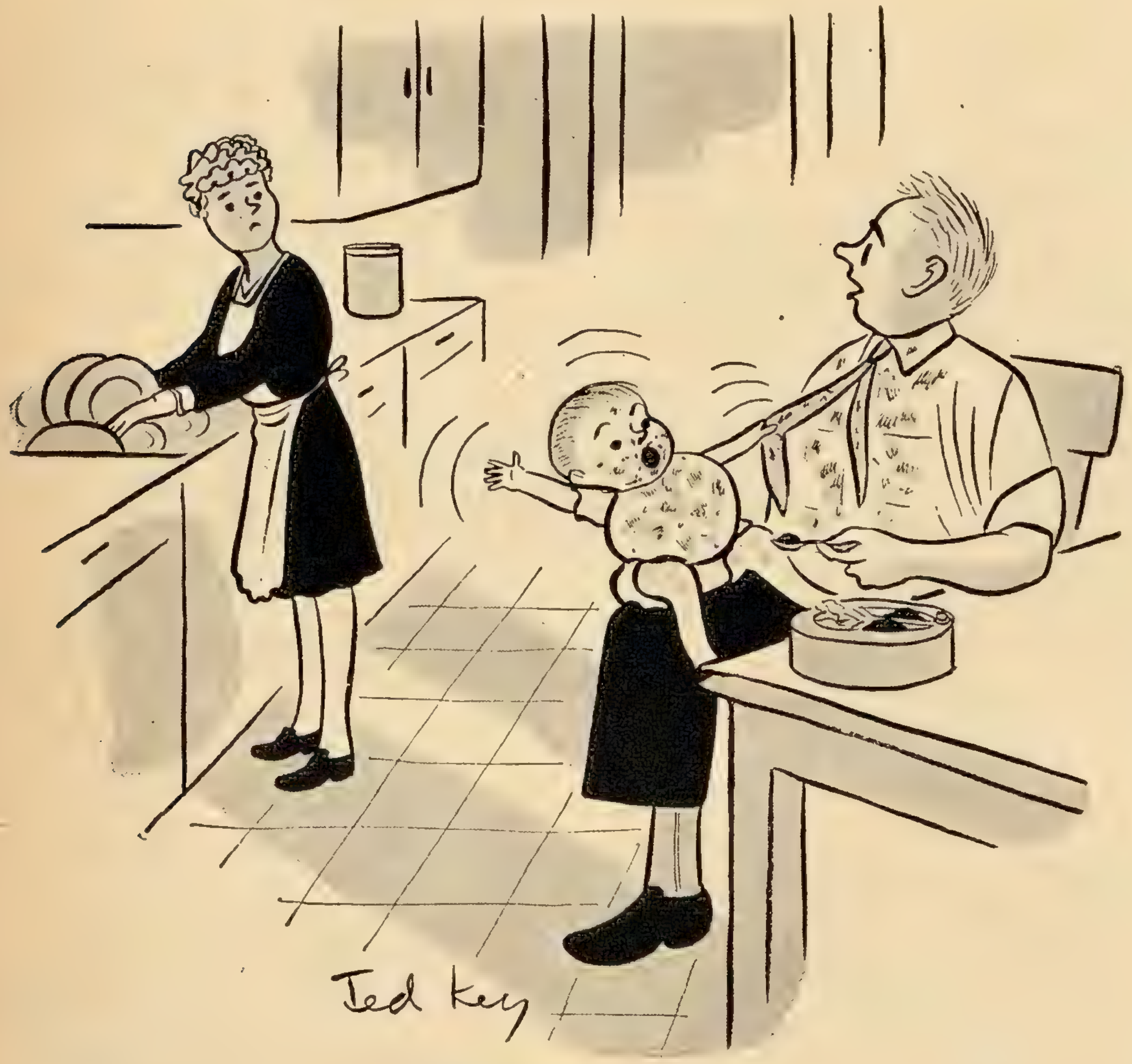
As a result of increased income and savings, the average person will become more aware of his independence and self-determination. Seeing the end of the war coming closer, the average person will become more impatient with the many government controls and restrictions affecting his daily living, and will want a future that offers the greatest possible freedom and opportunity to the individual. A national election coming at a time when public opinion reaches this stage must react against the administration which, right or wrong, represents regimentation in many people's thinking.

THE return of peace will find the people with good incomes and large accumulated savings, able and anxious to buy new homes, motorcars, refrigerators, radios, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, and scores of other things they could not buy during the war. As a further expression of the new sense of individual self-reliance and independence, there should be a big demand for goods that represent advancement over those formerly used. Consumers will realize that buying creates jobs, and will be encouraged to buy more with that justification in mind. Thereafter will follow, I believe, a period of ready public acceptance of all ideas and products that are modern and reflect progress.

The better understanding of the aspirations of our allies through such media as the Moscow Conference, and the burning desire to avoid another world war, may be expected to prevent the recurrence of a return to isolationism. Our people will want to support international co-operation in the hope of preserving world peace.

From this attempt to examine the events and forces that will affect your future we can see the promise of a richer and happier life for the average American. But it is only in the planning and working of each and every person, no matter how great or little his contribution may be, that the promise can be fulfilled.

THE END



"Got an extra bib?"

RELIEF FOR THE WORLD'S DESTITUTE

Continued from Page 23

could be used in Greece is highly concentrated, made of peas, soybeans, dried milk, and seasoning. The high-protein spaghetti is made with 10-15-per-cent soybean flour, with a small amount of egg.

After the period of emergency feeding, another ration might be distributed through the normal channels of bakeries, groceries, and other stores, and would consist of meals to be prepared at home—of grain, spaghetti or spaghetti flour, wheat and soy grits, beans and peas, meat or fish, oil or margarine, cheese and sugar.

In addition, supplementary rations would be available for expectant or nursing mothers. Many babies in the Balkans, it was noted in a League of Nations study in 1939, developed rickets because of prolonged breast feeding by undernourished mothers.

For children, too, is a porridge developed in America, a white flaky substance resembling oatmeal. It is packed in a red-white-and-blue box, on the top of which is "Made in the U. S. A." Also on the box, in twelve languages, are simple instructions: "To prepare, add 1 bowl of boiling water and cook for 5 minutes."

SUCCESSFOOL

Who hasn't often heard it glibly
said
That fools rush in where angels
fear to tread?
But I have not been blind
To the angels left behind,
And the fearless fools who get so
far ahead.

—D. E. W.

A dehydrated soup powder has been developed, made with split peas, dried skim milk, brewer's yeast, and seasoning, running 39 per cent protein, which provides a liberal proportion of calcium, iron, and vitamins. This type of purée soup, with a milk base, is almost a complete food and is acceptable in northern and western Europe as well as in parts of southern Europe. In the latter area, however, meat stock is the usual base for thick soups made with vegetables. A dehydrated vegetable stew made of precooked beans and peas, soybean grits, whole grain such as barley, and dehydrated diced vegetables, plus yeast and seasoning, may be more useful.

In all this planning of relief, particularly concentrated foodstuffs, in which America is specializing, it must be strongly emphasized that the amount available for civilians abroad depends first of all on the demands of the military, and they can shift to great extremes quickly.

This emergency plan for Greece or the Balkans has been mapped out with the idea of using predominantly American supplies, but goods from other countries can be substituted. For example, owing to British and American efforts in the Middle East, certain products of that rich area might be available for Greece or Yugoslavia or other Balkan lands. Egypt might supply sugar and wheat, as well as cotton; Palestine, lemons and oranges; Iraq could send dates and barley; while hides for shoes might come from Iran. North Africa already has a food surplus.

If goods are sent from such near-by places, shipping space from North America could be used for other purposes. Logistics rules the high command.

In the same way, the Netherlands might get wheat from Canada and fats from the United States, and the neutrals might aid, even though they are not among the United Nations. Potatoes might be shipped from Ireland, Argentine beef be diverted from Britain, and even Sweden might supply some of her prefabricated houses, as well as furniture, porcelain, and household goods.

France, starving on 1,100 calories or less a day, against a normal diet of about 2,500 calories, lacks fuel, fats, soap, oil, clothing, and most necessities.

Her inventories are exhausted, largely through Nazi thieving. But her North African colonies are providing the Allied armed forces with flour, fruits, and vegetables, and are accumulating food supplies for use at the liberation of the motherland.

The UNRRA at its Atlantic City meeting drew up a tentative program, the so-called "American plan," costing $2,500,000,000, to be raised by contributions of approximately 1 per cent of the national income of each member country. Our share would be between one and one and a half billion. Occupied nations which have funds, such as France, Belgium, Norway, and the Netherlands, would pay for their own help as far as possible.

A REPORT by the Inter-Allied Committee for Post-War Reconstruction, the result of a two-year study, estimated that there will be 50,000,000 persons needing relief in nine countries of occupied Europe, and their food needs requiring shipping for the first six months will total 7,323,000 metric tons. Broken down, the figures read:

Poland, 1,705,000 metric tons; France, 1,333,700; Greece, 918,600; Belgium, 807,300; Yugoslavia, 803,800; Netherlands, 761,900; Czechoslovakia, 659,200; Norway, 336,600.

This represents food alone. The total of all imports will reach 23,485,000 metric tons, of which 9,500,000 tons will have to come from North America; 3,500,000 tons from the United King-

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dom; 6,000,000 from other European sources, and 4,500,000 from other lands overseas.

China reported a need for 3,200,000 short tons of food and 8,800,000 tons of other materials—costing about $400,000,000—to relieve 84,000,000 persons in distress.

The Soviet Union is regaining her breadbasket, but she too will have to import for some time. India is fighting famine in some areas. Germany, of course, will be an additional problem. One aspect of that problem will concern stock piles looted from other countries.

Medicine is probably next to food in importance. Several types of "packaged" units have been assembled for immediate shipment to needy areas. One "emergency unit" for the treatment of diseases known to be of world-wide occurrence is designed to care for a group of 100,000 persons for one month. Multiples of this unit can be sent to any country in the early stages of relief operations. Other units are made up to combat special diseases. Complete hospitals in "package" form (50-bed or 150-bed type) with fully equipped laboratories are being made up to ship abroad.

HEALTH teams are being trained, each of them to have a nucleus of a chief medical officer, a sanitary engineer, a pediatrician, a medical nutritionist, a medical supply officer, and a public health nurse. For certain areas there will be added a hospital administrator, a malariologist, an entomologist, and possibly experts in tuberculosis and tropical diseases.

Soap, of course, is vitally important and will be sent to each area promptly.

The clothing being prepared for overseas relief will be made of used wool and cotton, even of a sort of flour sacking. It won't come from Mr. Smith's clothier. Canvas, cotton, and duck, much of it salvaged from discarded civilian and military clothing, can be converted into workmen's clothes. It is estimated that only 3 per cent of our total textile machinery could in two years clothe as many as 150,000,000 persons.

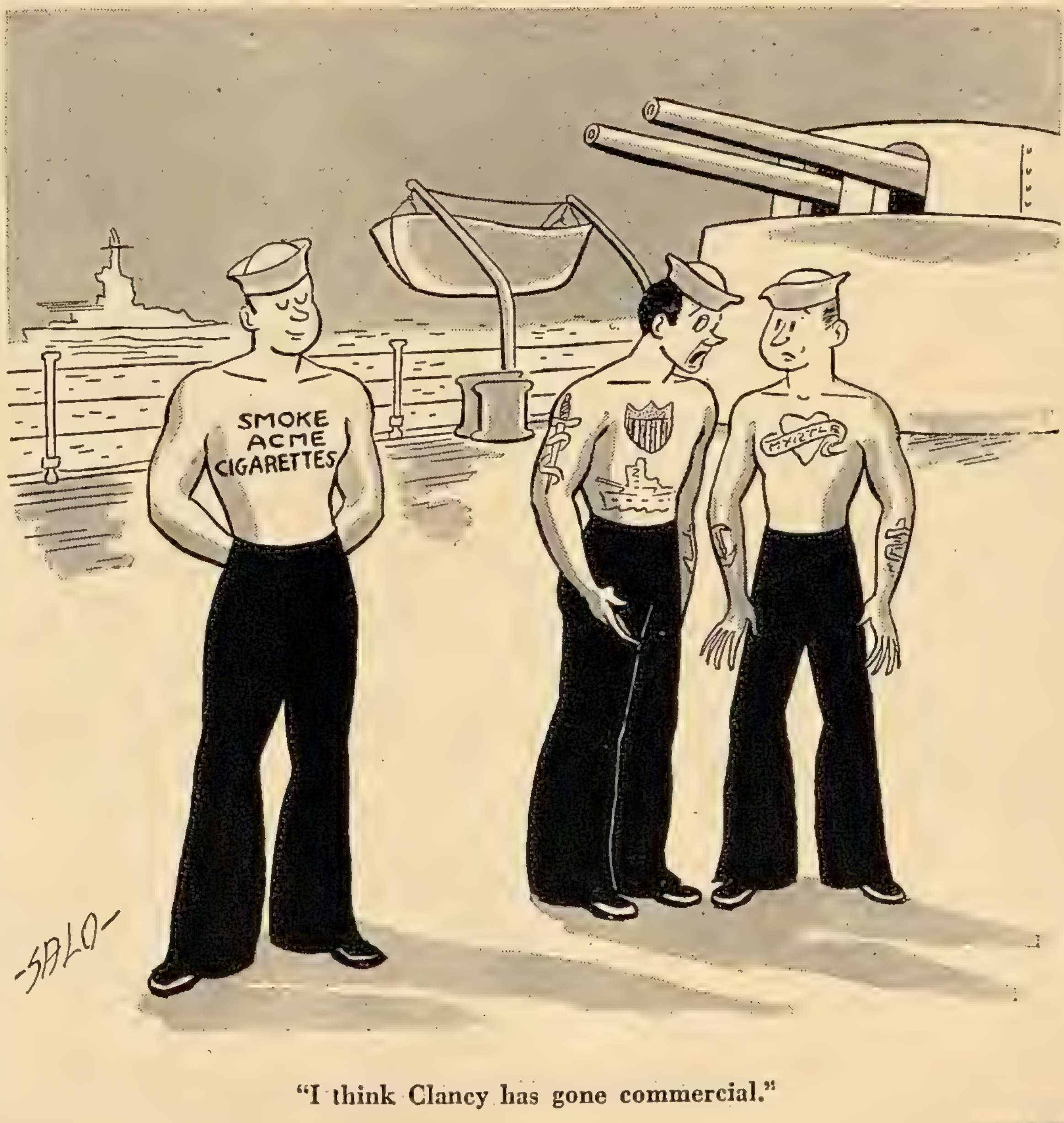
As for farm and factory rehabilitation, one ton of farm machinery sent to a relief area can produce for the first harvest eight tons of food, thus saving seven tons of shipping space. For long-term economy it will pay, then, logistically, to export these critical machines. Seeds and fertilizer are equally important, for it is vital to get the first crop grown and harvested speedily.

Relief shelters will, for the most part, have to be made from local materials, from earth, stone, or lumber when it can be obtained. Crates in which relief supplies are shipped can easily be hammered into small crude shelters.

One of the biggest jobs will be to return to their homes the 20,000,000 or more persons who have been driven away by battle or have been dragged away as slaves. Most of these will need relief.

If the UNRRA plans are carried through successfully and reconquered Europe saved from utter disaster, the little people there will in time resume their normal lives, have their daily bread and even a little cake. Willem of Holland will munch crisp apples from Oregon and Washington and will suck fine oranges from Spain or Sicily. Giorgos and Sophia of Greece will feast on lamb roasted on a spit in the village square, and Pierre's bouillabaisse will again be thick and rich with fish and vegetables.

THE END



"I think Clancy has gone commercial."

NEXT WEEK

THE JAPS AND THEIR WOMEN

By Carl Crow

What makes the Jap a barbarian? An analysis of his peculiar mental processes explains why he considers America a weak "feminine" country and his own a strong "masculine" nation.

POSTWAR JOBS

By Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. Chairman of General Motors

Can postwar industry keep us all working? One of the country's top-drawer job providers gives his answer and poses some pertinent questions.

AT LAST— SIMPLER RATIONING

By Helen Weigel Brown

Good news for the harassed housekeeper. The new ration plan going into effect February 27 brings with it a new currency—change "tokens."

MARRIAGE IS A STATE

By Darby St. John

Recipe for trouble: Four honeymooners in a love nest built for two. But mother-in-law shows up to prove that nothing's so bad it can't be worse.

Z IS FOR ZEAMER

By Art Cohn

An epic of the Southwest Pacific air war, of a Fortress over Bougainville manned by heroes and how she came home—not on a wing and a prayer—but on sheer guts.

DIMPLE IN HIS CHIN

By Howard Sharpe

A close-up of Cary Grant, Hollywood's most-in-demand actor, feminine heartthrob, and regular guy to all his associates.

AS THE ENGLISH SEE US

By Betty Milton Gaskill

You'll be surprised to learn what our British cousins think of us. Some views recorded by a reporter that are both amusing and thought-provoking.

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

By Lewis Browne

Liberty's Book Condensation

A startling fast-paced novel of undercover America—no stranger than the truth it is based on.

ANSWERS TO WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT 1943? on PAGE 30

1—Stalingrad, first gigantic defeat for the Hun.

2—Orson (Wonder Boy) Welles, Rita Hayworth. They did a magic act together in a Hollywood nite spot.

3—Brigadier General Teddy Roosevelt and Captain Quentin Roosevelt.

4—Clare Boothe Luce, the Globaloney lady.

5—W. Averell Harriman; Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., two tycoons who have plenty of it.

6—Henry J. Kaiser.

7—Wiley Blount Rutledge, Jr.

8—Marshall Field III, owner of the Chicago Sun and of PM, New York evening paper.

9—Leon Henderson, for O'Sullivan heels.

10—(*a*) Duffy's Tavern's Ed Gardner, born Eddie Poggenburg—Fadiman was a Tavern guest; (*b*) Spike Jones, the King Kong of Korn; (*c*) Mrs. Gertrude Berg, who writes and acts The Goldbergs; (*d*) Bob (1) Hope.

11—The helicopter.

12—(*a*) Tess, otherwise Pistol Packin' Mama; (*b*) Shostakovich of Symphony No. 7 fame, when extended an invitation to conduct the Philharmonic; (*c*) As Time Goes By. It tore Hump Bogart apart in Casablanca; (*d*) Dirty Gertie from Bizerte.

13—Churchill, when Gen. Montgomery said, "I don't drink or smoke and feel 100 percent fit."

14—Frank Sinatra's, the Swooner (now 1-A).

15—(*a*) Whirlaway, on $561,161—all-time high income-tax payer of the horse world; (*b*) the Yanks did their spring training there; (*c*) Gunder Haegg, Swedish distance runner, who came to the United States and beat all our guys.

16—The Washington Pentagon Building workers. Distances from the portals to desks are astronomic.

17—Guadalcanal.

18—AMGOT (Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories) to AMG.

19—The Giants and the Athletics.

20—(*a*) Carlo Tresca, New York anti-Fascist leader; (*b*) Mrs. Wayne Lonergan; (*c*) Sir Harry Oakes.

21—Ely Culbertson. Dummy—slang up to now.

22—(*a*) Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.; (*b*) British nickname for the Nebelwerfer, new German multimortar rocket gun; (*c*) Russian nickname for Russian rocket, or bazooka gun; (*d*) Lucille Ball, because she's so color-film-photogenic; (*e*) General Josip Brozovich, Yugoslav guerrilla leader; (*f*) wives of gremlins.

23—Louis B. Mayer, president of M-G-M.

24—One hundred dollars.

25—The Detroit race riots. They started there.

26—John (the Great Profile) Barrymore.

27—(*a*) King Boris III of Bulgaria, "assassinated" after a trip to Berlin; (*b*) Mrs. Pruneface, Dick Tracy fiend; (*c*) Willie Stevens, last witness in Hall-Mills unsolved murder.

28—Field Marshal Sir Archibald P. Wavell.

29—Mrs. Mark W. Clark, wife of the general. She got it!

30—(*a*) José Iturbi, in Thousands Cheer; (*b*) Saludos Amigos, Walt Disney's Pan-Am friendship cementer; (*c*) Bette Davis, jitterbugging in Thank Your Lucky Stars; (*d*) Leslie Howard.

31—Japan. Prease refrain from bust in loud gruffraws, hon. sirs!

32—J. P. Morgan.

33—Sieber (Marlene Dietrich's dotter) m. Dean Goodman; Ann Sheridan d. George Brent; Durbin filed for divorce from Paul; Ava Gardner Rooney d. Mickey; Georgia d. Gov. Gene Talmadge; Frances Stevenson m. Lloyd George, aged eighty; Dotty Lamour m. Captain W. Howard III; Grable m. Harry James; Lamarr m. Loder—darn it! Mrs. Marion Colin Kelly m. Lt. J. W. Pedlow; Ginger Rogers m. Pvt. John Briggs.

34—(*a*) Used to make penicillin, the new wonder drug; (*b*) plastics; (*c*) life mask made of a wounded man's face for accurate plastic surgery.

35—Harold Stassen of Minnesota; Ed Thye.

36—George Washington Carver, by Rackham Holt.

37—(*a*) Sally Rand's; (*b*) Lucius (Luscious) Beebe, New York columnist; (*c*) New women's hair-dos, yuk-yuk!

38—Betty Grable.

39—The Shangri-la.

40—Rommel. He got to Italy from Egypt before the Allies!

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THE POWDER KEG OF PALESTINE

Continued from Page 15

aggressor. For five years to come, Jewish immigration would be allowed to proceed at a rate that would bring the Jewish population up to approximately one third of the entire population of the country; no further Jewish immigration would be permitted thereafter unless the Arabs acquiesced. The Jews were bitterly disappointed. This seemed to annul the Balfour Declaration, and it came at a time when they were more desperately than ever in need of "a National Home."

Here matters rest for the moment. The British content themselves with keeping a watchful eye on a situation which, they realize, is open to change. But it may be an explosive change.

Is there a solution?

It was to explore the possibilities of such that I departed for Palestine. Nowhere in the world have I found people so eager to speak.

Mr. Auni Bay Abdul-Hadi, prominent lawyer, chairman of the Independent Party and leading Arab Nationalist, told me that British policy toward Palestine was dangerously vague. Unless the Jews were made to understand once and for all that this was not their country, there was little hope for a lasting settlement. "It will not be peaceful, but awful!" It was a grave injustice to the Arabs, he said, that so many Jews had been permitted to come here. But now the measure was full. Any further increase through immigration would meet with stiff Arab resistance.

"Armed resistance?" I inquired.

He smiled a shrewd Asiatic smile. "We are not armed," he said. "You know that!"

I, too, smiled. Mr. Abdul-Hadi shrugged his shoulders. "Some individuals," he admitted, "may have bought a few weapons here and there. But that's their own business and has nothing to do with Arab policy. This policy is essentially peaceful. We rely on our righteous cause to prevail. Yet if we have to, we shall fight to defend ourselves, and the whole Arab world will be with us."

BUT hadn't the Arabs profited from Jewish enterprise? Why was he so violently opposed to further Jewish immigration?

"Because," he said quickly, "we want to remain masters in our own house. Because we don't want to become a minority. There are more than 1,000,000 of us now—some 875,000 Moslem and some 125,000 Christian Arabs—as against more than half a million Jews. That's the limit. It must be—lest we be doomed to live under Jewish domination. That's why. I could give you other reasons—more practical ones, if you wish. On the whole, we are a nation of cultivators; but the Jews have bought up so much of our land that there's hardly enough left for us to cultivate. And as for our industries, they cannot even now really compete with the Jewish. They'd surely have to close down if Jewish industries were permitted to expand further. Apart from all this, however, we simply do not want any more Jews in Palestine. That's all. It ought to be enough."

I talked next with the chief secretary of the Mandatory Government, Mr. Macpherson, a keenly intelligent man. It was lamentable, he said, that the two parties could not be brought together to consider a negotiated peace. There were, he said, a number of Arabs and Jews who were eager for a just compromise. But while some of them enjoyed the highest esteem individually, they had not until now succeeded in enlisting the support of organized public opinion. As for those in both camps who at present rejected the very thought of compromise, he knew many of them well and believed he understood their attitude. It was hard not to—but even harder to visualize a solution before at least a basis had been found on which to build. Perhaps I'd better go and see for myself.

I did.

Under the laws of the Mandate, neither Arabs nor Jews may have their own government. For most practical purposes, however, the Supreme Moslem Council on the one hand and the Jewish Agency on the other function as governing bodies side by side with the Mandatory Government.

In the building owned in Jerusalem by the Jewish Agency I talked with the head of the Political Department, Mr. Moshe Shertok. Was there any compromise solution he might be willing to accept?

Vehemently he shook his head.

************★************

Here's a combination blackmail, collection letter, and literary gem all rolled up in one: "If you don't pay me what you owe me, I'll tell your other creditors that you did."

****

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "This is no matter for bargaining. This is a matter of life or death for our people. Why, even if I wanted to, I couldn't possibly sign away their rights. Even if I did, Jews would continue to come to Palestine. The absorbing capacity of this country is far from exhausted. In order to exploit all possibilities, we'll need more people; and, as matters stand, more and more Jews will need to come here. Just how many Palestine will be able to absorb I could not say. Perhaps two million, perhaps four—"

"But the Arabs?" I ventured.

"Indeed!" he said. "The Arabs! They keep fighting against the very nature of things. And why? We have done nothing to alarm them. None of their rights has been injured. Nor would we ever prejudice any of their legitimate interests. This they ought to know, since we've always scrupulously avoided exploiting our skills to their disadvantage. We've been trying, not without success, to teach them how to run their own business effectively and to the benefit of the whole. So what are they afraid of?"

"They are afraid of your nationalism."

"Nationalism! There are many kinds of it. Ours is young and supple. It has got to be fed well if it is to mature. Like any young nation, we need a certain amount of healthy nationalism, and by nature—or on account of our history—we have rather too little of it!"

The Arabs, he went on, were good nationalists themselves. The Jews were quite willing to help them establish a Pan-Arab federation. Even now the fact that Palestine was completely surrounded by Arab countries was the best guaranty of Arab security. The Arabs might eventually be the minority in Palestine, but they would still be part of a huge majority. And they could not overlook the services that a Palestine fully developed economically would be able to render to the Arab world.

Palestine is no longer an exclusively agricultural country. A number of major industries and a great many smaller ones have been established. The war has accelerated a development that started long before 1939. Army orders and the increase in civilian demands have stimulated production. By now Palestine supplies most Middle Eastern markets with the products of its highly developed orange chemistry, such as jam, juice, concentrated juice, alcohol, vitamin C, and a variety of oils. The Dead Sea, with its abnormally high content of magnesium chloride, feeds the country's pharmaceutical industries, which produce on a fairly large scale. Much will depend on Allied trade policy after the war.

I visited some of the collective farms and communal settlements of the Jews. What has been done there is astonishing. There is neither grass nor water to be found in the stony hills where they have set up one of their exemplary dairy farms. Every drop of rain must be collected, and grass for the cows has to be brought from some thirty miles away. The energy it must have taken to turn this piece of barren wilderness into the garden landscape I saw is all but inconceivable. Yet they have done it wherever you look. And while outside of Palestine the Jews are known as clever business men, doctors, or lawyers rather than peasants or workers, here they have become pioneers.

PERHAPS the most impressive figure I encountered was Mr. David Ben-Gurion, labor leader, chairman of the executive committee of the Jewish Agency and virtual Jewish Prime Minister. He was ill in bed when I visited him. He had been described to me as "the Jewish John Lewis," but was more like a proletarian Einstein.

"Look at me!" he exclaimed. "I came here on a visitor's visa which entitled me to stay for two months. That was thirty-four years ago and I've stayed here ever since—illegally, if you wish, although I wouldn't call it that. There's something like natural legality and inalienable right. Nobody on earth can deprive us of our natural rights in Palestine. No matter what happens now, in the end we shall conquer!"

"Our rights!" How often had I heard the phrase. Arabs of all stations—students, guides, politicians—agreed that it was their right to keep the Jews from becoming a majority; their right to stop all sales of land to the Jews; their right to halt Jewish expansion. The Jews were equally persistent in alluding to their rights, although they were richer in practical arguments and their very achievements spoke in their favor.

No, it will not be easy to arrive even at a temporary compromise, let alone a lasting solution. Such a solution must combine the greatest possible measure of justice with the greatest possible measure of practicability. To the neutral observer, it seems certain that Palestine cannot yet be left to herself, but will have to remain a mandated country for some time. That Great Britain should continue to exercise considerable influence appears both logical and desirable, but many Palestinians hope that the United States will join with Great Britain to work toward an ultimate settlement. The United States, it is argued, could not be suspected of imperialist interests, nor would it have cause to appease either party. Moreover, the British might find it less difficult to break the deadlock created by the White Paper of 1939, since America's interest would justify any change the United Nations might deem advantageous.

Among the numerous policies that might be adopted, these are the five most seriously discussed:

1. Palestine might become an independent Arab state.
2. It might become an independent Jewish state.
3. The country might be partitioned.
4. It might become an independent binational state wherein the Jewish population would either be kept at its present strength (approximately one third of the entire population) or be allowed to increase up to 50 per cent.
5. Palestine might become an independent binational state wherein immigration would be limited according to economic considerations only.

Obviously, solution number one would be unacceptable to the Jews, while number two would be rejected by the Arabs. Number three has been thoroughly investigated; but in the opinion of impartial specialists—such as the members of the British Partition Commission—Palestine is too small and too poor a country to be partitioned. Neither part would be able to live alone. Solution number four, reasonable as it may sound, has already proved unsatisfactory to both parties. The Jews will not acquiesce in what they call "arbitrary limitation of immigration." Continued illegal immigration on their part would cause the Arabs to go on "defending themselves." Warlike disturbances would chronically hamper the country's development, and Palestine, far from becoming an asset to the United Nations, would remain a troublesome liability.

Realistically speaking, solution number five seems the most promising, and, from the point of view of justice, it is quite defensible. A binational state, with equal rights for both parties, would appear to be the logical answer to a country inhabited by two nations.

There exist a number of outstanding individuals, joined in the B'rith Sholom (League for Peace), who advocate such a solution. One of the most prominent among them is the American Dr. Judah L. Magnes, honorary president of Hebrew University.

THE binational state would permit both Arabs and Jews to move freely into Palestine until the country's power to absorb was exhausted. The Jews, it is true, would take full advantage of this permission. But the Arabs would profit economically rather than suffer from increased Jewish immigration, and the religious ties that bind them to the land of the Prophet would remain intact.

Indeed, the advantages offered by solution number five are substantial. It would give the Jews the National Home they desire so badly—and the sufferings our Fascist enemies have inflicted upon them might entitle them to a measure of aid and comfort. It would help make Palestine a going concern, a partner we could do business with, a stabilizing element in the Middle East.

Politically and militarily, such a Palestine would be wholly reliable; it would be an ally that could be counted on by the United Nations.

THE END

YANKS ABROAD: NORTH AFRICA

Continued from Page 14

cities like Algiers. That brings us to the desperation choice—the one that is really no choice at all. I refer to punching the conversational bag with some one who "was there when." It goes like this:

An army officer we had aboard asked us if we'd heard the true story of the fall of Bizerte. No, it seemed we hadn't.

"About two weeks before the capture of Bizerte," he began, "a whole company of us, seven or eight hundred men, got cut off by a panzer column and, to avoid total destruction, we were forced to surrender.

"Behind the lines, the German M. P.s herded us into Tunis and put us aboard a prison ship for evacuation to Italy. At the time, the harbor of Tunis was under heavy air attack, so we were thoroughly bombed before the prison ship finally stood out to a rendezvous area to meet our escort, an Italian cruiser. While we were none too happy about spending the rest of the war in an Italian prison camp, still it was better than being bombed out by our own forces. However, no sooner did we reach the rendezvous area than our bombers showed up and again began attacking us. Fortunately, at that moment the escort cruiser arrived. Immediately our boys switched targets, sinking the cruiser and leaving us scared to death but still unharmed. With no escort, the prison ship turned back, this time to Bizerte. On arriving we found Bizerte, too, was under constant air attack.

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Easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest: there's nothing like wet weather for transplanting.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Apparently the bombing was just a little too much for our Axis captors. Taking all the arms aboard and all the ship's boats, they deserted *en masse*, leaving one man to guard the seven hundred of us. Like a sensible soldier, he shrugged his shoulders and turned over his rifle.

"But there we were, in the middle of the harbor, with our boys sinking everything in sight and coming closer and closer to us each trip. Finally, after much whistling and hollering at passing boats, we managed to persuade one Frenchman with a very small dinghy to come alongside and take one of our officers ashore on a scouting trip. The Germans, intent on evacuating the city, paid no attention, and before they were well out of town we managed to ferry every one ashore, boatload after boatload, not forgetting to take with us the abundant wine stores we found aboard.

"So, when the conquering heroes of the First Division marched triumphantly into Bizerte, we were lining the streets, waving our wine bottles and shouting welcome.

"And that, gentlemen, is the true story of the fall and occupation of Bizerte."

And that, too, is how the Battle of Boredom rages.

THE END

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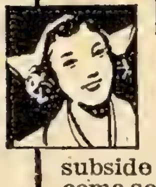

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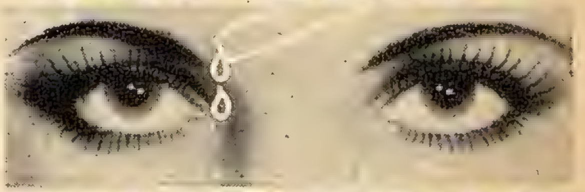

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES
★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

NO LITTLE ENEMY

Continued from Page 27

Then there was the click of the compartment door opening, and Mr. Rupert Wells walked into the car and joined them. He carried a flat square box which he placed on the table. In the hard light of the window opposite he looked haggard, his eyes sunken into the puffs of flesh around them.

Each of the others watching him had a swift personal recollection of the part he had played the day before. His calm voice that spoke the right words to quiet the moans of an injured man, his face grimy and set as he strained to lift another onto a stretcher; later his long-fingered hands directing an emergency hose where it would do the most good. The biggest role they had seen him in had been on this side of the footlights, real and terrible, and he had filled it as competently as he had ever filled a make-believe one.

Every one sitting there would have liked to say something to him about it, but they felt constrained in his presence. His withdrawn formality hadn't changed, his aloofness, his preoccupation with some private sorrow—these things were all there and made them hesitate.

He broke the silence himself. First he reached over and began to unwrap the package he had brought in.

"When the bombings in London got very bad," he said, in the same tone he might have used to say "Once upon a time" to a group of restless unhappy children, "all of us from the theater spent the nights in a near-by shelter. The scream of a bomb falling out of the heavens is not something one can sleep through, and we were on edge and frightened. Then one time a stage hand brought in a game like this." He drew out a gaily colored target with a red bull's-eye in the center and around it concentric circles of blue, green, and yellow. "We played for hours. It took our minds off the raid. I used to wonder what the Nazi bombardiers would have said if they had seen us exerting ourselves to direct one of these things"—he held up a handful of feather-tipped darts—"into the bull's-eye while they were dropping tons of explosives upon us. Might have discouraged them, don't you think?"

He glanced anxiously around at them. "I saw this toy on a stand in the station, and it reminded me of those days and that what we went through yesterday was a bit like a bombing."

ONE side of the compartment at the front of the car made a flat wall. He walked over and held the target against it.

"If we could fasten this here," he said, "we might try our skill at it. The vibrations of the train will, I dare say, add to the sport."

When the steward came through a short while later to announce dinner, he found he was interrupting a well organized contest. Charlie was keeping score and several club-car checks were dependent on the results. Daniel Stock had been the first to welcome Mr. Wells' suggestion of the game, and they soon discovered that he was very skilled at it. Even the car's swaying as the train sped along did not throw him off. The little pin-pointed darts flew from his fingers almost always to the center of the red circle.

The others caught on with varying degrees of success. Tom was one of the worst. No matter how intently he aimed at the bull's-eye, he came out with a five or a ten.

"I guess I'm not the athletic type," Tom apologized. "My idea of sport is to sit in the sun on Lake Sokosu and let the bass jump into my canoe. I am, by intention, a lazy man."

"It's easy to be lazy at Sokosu," said Nadine. Her face was flushed with enjoyment. Next to Stock's her score was the highest, and it had drawn his attention to her. "The lake is like a shining mirror," she told them. "You can see the mountain reflected in it, and the green firs that grow around it like a frame. It's the kind of place where you just want to sit and be peaceful."

Stock grunted as he drew back his arm and released the dart. It struck the circumference of the red circle and stayed there, quivering.

"So you've been to this wonderful vacation land of Mr. Bonbright's?" he said.

"I spent lots of summers near there. At a girls' camp. That's where I learned to throw darts."

"Now that the secret of your success is explained, Miss Hall," said Mr. Wells, "I should be interested in learning Mr. Stock's."

A candidate for the police force was being verbally examined. "If you were by yourself in a police car and were pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing forty miles an hour along a lonely road, what would you do?" The candidate looked puzzled for a moment. Then he replied, "Fifty."

The beams shot genially from Stock's eyes. Oh, but he's feeling good, thought Tom, and wondered why he was so irritated at his own ineptness.

"My lessons," said Stock, "were learned in surroundings less gentle than a girls' camp. As a matter of fact, the Portuguese fishermen down on the Provincetown docks taught me. I used to hang around down there to paint—and I always ended up throwing knives. Those fellows could split a toothpick. I've just applied the same principle to the darts."

It was Tom's turn to throw. He tensed himself and squinted at the target. The dart went wide of its mark, and Judy ducked just in time.

"Hey!" she shouted. "Give Tom a lesson, will you, Mr. Stock? It's getting dangerous around here."

"Delighted." Stock's mouth spread with amusement.

"O. K.," said Tom. "What's wrong with the way I do it? I'm willing to learn." I'm willing to learn a lot of things from you, he thought, feeling anger rise up in his throat, wincing with aversion as Stock took his arm and began to manipulate it so that the shoulder joint revolved.

"The first thing is to relax, Mr. Bonbright. Loosen up as you do when you draw." Stock's voice was mocking. "You must pretend to be unaware that the eyes of lovely ladies are upon you."

Helen laughed. The sound was sharp and too loud. Tom glanced at her, remembering her words: "When he touched me, I got rigid. I was afraid to move away."

"The whole thing depends on a wrist movement," Stock was saying. "You must keep your wrist open—or cocked is the word, I think—until the last possible moment. Then, as your arm comes forward, keep your eye on the target and snap your wrist. So!" He demonstrated with a dart. The pin dived into the bull's-eye.

"Miss Hall does it correctly. Watch her." He looked around at the others. "If it's agreeable to all of you, Miss Hall and I will play off a game of, say, five hundred points. Then you can study that wrist movement."

"Swell!" Nadine's eyes were pathetically eager. "What do we play for?"

"If I win, you must help me hunt down the best steak in Chicago. If you win, I'll help you."

Stock began to pace off the distance from the target. Behind his back, Tom's eyes met Helen's. They were both thinking the same thing: What does he want with that nice kid?

THE line of passengers waiting in the station was much longer than the line of available taxis. Several minutes after the rest of the troupe, packed into two cabs, had gone off to the hotel, Tom found himself on the platform with Mr. Wells and a crowd of other people waiting for more cars to drive up.

"It isn't very far, you know," said Mr. Wells, after they had vainly tried to flag the few cabs that came in. "I don't mind a walk, if you don't." Tom glanced dubiously at his suitcase and the bulky portfolio. "Oh, yes, of course. Your drawing things will make it difficult. We'll wait, then. Bound to be one along soon."

There was a man standing a dozen feet from them farther up the platform. He hadn't moved a muscle or blinked an eye, yet Tom could have sworn he was listening intently to this insignificant conversation. Tom was reminded of the posters he had drawn for the OPP "Loose Talk" Campaign. In each of them had appeared an ordinary man, unremarkable save for his ears, which were swollen to the size of big balloons.

He got the same feeling from the listener up ahead as he had meant to convey in those posters. The man's ears, however, were of the properly normal size and he was far from ordinary-looking. The heavy firm flesh of his face was tanned, as if he had spent much time on a golf course, and his deeper tan suit had been tailored by a genius. His own square bag rested at his feet. As Tom watched him, he raised his hand in a commanding gesture, and a taxi drew up in front of him.

"What the devil!" exclaimed Mr. Wells. "We've been waiting longer. Maybe he'll share it."

They started over, but the taxi door had slammed. They were just in time to see it drive off, the sunburned neck and gray hair of its passenger showing through the back window in solitary luxury.

This is where I came in, thought Tom. I've seen all this before—and not so long ago, either. He knew now. This was the man he had seen with Senator Carlinger that Friday when he got off the train from Washington. Tom remembered the same smooth look, the pigskin luggage, but more of it, the same authoritative gesture at the cab driver, and the senator's words: "I just got an offer from Lawrence Kenyon . . . law firm in Detroit. . . . I'm not going to take it."

Tom had wondered at the time why he wasn't going to take it. Now curiosity pricked at him more strongly. He recalled that Senator Carlinger's keen face had seemed blurred with worry and discouragement—not at all the mood in which one spurns a glossy law firm. Could the reason be that the senator did not intend again to be the victim of misdirected judgment? That he would not again, blinded by his own good faith and sincerity, be trapped into a questionable position? But, Tom reminded himself quickly, I am assuming there is something questionable about Mr. Kenyon, when all he's done is snatch our cab.

His eyes searched the empty taxi ramp. "Come on," he told Mr. Wells. "Let's walk. I'll manage all right."

As they hurried up Michigan Boulevard the few blocks to the hotel, Tom tried to make conversation.

"That was a good idea of yours—that dart game," he said.

"Yes, wasn't it?"

"I'm going to practice for the rest of the trip."

"Possibly Mr. Stock can give you some help. There's a trick to it, you know. My son is very good at that sort of thing—he said it's the same in golf or tennis. The wrist movement, I judge."

"You must be very proud of your son," said Tom. "The R. A. F. has been doing an incredible job."

"Yes; they're good lads."

The clipped syllables stopped abruptly. Mr. Wells volunteered no further information, and Tom welcomed the silence. He wanted to think about Mr. Lawrence Kenyon. He didn't know why it mattered. It wasn't unusual for men traveling about a lot to run into each other now and then. Often people who recognized him acted in the same manner—listened or watched him and tried to appear as if they were doing neither. If it weren't the senator, Tom thought, I wouldn't be bothered with it. He recalled what the Cleveland police lieutenant had told him: "In our work we don't make the mistake of discounting too much for coincidence." Anyway, he just didn't like Mr. Kenyon—a feeling which evidently gave him a common bond with Senator Carlinger.

When they reached the hotel, the desk clerk told them that Mr. Ross had already registered for them.

"There were several bags of mail for you, Mr. Bonbright," the clerk added. "I've sent them up to your room. Number 1201, I think." He consulted his board. "No; Mr. Stock is in 1201. You are in 1203, adjoining it."

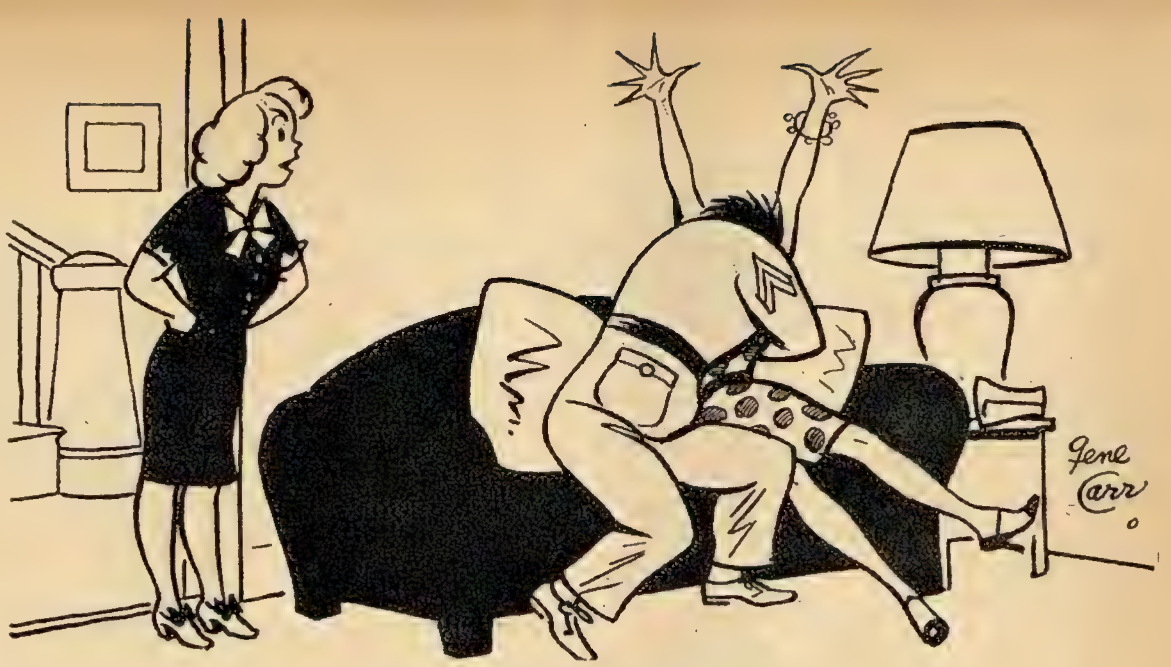
Tom heard this announcement with great dissatisfaction.

"Mr. Wells is across the hall in 1202," the clerk was saying. "Please let us know if there is anything we can do to make you more comfortable."

Tom hesitated. But if I asked them to change my room, what could I use for an excuse? he thought. He followed Mr. Wells to the elevators.

After their show at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station that evening, Tom saw that several hundred middy collars lying across several hundred strong young backs blocked the way between himself and Helen. He had wanted to take her some place for refreshments and a quiet talk, but he knew when he was licked. Perhaps it was just as well, though. He had a lot of work to catch up with, and the bags of mail in his room needed going over. They were the accumulation of a week's letters from newspaper readers.

A Broadway columnist had once cracked, "The handsomest male star in Hollywood would like to receive as much fan mail as Tom Bonbright, whose face will never get him a screen test." "Fan mail" was far too frivolous a description of the letters he received, not about himself but about how people were feeling and thinking about the world and everything going on in it. These outpourings were infinitely more important.



"I see you've met my sister."

As he walked out through the large modern lounge of the Naval Station he was joined by Stock and Nadine. Nadine's eyes were bright with anticipation.

"I'm about to collect the prize I won on the train," she said to Tom. "We're going out to supper!" She took Stock's arm. "I never dreamed knowing how to throw darts was going to come in so handy."

Tom imagined he heard her laughter again and again as he walked back to the hotel—only sometimes it seemed more like a sob than a laugh. He stopped in three bars for three drinks, on the way, before the sound got out of his ears.

A halfhearted electric sign above an English-basement entrance announced simply "Jay's Steak House."

Stock led Nadine down the steps and pushed open the door. They were met by a waiter in dark trousers and a wilted white shirt, sleeves rolled up to elbows. "I'm sorry," he said, "the kitchen is closing."

In the light of the squat red candles that burned on every table they could see that there were still several people eating. An odor of wax and grilled meat and beer hung pleasantly in the air. In a corner a juke box was playing Star Dust.

"Is Jay here?" Stock asked the waiter.

"No, sir. Jay's gone out. Are you a friend of Jay's?"

"Yes. My name is Stock—Daniel Stock. I guess I'm a bit early. I told Jay I'd be around tomorrow night, but this young lady was in need of a good steak and—"

The waiter's eyes flickered. "We can give you a steak and some pie and coffee," he said. "No vegetables or French fries left now."

Stock nodded and they followed the waiter to a side table facing the entrance.

Nadine said, "How did you discover this place? It's so out of the way and the outside looks so—"

"It doesn't look like much," Stock admitted. "When I was in Chicago a couple of years ago some one told me about it. Since then I've sent dozens of people, and not a complaint yet."

"We'll have to tell Charlie and the others."

"No, I'd rather not." Stock leaned over the table toward her. His tone was intimate and confidential. "It isn't glamorous for them. They'd call it a hole in the wall. We'll keep this between us."

"You know"—Nadine looked around at the sawdust on the floor, the row of decorated beer steins on a shelf that ran the length of the room, the people at the tables hunched cozily over their coffee—"I think this place has lots of atmosphere. I mean, it has a mood about it. Expensive restaurants all look alike. This is different. It's a—a setting."

Stock laughed. He lifted the candle to his cigarette. "A setting for what, for example?"

The flame's little light played upon his face and she glanced compassionately at the cruel burn along his cheek. How mysterious he looked, she thought. How much there must be to discover behind the handsome mask of his features. She put her head to one side in a way she had when she was thinking seriously.

"One has a feeling things can happen here," she said. "It's a wonderful place to meet some one or say good-by forever to some one, or fall in love with some one—"

"Good heavens, you *are* a romantic little creature, aren't you?"

"Maybe it's that juke-box music," she said suddenly. "I was in love one whole summer to the tune of that song. I never hear it without thinking of that summer."

"And are you still in love?"

"Oh, no. Not with *him*. That was just a camp affair. He was a counselor at a boys' camp across the lake."

"Sokosu?"

"No; a bigger lake near there. Why? Have you ever been up to Sokosu?"

"No; I heard you mention it to Tom Bonbright the other day."

"That's right—he has a cabin up there. But there aren't any camps on that lake. It's still very wild and undeveloped. There isn't even an auto road all the way up. I guess that's why he likes it."

"How does he get up there?"

"The nearest railroad stop is Monmouth. From there you drive about eight miles to Essex, and from there you have to get to the lake on foot. All the supplies have to be carried in by hand about six miles."

"Sounds like a lot of trouble."

"It's worth it though. It's beautiful." Nadine's eyes lighted with the beginning of a hope. "You'd find a lot to paint around there. I'll be your guide if you ever come up. We used to hike over from camp to climb the mountain. It's the only one around with a ranger's tower on it."

Stock laughed. "I'll think about it," he said. "I'm not much of a painter, you know."

The waiter set two sizzling platters and knives and forks before them on the bare oak table.

"By the way," Stock asked, "have you any wine? Burgundy?"

"Yes, sir. By the bottle."

"Bring one, then."

NADINE'S face glowed. "This is a party! I'm so glad we came." She looked at the platters before them. "I know I ought to feel guilty, but I don't."

"Guilty about what?"

"Oh, having such a wonderful time when the world is such a mess."

The waiter had brought the wine. As he poured it into their glasses some of it dripped onto the napkin wrapped around the bottle, staining the white cloth a blood red. Nadine stared at it.

"And after what happened in Detroit," she said soberly. "All those people hurt, and Kathleen—"

Stock reached across the table and took her hand. "Don't think about it," he said. "Don't think about anything like that tonight. Here"—he pushed the glass toward her—"let's have a drink. What shall we drink to?"

"To Sokosu!"

"What!" The word shot out of him. He gaped at her in amazement.

"That means victory in Indian. We used to have a camp cheer about it."

Stock's fingers slid rhythmically up and down the narrow stem of his glass. "But it's the name of a lake, isn't it?"

"A lake and a mountain. It's from the dialect of some New England tribe; I forget which."

Stock raised his glass and touched hers. "All right, then. To Sokosu!"

After a while they were almost alone in the restaurant. The other diners had paid their checks and left. The electric sign above the door had been turned out. The waiter had disappeared into the kitchen. In its corner the juke box was playing the song Helen sang in the show.

"That's one ballad I can do without." Stock's voice was harsh. "Five times a day for a week now is enough."

"Helen sings it very well, though." The bottle of wine was almost gone. Nadine was feeling very content and full of generosity. "She's beautiful, isn't she?"

"Is she? A lot too hard and too independent to be a real woman. When I'm with her I feel like"—he smiled distantly over the candle flame—"like taking a whip to her—like taming the lady—"

His words blurred as they came through the mellow haze that surrounded Nadine. She knew there was something about them that was all wrong, but it didn't matter. His voice was so smooth, so gentle.

"I prefer a woman like you," he was saying. "I like softness and trustingness and innocence."

He pushed back his chair and came over to help her up. Why must this night ever end? she thought. It was nearly the most wonderful night of her life.

In the taxi Stock kept his arm about her, and in the hotel, and in the elevator on the way up to their floor. It was a hard arm, muscled and full of might. She could feel its strength through her thin dress. It made her feel—how had he put it?—trusting and soft. It protected her and her innocence. She was glad she hadn't concocted lies to make him think her sophisticated. Helen Hathaway was sophisticated, but some men didn't like that. Daniel—the name felt wonderful on her tongue—thought it was unwomanly.

When they got to her door, he turned the key for her and opened it. Then he kissed her, his lips hard on her mouth and the grasp of his hands hurting her shoulders.

But she liked the pain; she liked his masterfulness.

She didn't care, either, that Tom Bonbright had seen them as they stood there in the hall. While she was closing her door she heard Stock say to him, "Just coming in?"

"Yes," Tom answered. "Good night."

"Good night."

Their doors banged shut simultaneously.

In the center of his room Tom stood irresolute. The truth was that he had been going out for a nightcap, but had changed his mind when he saw them.

He'd be damned, he thought, if he would leave his personal possessions alone with only a connecting door between them and the curious Mr. Stock. Anyhow, he didn't want to stay up too late, because, unless he was greatly mistaken, his neighbor would be going out in the morning—and Tom meant to go out along with him. It would be his first attempt at shadowing any one and he wanted to be on the alert.

> **When a man is wrapped up in himself he makes a pretty small package.**
> *—John Ruskin.*

But all this practical reasoning couldn't take away the fact that he was thirsty. Not to be able to get a drink when he was thirsty was another discomfort that could be blamed on Stock. He hadn't thought it possible, but his dislike of the man actually grew right then.

IT wasn't easy. It wasn't easy at all. They had been out just a few minutes and Tom was beginning to feel the strain. He kept a good half block between himself and Stock and tried to saunter along casually, his lips pursed for a carefree whistle, his hands in his pockets. No one, of course, could know that his hands were bunched into fists or that the shop windows he was examining with such interest might have been full of purple cows and he not have known it. Once he lost sight of the tall lean figure ahead. The tan felt hat, the swinging shoulders had vanished. Hang it, this is a job for a professional, he thought. I'll waste a lot of time and find out nothing. He was ready to turn back when it occurred to him that they both had left the hotel without breakfasting.

There was a coffee shop on the next corner. No doubt Stock had gone in there.

Tom joined a crowd of people waiting at a bus stop across the street, and, congratulating himself upon this camouflage, watched the restaurant from there. Four buses went by before he was rewarded. His quarry came out of the coffee shop and continued up the boulevard. The thought of Stock comfortably fortified with orange juice, toast, and coffee, while he himself remained quite empty, did not add to Tom's pleasure in his task.

The next few minutes almost made his sacrifice useless. Stock entered the lobby of a tall office building and walked directly to a loaded elevator in the rear. Its doors had clanged shut on him before Tom dared to follow, and then he stared helplessly at the lights over them. The one marked 35 flashed first. But how could he be sure that was where Stock had got off? He stood for a minute watching people go in and out of the other elevator, not knowing what to do. Then he was joined by two men and a girl, who planted themselves knowingly in front of this one.

When the doors slid open again, the attendant said, "Special to WGTR." Tom and his three companions walked in and the rapid noiseless climb began again. So that's it, Tom thought. And what do I do when I get there?

THE reception room of the radio station was absorbently carpeted in bright red. A pretty girl in a matching red dress sat at the information desk talking on the phone. Tom had time to see this, and to see also a familiar back in a familiar light suit disappear down a corridor. He crossed the room and followed quickly. Small offices lined the hallway, the name plates of their occupants sticking out from above their doors like street signs. From a safe distance he could observe which one Stock went into. It was marked "Amy Bissell."

Tom went back into the reception room and picked up a mimeographed program from a pile on the information desk. Amy Bissell's news broadcast was scheduled daily from 11 to 11:15 A. M. He had about a half hour to wait. He chose a corridor on the other side of the room away from Amy Bissell's office, and started down it. Every one he passed was hurrying somewhere with an air of busy preoccupation. Tom crushed his hat under his arm and put a busy look on his face, too.

The first door he tried was a practice studio where a trio of girls and a man with a mouth organ were giving forth hillbilly tunes. In the next room an audience of women was listening to a man broadcast recipes. Tom consulted his program: "10.30, The Kitcheneer." The next room was marked Studio D. It was empty save for a piano and a microphone. In a narrow space divided from the actual studio by a glass partition were rows of folding chairs for observers.

Tom took an end seat well in the shadow and sat down. The clock on the studio wall said 10.35. The voice of the Kitcheneer came clearly through the loud-speaker. He was giving the ladies a recipe for eggs à la Benedict.

Tom shut out this new stimulation to his hunger. He tried to recall what he had heard about Amy Bissell. That she was the most popular morning news broadcaster in the Middle West was general information. He himself had listened to her often over the Gray Network, which took in hundreds of stations. Most of her listeners were women, naturally, though she never seemed to distort the news to find a woman's angle. Tom remembered hearing her name mentioned in Washington with Raymond Gram Swing's, Lowell Thomas', and Raymond Clapper's.

He combed his memory for any details he had picked up about her. Try as he would, he could think of no word, no rumor even, that Amy Bissell's slant was peculiar or that she had any axes to grind. He recalled that once at a party some one's wife had spoken of her approvingly because "she gives me the news—not her own idea of what the news is."

What possible business Stock could have with her he couldn't even guess. It might turn out to be of a purely personal nature. Perhaps they were friends —or lovers. In that case, his morning was wasted. Still, it was difficult to think of Stock in the role of a lover. The word implied too much. Tom could imagine him bestowing an amount of detached affection on a pet—on a kitten or Nadine, for instance. But anything further would imply a softening of his shell. An impossibility.

AS he was thinking this over, the door opened and a short man with a flat nose and thick round horn-rimmed glasses that made him look like a frog walked in, followed by Helen Hathaway and Charlie. Tom sat rigid with amazement, watching them. Since the microphone in the studio was dead and the walls soundproof, he could hear nothing they said, and none of them so much as glanced up at the shadowy observation booth. The froglike little man went immediately to the microphone and lowered it to his level. He carried two scripts in his hand, one of which he handed to Helen. Charlie began to read it over her shoulder. He crossed out something with his pencil and there was a short discussion. Helen paced the room, flinging her hair back and reading. She wore something black and white and artfully draped. The Frog couldn't take his eyes off her as she moved back and forth.

Cautiously Tom consulted his program: "10.45," he read, "About Town with Seymour Abbott." The hands on the clock pointed to one minute before 10.45. The Kitcheneer was signing off until a delicious cheese soufflé tomorrow. Suddenly a red-haired man glided into the studio and held up his fingers in warning. Chimes sounded. The microphone in the studio came alive. "This is Station WGTR in Chicago," announced the red-haired man. He backed away and glided from the room.

The Frog took over. "Good morning, everybody. This is your faithful reporter, Seymour Abbott, who's been all around town in the last twenty-four hours and is here to tell you all about it." His voice was surprisingly consistent with his appearance—a husky croak.

"Now here is the first item I've picked up—and what an item! She wasn't easy to pick up, either. I had to fight my way through a solid mass of admirers. But Abbott never lets you down, does he, folks? I want you to meet Miss Helen Hathaway, gorgeous star of the OPP Bond-Selling Caravan. Now step right up here and say hello to everybody, Miss Hathaway."

Helen bent lovingly close to the microphone.

"Hello, everybody!"

"She's a brunette, folks," continued the Frog. "Five feet five from the tip of her beautiful head to the tip of her beautiful toes. And what a smile! I bet Mayor LaGuardia had to issue her a special order to a dimout when she was playing on Broadway. And what big smoky gray eyes! I want you all to come and see her for yourselves at the big Bond Rally tomorrow night at the Lake Theater. Wear asbestos, folks! Remember! Where there's smoke there's fire!"

"Do I tell you how to rivet!"

Tom's empty stomach turned over sicklily. He wriggled in his seat with embarrassment. The sudden movement attracted Helen's attention. Her eyes narrowed to two stormy slits. Spots of red glowed on her cheekbones. When she answered the Frog's next question, which was something about how did she like Chicago, her voice shook. Charlie glanced at her and followed her eyes to Tom. He grinned. Helen was going to be awfully mad at Bonbright for pushing in like that.

"And now, Miss Hathaway," the Frog was saying, "you've been in our windy city for a day—you've met a lot of people. What do you think of us Chicagoans?"

"I adore them, Mr. Abbott," Helen read from the script. Her voice was firm now, but with anger, not adoration. "Out here people seem to laugh more, to breathe deeper, to be pulsating with life. I love the swinging strides of the men, the frank wind-kissed faces of the women—"

There were a few additional lines of this, and then Helen sang a song and said, "Good-by, everybody," and she and Charlie left the studio. They were more fortunate than Tom, who, since Amy Bissell was broadcasting from Studio A, felt it was safer to stay put. For five minutes he had to listen to the Frog relate the romances, near romances, and split romances of various Chicago ladies and gents who seemed to have been kissed by more than the wind.

WHEN the About Town interval was over, Tom recognized the announcer's voice coming from Studio A, and then Amy Bissell was on. She spoke in a pleasant forthright tone, enunciating her words clearly. She allowed no doubt or uncertainty about anything. Tom felt her manner would get his back up if he listened to her daily, but he realized there was an appeal in it, too. It offered security in the midst of rumor and contradiction.

He thought that she herself looked like a secure person. She was a tall slender woman with near-white hair that framed an almost masculine-featured face. Her skin and eyes were clear. He was brought sharply out of this reverie by an unusual tremor of excitement in the Bissell voice. She had evidently just been handed an A. P. dispatch.

"The Department of Justice has just announced," she said, "that agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation have arrested three men in Detroit for plotting the McAllister Steel Mill explosion which two days ago wrecked the rolling-mill plant and caused the death of eleven persons. F. B. I. Director J. Edgar Hoover said the men, all American-born laborers, admitted that they were inspired by Axis sympathies.

"Under questioning, the men admitted that plans for the explosion had been laid weeks ago. The sudden news that the Bond-Selling Caravan was to appear at the plant on the chosen day had confused their arrangements, so that only part of the contemplated damage was carried out. Kathleen Kennedy, a dancer with the Caravan, was among those killed by the explosion."

THAT noon, before they set out from the hotel for their appearances at Chicago war plants, Tom read the same story in the newspapers. From all accounts, it appeared that the explosion was directed by sabotage agents of the enemy. Reluctantly Tom admitted to himself that his hunch in Detroit might well have been wild. Weeks ago, when the explosion was planned, neither the OPP nor Charlie nor Stock knew if or when the Caravan was to appear at the McAllister mill. Stock's tardy arrival that day must be put down to coincidence—just a lucky coincidence until more facts came to light. He saw Helen ahead of him in the lobby. When he reached her and touched her shoulder, she swung around and glared at him —for a moment he couldn't think why.

"Are you going to be busy this evening?" he asked. "After the show? I thought we might—"

"Yes," she snapped at him. "I am going to be terribly busy from now on —every moment that you are free. You —you Peeping Tom!"

Tom accepted his rebuke without trying to explain. Where there's smoke there's fire, the Frog had said. Then it struck him that this might also apply to Stock. The McAllister fire had not been the right one, but there might be still another. He was glad Helen had turned him down. If following Stock had led to Amy Bissell that morning, following Stock might lead to something more enlightening that night. He was relieved to find himself a free agent.

If Daniel Stock is not the saboteur, who is? Clues multiply, and tragedy stalks another member of the Caravan in Liberty next week.

SO LOVELY A HEEL

Continued from Page 17

cocktail shaker. He loved her hands. He stood up abruptly, then sat down again. This just wasn't happening.

A horn honked outside, and she went to the window, starting from habit to pull aside the curtains which weren't there.

She turned with a tight little smile. "Well, goodby, darling. Write if you find time." She crossed the room and kissed his cheek briefly. Then she stood erect, looking indecisive and puzzled—like a lost puppy.

Eric said with consummate brilliance, "That must be the taxi. Where's your bag? I'll carry your bag out." There was a lump in his throat. The darned fool was always trying to carry things that were too heavy. What would she do when—

"Don't bother. 'By. And, Eric—you won't have any trouble subletting. Two real-estate men stopped by this morning—just because they saw the moving van out front. Imagine! Well, you might w-w-w-write sometimes."

Eric said belatedly, "Sure, honey, I'll write," but he said it to a closed door. Katie was gone. The room was so empty his pulse echoed.

ERIC discovered the Washington real-estate grapevine has lots of grapes. The next two or three days he spent most of his time interviewing hopefuls willing to do anything, including murder, to get a house in Georgetown. The fair-rent commission, of course, had nailed a ceiling on the place, and he could have rented to the first bidder. But he wasn't in a hurry. There were too many ghosts to lay before he moved into a furnished room. And, too, there was the little problem of finding a furnished room to move into.

Then he had a brainstorm. Why not rent rooms instead of leasing the whole shooting match to one family? With the United States still coming to the District of Columbia as fast as its legs could carry it, he was positive he would realize more money from that kind of deal. And he would be able to stay on himself, too.

One advertisement did the trick. Within twenty-four hours he had rented all the rooms except the small one over the garage which he had decided to use as a den. With a grandiose gesture, he granted kitchen privileges on a catch-as-catch-can basis. They could move in, he informed his roomers inexorably, in a week. Not before.

Then he settled down to getting his things in order—and saying good-by to Katie. He began by uncorking a fifth of bourbon—bought in the summer of 1943 when good stuff was kept on the shelves instead of under the counter. *Hello,* Katie. He didn't do that again.

During the three years of their marriage Eric had occasionally thought of the things he would like to do (but had gladly given up) if he were single. Things like nights out with the gang from the office. A friendly game of poker. Going to a movie in town straight after work if he happened to feel like it. Just walking Washington's streets at night in the rain, looking at people's faces.

He tried these things that week. He lost at poker. He had dinner with the boys and got wound up in interoffice politics. The two movies he saw were putrid; and when he walked in the rain he found himself looking only for Katie's face—and caught a cold in the bargain.

Numbly he waited for a letter, but none came. Of course he couldn't write first. The trek had been her idea. Was he man or mouse?

"Dear Katie," he wrote; "I think you might at least let me know how you are. Is Mother Hanson well? If you recall, we did not go into the future. No doubt you have in mind a brief separation. Please let me know if I am correct in assuming that you will be back soon. If I do not hear from you immediately, the Mr. E. A. asking Mr. Anthony's advice will be yours truly. . . ."

His last night as a freeholder he took Sid out to dinner and told her what had happened. It seemed only right that she should know. And he needed a woman's advice, he informed his conscience belligerently. *Good old Lonely Heart Adams.*

"She'll be back," Sid told him coyly over cocktails. "No woman in her right mind would leave you alone—for long." This was accompanied by a look that could have meant anything and probably did. Eric felt like a fool, and somehow ill at ease. The evening was not a prime success.

He taxied her to her house in Arlington and, at the door of the neat white cottage she shared with an older sister, said good night.

She started to open the screen door, then turned back. As she turned, she tripped and fell against him. For just a moment he held her in his arms. Funny, how soft and warm she was—even through the heavy sport coat she wore. Very confusing. But Sid wasn't Katie. He took her by the elbows and picked her up and set her down at a safe distance.

"That heel of mine," she said apologetically. "Maybe I should wear sensible shoes."

Going home, Eric thought that maybe she should at that. But Sid was no scheming wench; he was sure of it.

NEXT day the roomers moved in their furniture. It was supposed to be purely supplemental, but when Eric got home the place looked like the Salvation Army meeting the USO head-on. But he forgot all about his little band of refugees when he opened the mailbox.

The envelope with the Philly postmark he opened first, calmly and with aplomb, tearing the letter only *nearly* in half.

"Dear Eric, I presume this will be forwarded to your new quarters. I'm no prude, but I just can't go on not ever knowing, not being sure. Please don't think that I blame you—it's just one of those things. But for the time being, at any rate, let's leave things as they are. Frankly, I'm so confused I don't know which way to turn. I love you, darling, and always shall—even if things don't work out for us—but I can't bear for uncertainty to make a parody of my feelings for you—"

Eric swore. *She* was confused. He read the last paragraph again:

"Why don't you see something of your Sid? I think you owe it to both of us to find out where your loyalties lie."

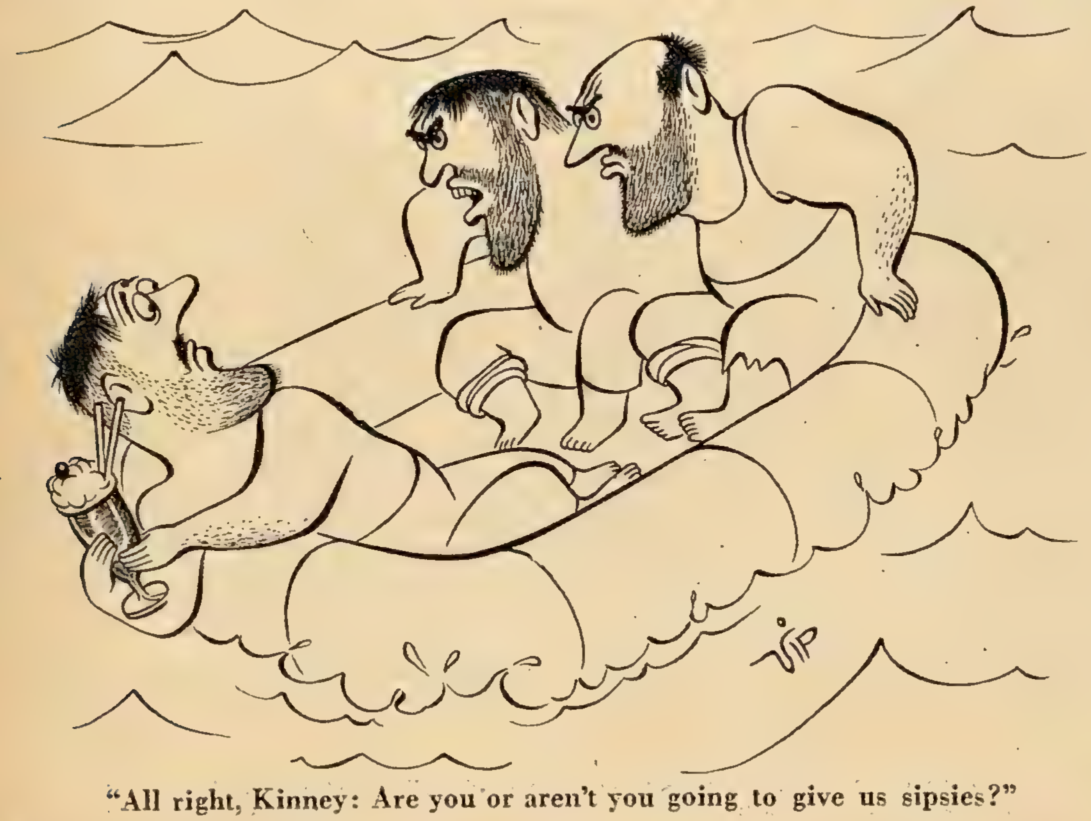
Eric swore again. It seemed inconceivable that Katie could believe for a minute that he gave a hoot—that way—about Sid. The evidence had been damning, but could you hang a man on circumstantial evidence?

For no reason at all, he remembered the way Katie had looked one night standing under the marquee of a movie theater. Raindrops were on her nose and tomorrow's sun was in her eyes, and her new spring hat had been a slightly cockeyed halo.

He bit his lip. "It's a good thing," he said very loudly and to no one, "that I am adult, and can rationalize these things." And he blew his nose and kicked the ottoman out of the way and scanned the rest of the mail.

Besides the usual bills there was a typewritten note. "My dear Mr. Adams," it read primly, "I am told that you have a room to rent. I really must have it. I will pay any price within reason, and since I am a war worker on night shift, I shall not be underfoot."

That was a factor not to be lightly brushed aside, Eric thought absently, listening to the whoop-de-do upstairs. He looked at the note again. It was signed simply, "Adelaide MacIntyre." Adelaide wanted an answer left in the mailbox. Maybe a spinster would be a quieting influence all around, he thought. He scribbled a reply and put it, together with one of the keys he'd had made, into the mailbox. The MacIntyre person could have the room over



"All right, Kinney: Are you or aren't you going to give us sipsies?"

the garage—the "study" idea being called on account of commotion.

Next evening there was a thank-you note from Spinster MacIntyre and a check for one month's rent in advance together with further biographical data.

It seemed that she toiled by night and slept by day—a swing-shift steno, probably, for one of the government agencies—and she wrote that since it was doubtful if they would ever meet because of her concern with the war effort, she would slip her rent check under the door of Eric's chamber on the first and fifteenth. The note was signed, purposefully and patriotically, "Adelaide MacIntyre. V for victory."

Quashing an impulse to write a return note beginning, "Dear V for Victory," he wrote Katie instead. A very light, very gay little note just too full of banter and whimsey. No use trying to explain away what she *thought* she had seen with her own eyes. And the geographical position of his loyalties he would take up at a later date. *That* one still smarted.

Letters from Philly arrived regularly but at infrequent intervals. Eric thought that he detected an increasing warmth in their tone, but nothing happened to bear this out. He worked fourteen hours a day, and assured himself that he could get along with or without Katie. He did this very often.

One afternoon at the office Sid jumped him for working too hard. Since the night he'd taken her to dinner, her attitude had been—well, not exactly distant, but certainly above reproach. The fact that unwittingly she had brought about the split-up might have preyed on her mind, he decided.

"Long hours?" he said, and he must have goggled a bit. "Sure. There's a job to be done, and done on time. I'll be at the office tonight until eleven or twelve, by the way."

Sid looked thoughtful, and he noticed again how her dark hair swept back from her small head. "I'd like to help," she said matter-of-factly, "but I've a dinner date with some folks out in Arlington."

When Eric assured her he had not been hinting, she brightened and said, "But, I *can* help—if it's that stack of correspondence that's bothering you. Why couldn't I drop by about eight with my notebook? Your boarders," she added, doing shy-maiden business with her smoky lashes, "can chaperon us, sir."

Eric considered whether any of the angles of that one were oblique. "Swell," he grinned. It *was* the only way to get caught up.

When he got home he let it be known that he would like several hours of uninterrupted quiet. The boarders were co-operative, though curious. He couldn't check on the MacIntyre woman, but if past performance was any criterion, she would stay in her room until time to leave for her twelve o'clock shift. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had yet to see the old gal face to face.

But that was not the reason he knocked on her door five minutes later. There were some back correspondence files on the shelf in her closet that he needed to handle the evening's dictation.

The sound of her feet moving briskly about the room stopped when he knocked a second time, and she called, "Well?" in a high voice, keyed in the efficient pitch he had expected.

When he explained what he wanted, in the restrained bellow people use in talking through closed doors, she said crossly, "Just a minute!" Presently the door opened and an arm, sleeved in what appeared to be a Chinese kimono, appeared. A hand shoved the cardboard file at him blindly. The door closed quickly and the key grated in the lock.

She thinks, thought Eric unbelievingly, that I have designs. Why, bless her heart!

Sid arrived on the dot of eight. There was a cannel-coal fire going in the grate, and Eric had spread his stuff out on a card table. The roomers had taken the hint and gone out—except the thin little girl from GPO and, perhaps, Miss MacIntyre. It looked as though they would get work done.

Helping Sid out of her coat he thought, The kid's a brick to do this for me. He also thought, I like the way she wears perfume—it's not obvious.

Sid stood before the fire, making a rite of rubbing her hands together. "Nice," she said, tossing a quick smile over her shoulder.

"Yeah," Eric echoed—meaning Sid, not the fire. She had one of those metallic blouses on that shimmered when she moved and did not exactly cloak the lines of her figure in mystery. He reminded himself guiltily that her shorthand was above average too.

An hour passed quickly; the stack of letters was down to ceiling zero.

"Seventh-inning stretch," he grinned. "Tell you what—I'll mix a couple of drinks. Bourbon as usual?"

When he came back from the kitchen Sid was sitting on the love seat, wiggling her toes at the fire. He pulled up the coffee table and sat down beside her. "To the invasion," Eric said, lifting his glass.

"To the invasion," she echoed, not smiling, and her eyes held his steadily.

Suddenly he was too conscious of her there beside him. It was as though she had moved closer. The scent of her hair was heady, and he was acutely aware of the warmth of her body. He got up and hooked an elbow on the mantel, smiling at her with what he *hoped* to hell was fatherly good humor.

Sid stood up, too. She put her drink on the table and went to Eric, not hurrying, but as though she knew what she had to do.

"Let's talk this thing out," she said in a low voice. "No—please, Eric."

She had good shoulders. Under the thin material of her blouse he could tell that she had good shoulders. His lungs were working fine, but not in unison. He cleared his throat, feeling the hotness in his cheeks.

"Talk what out?" he stalled.

"About us, Eric. I'm not out to break up a home. But I would ask for nothing. Don't you understand that? Surely there's no reason—" She caught her breath sharply on what might have been a sob.

That brought Eric's metabolism back to normal again.

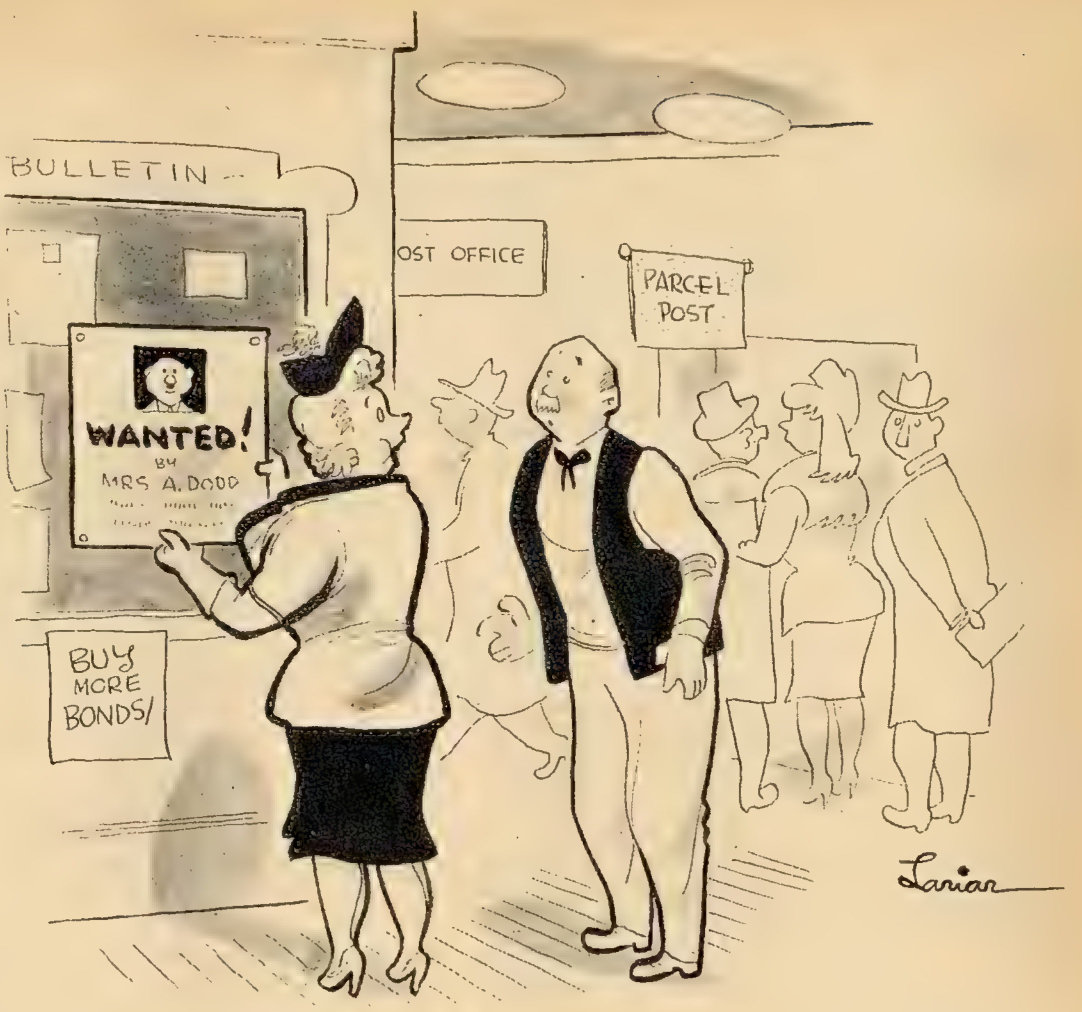
"Sid," he told her, speaking fast but distinctly, "as a secretary you're a jewel. You are also very personable, and not unattractive. But that is all. I happen to love my wife; surely you know that." He shrugged aside the look in her eyes and said hurriedly, "Hell, let's tackle that letter to home office."

Sid's eyes flickered a message he did not want to decipher. She stepped toward him, tripped, and catapulted against him. Instinctively his arms went around her. (You can't let a gal fall flat on her face without raising a finger.) Only now that he had her, he didn't know what to do with her. And was afraid that he might find out.

And then, looking over her shoulder—perforce—Eric saw her heels. High heels. He remembered the telephone wire at the office. High heels. He remembered how she had tripped on her doorstep the night he had seen her home. High heels again. And, now—Very simple; high jinx. Boy, had he been a goon!

He pushed her away and none too

THE HOME FRONT



"It's my husband! He ran away from me."

gently. "Better run along," he said. "Thanks for coming," he told her. "And Sid—wear low heels at the office from now on, huh?"

"But Sid hasn't finished her drink yet, darling."

The voice behind them was throaty and beautifully casual and very familiar. They whipped around. It was Katie. She looked brightly at them, and it was Eric's move. But Sid beat him to it. How she managed to get into her coat and out the door so fast without losing her hauteur, he would never know. He closed the door with the back of his shoulders, watching Katie. Katie didn't look mad, but with Katie it was hard to tell.

"It couldn't be," he said, "that you and Miss MacIntyre are one and the same?"

"Could be." Katie picked up Sid's drink. She put it down again with a little shudder of distaste and Eric handed her his own.

SHE took a sip and batted her eyes prettily. "I knew I couldn't let you go, Eric. So when I saw your ad for roomers in the Washington Post, I decided to become Miss MacIntyre. I've been staying at the Mayflower nights. I had mother forward your letters, and the letters I wrote you I mailed to mother for remailing with a Philly postmark." She hesitated. "I have had offers from the F. B. I."

Eric grinned. He felt pretty good. Then he began to feel a little sore, too.

"That was cute," he told her. "You are to be congratulated. I will have the keyholes made larger, with built-in chin rests."

Katie's chin went up. "I did come here to spy at first," she admitted. "But only to convince my suspicious nature how nasty it was. When I came downstairs tonight it was to tell you that. I didn't know that—that person—was here. I swear I didn't, Eric!"

He was still sore. He'd shoved Sid away, hadn't he? When you feel virtuous, you can get pleasantly upset at something snide some one else does.

"Spying on me, eh?" he said hastily. "Wouldn't believe me when I told you there was nothing between Sid and me, eh?"

Katie stamped her foot. "I'm not so sure there wasn't. I'm just being magnanimous; that's all. For all I know—"

"So you still don't trust me?" he yelled. "That's fine. That's peachy. Well, if you just came back to start *that* argument all over again, why—"

Katie's face was white. She marched over to the mantel and put her glass on it with a bang. "I'll pack my things," she said. "And this time I'll *stay* in Philly!"

Suddenly Eric felt empty inside. Empty and foolish. Only he didn't know how to let Katie know how empty and foolish he felt.

She started to stride past him with a Macbeth swing of the hips. Without warning, she tripped and would have fallen if he hadn't grabbed her. She struggled, but not for keeps, and he held her close, mumbling a lot of nonsense against her hair and patting her back affectionately.

"I—I tripped," she explained unnecessarily when she could get her breath. "It's these darned high heels of mine."

Over her shoulder Eric grinned. High heels he knew all about—the *darling*.

"Kiss me, Miss MacIntyre," he said.

"V for Victory," said Katie, and did.

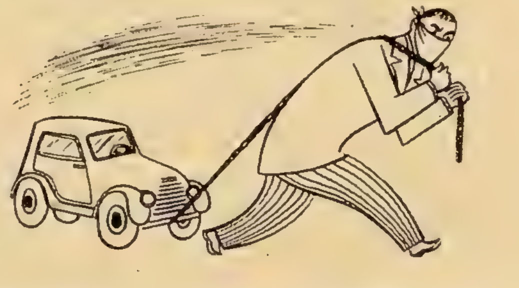
THE END

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

FEMALE QUARTET: Miss Maxine Lowry is chief receptionist at the river entrance to the Pentagon Building, through which pass the world's biggest big shots. She has three assistants: Mrs. Alma Cooch, Miss Marian Donovan, and Miss Alice Crowe. Of all the celebrities checked in to date by the quartet, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker is regarded as their favorite; Nelson Rockefeller, Co-ordinator of Latin-American Affairs, the "nicest."

AMONG THE MISSING: Senator Tydings, Democrat, of Maryland, who lives at Washington's Wardman Park Hotel, is downcast because somebody swiped his Bantam coupé complete with white-wall tires. Or else it just fell through a crack in the cement. How he ever maneuvered his long legs into it is a capital mystery.



PARK AVENUE PUP: When bespectacled Kate Smith, hair in a festive scarf, takes her taffy-colored spaniel out for a jaunt on Murray Hill in Manhattan, she refuses to enter her apartment elevator if there are strangers aboard, for fear they will tread on her pet's pampered paws.

SHERMAN WAS RIGHT: Customers in department stores, groceries, and butcher shops are getting magnificently bruised these days. Overworked merchants use the overworked alibi that there's a war on, and that help and goods are scarce. From a large New York department store one customer recently ordered two gallon jars of mouthwash. She received mineral oil instead, and even the old woman who lived in a shoe with all those children wouldn't be able to use up two gallons of mineral oil in a lifetime. So the customer wrote asking the store to exchange it for mouthwash on the next possible delivery, only to have what they laughingly call the Adjustment Department reply, "Dear Madam: You should be glad you got mineral oil, as it is very scarce. You can get mouthwash anywhere. Why not keep the mineral oil?"

ALL WASHED UP!—Crowded Washington has been disciplined by the OPA. So scarce are bathrooms compared to the number of occupants in roominghouses, that many a government clerk has had to go to work unshaven because of the selfish behavior of other roomers. Some took their time behind locked bathroom doors for themselves alone. Others, once in, would hold the door until a pal gave the high sign and succeeded to the domain. The recent OPA ruling is that each roomer gets fifteen minutes and no more. How the rule is enforced, heaven only knows.

PANE IN THE NECK: The Harry Hopkinses' landlady says they are very nice, and that she doesn't hold it against them that a magazine photographer smashed a window when he broke into the Georgetown house to get an interior view.

HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY? There are two kinds of women in the world—those to whom everything comes easy, and those who puff and grunt. It must be infinitely pleasanter for a man to marry into Group One. *You* know the kind. Despite kids and housework, they're the girls who always find time for volunteer work at church and Red Cross without stripping their gears. And when husbands suddenly appear with unexpected guests for dinner, these wonder women work miracles with the help of an egg beater and a garland of left-over spinach. And no groaning or dark looks or hissed vituperations. Women of this angelic caliber not only *appear* to love emergencies, they really do snap into them like fire horses, and get a real kick out of meeting the challenge. They handle every contretemps with notable serenity. They're co-operative when the youngsters demand an impromptu picnic. They love *all* their relatives, even those whose idea of light conversation is one continuous tale of woe. They think nothing of packing up a quick duffel bag for a sudden holiday with the family when father breezes in without warning and yodels, "Let's go!" They can bake pies out of air, do the washing without a washing machine or a backache, stretch ration points to include beef, and find butchers who *have* beef. They are the rarest salt of the earth—they even go so far as to be honestly sympathetic when other women, not so gifted, gripe about baby being "into everything," and moan of diapers hanging around the bathroom, while father, also a Gloomy Gus, complains bitterly that he hasn't had a shower since Little Mary was born. Group One would blow on the diapers and dry them fast, or contrive to get diaper service, so that they would be out of pop's way. Ah well, everybody can't be perfect, and we bellyachers do have *some* fun grousing.

WAR CLOUDS GATHER OVER TURKEY

Continued from Page 25

ple of Turkey, their habits and customs, is based on cartoons, the tales of A Thousand and One Nights, and the adventures of Abdul Hamid, who had a thousand wives and, tiring of them with clocklike regularity, had them thrown over a cliff into the Bosporus by his eunuchs. Forty years ago Turkey was a country of harems, veiled women, almighty rulers in brocade sandals and fabulous jewels, and, at the other extreme, poverty and filth. A majority of the people were on intimate terms with starvation, disease, and squalor. The evil Turkish reputation of cruelty to minorities was well deserved. The massacre of the Armenians by the Turks shocked the civilized world.

These conditions have been changed. To the credit of the Turks it may be said that this change did not come about through outside influence but through the efforts of the Turkish people themselves.

Today Turkey is a country whose primary goal is modernism and progress. A veiled woman is a rarity. The emancipation of the Turkish woman has been rapid. Many women grace the professions and arts. Polygamy is a thing of the past, although the execution of the law forbidding it presented quite some difficulty back in the days of the Ataturk. The law was presented and passed, but before it went into effect thousands of Turkish farmers attempted to beat the dead line by grabbing off a dozen or so wives to be used as farm workers.

Contrary to our usual idea of the Turk, he is not necessarily dark, swarthy, and short of stature. One suspects a strong mixture of Viking blood in the Turkish strain, since many of them are blond or redheaded, with clear, light eyes. The notion that the Turks are enormously fat and bloated is erroneous. Most Turkish men are lean, although the women seem to have a tendency toward stoutness. The Turkish diet consists mainly of meat, rice, and spices.

Turkish men and women prefer to dress in Western style, wearing the conventional business suit or simple frocks. The peasantry still affect rough garb, their poverty not permitting them to follow the Western fashions. The government has put forth a great effort to eliminate illiteracy and to raise education levels.

The Turks have gone all out for modern buildings and structures. The larger cities of Turkey are all quite new in form, with broad avenues and simple white modernistic buildings. Oddly enough, the names of the streets of Ankara and other Turkish cities are all written in the French language. That was the Ataturk's idea. He felt that, if he wanted to lessen illiteracy, the first step would be to change the complex alphabet. The Turk's first lesson in Latin script was taken from signposts and street names. (Illiteracy went down 70 per cent in no time at all!)

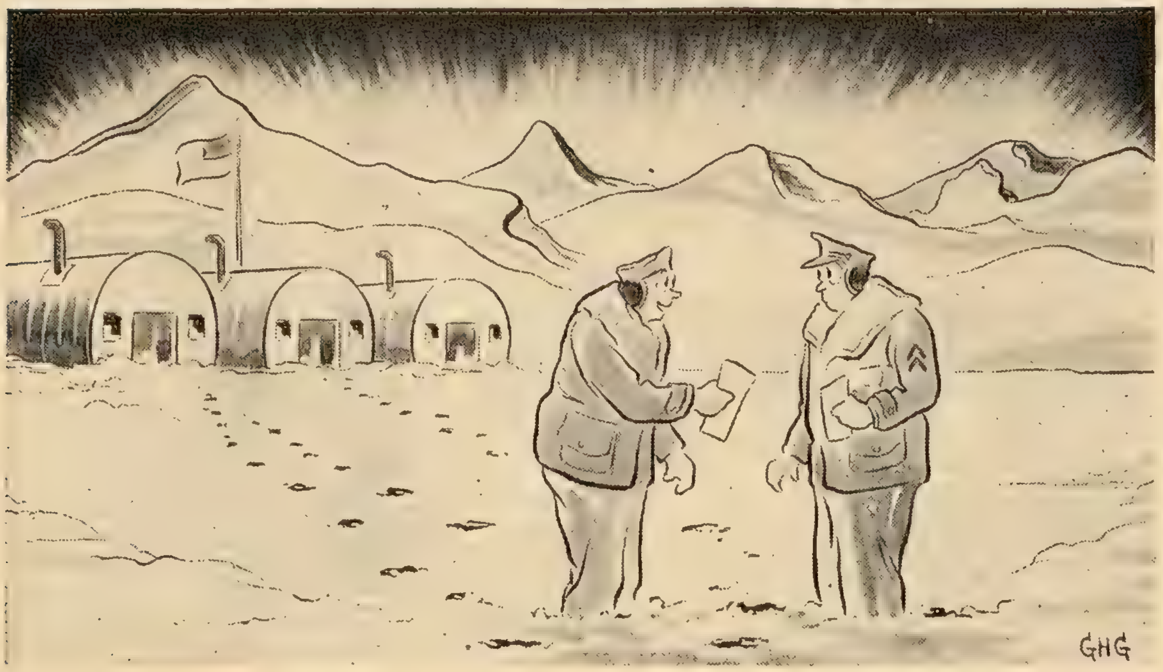
Another change was brought about in Turkey by a sudden whim of the Ataturk. One day, while he was walking down the street with Ismet Inonu, his irritability was brought to the explosive point by the innumerable fezzes he saw on the heads of his fellow pedestrians. Viewing the fez as a symbol of the past, he dramatically issued a ukase ordering all Turks to discard this headgear. For good measure, he threw in a word about the traditional veil which all Moslem women wore. So the fashion of the fez and the veil was promptly exported to Hollywood.

FORTUNATELY for Turkey, her republic was not a one-man government, for when the Ataturk died in 1938, his shoes were promptly and ably filled by Ismet Inonu.

At the outbreak of war President Inonu compared Turkey's position with that of a man bound to a rocking chair in the middle of a busy traffic intersection. His first job was to detour traffic in such a way that Turkey would not be crushed. His second was to arm a million Turkish soldiers and prepare them for any emergency.

Unbelievable though it may seem, he contrived to get munitions, guns, tanks, planes, locomotives, and other vital war equipment from every country in Europe—not to mention America. How he did this, with nothing to offer in return but Turkish chromium (of which little was delivered), is a story to arouse the envy of an expert poker player.

Inonu played his game of supply and demand so well that for more than a year all of Europe was striving to get into Turkey's good graces. He held his supply of the precious chromium up as tempting bait, and the bait was swallowed hook, line, and sinker. The bid-



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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

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BEFORE HE WAS OLD enough to vote, B. B. Geyer, familiarly known as "Pat" to his friends, was running his own advertising agency in Dayton, Ohio, and startling the staid business men of the town with his new ideas. He has always been an incurable optimist on the future of America, an attitude that is the core of his article in this issue. His credo, given us here, had its genesis in a What and When? chart and rationale prepared for his New York office and associates, and which proved so popular when discovered by outside interests that more than 60,000 copies had to be distributed. As a New Year's message for those who have doubts about the Great Tomorrow, it is tops.

DURING THE PAST YEAR Joseph Driscoll has covered some 50,000 miles on his news hunts, from Iceland to Brazil, and his book, War Discovers Alaska, is one of the latest and best on our northernmost possession. His by-line in the New York Herald Tribune is one that has covered the most exciting events in a world uprooted and changing.

"I LIKE TO WRITE about India, about ships and about sailing, which is my favorite sport," says Kenneth Perkins, whose story, Recall in Burma, is to be found on page 12. "My education started in a hill-station school in the Madras Presidency, India, where I was born. I finished my education at the University of California." At fourteen he wrote his first story. It was about pioneers of the Far West. His pay was odd: A book of tickets for the Sutter Street cable cars!

ONE OF THOSE RARE birds, a born New Yorker, Alwyn W. Knight thinks he does his best "writing" when he lolls in an easy chair in front of a birch-log fire—long before he sits down to a typewriter.

THE EDITORS.

ding ran high as Turkey's contract with Germany for chromium neared its expiration date. When this contract, which stipulated that the Third Reich deliver war matériel first and collect her chromium later, did expire, two weeks elapsed before Ismet Inonu signed a new one. Meanwhile German Ambassador Franz von Papen was stewing and fuming and it looked as if Turkey was hovering on the brink of open conflict. When at last Inonu signed on the dotted line, armchair strategists and other uninformed observers were convinced that Turkey had at last fallen into the Nazi economic orbit. What they did not know was that, during the period when Germany's contract was invalid, the wily Inonu had sold all available stocks of chromium to the British.

When called to account by the furious von Papen, President Inonu shrugged and told him, "We are fulfilling our contract with you strictly to the letter, but in no way facilitating it." Von Papen was not ready with an answer.

DESPITE all this, there has been no open break between the German and Turkish governments. But Turkey still adheres to her mutual assistance pact with Great Britain, promising to give "all assistance in her power to Britain and France in the event that war should spread to the eastern Mediterranean." If the Germans want conveniently to send troops through the Dardanelles into the Black Sea, they will have to fight their way over Turkish territory. That has hindered the German war effort no end, and complicated her transportation problems a thousandfold.

Today, Ismet Inonu, with a million well equipped men, is confident of his Army and Turkey's defense. When Turkey becomes an active belligerent she will be able to put up a good fight. So President Inonu sits calmly in his capital, Ankara, the crossroads of the Near East. Diplomatic emissaries, regardless of their importance or the weight of their missions, must needs seek out the President in his lair, for he goes to no one.

Deafened in one ear during an artillery attack in the last war, Ismet Inonu still pulls his old trick of hearing only what he wants to hear. It is rumored that von Papen once left the Presidential Palace after a session with him, and exclaimed in exasperation: "Once again my proposals evidently did not meet with the President's approval. He didn't hear a word I was saying!"

It is safe to say that, in the case of von Papen, Ismet Inonu's deafness is a permanent affliction.

Besides all the international problems President Inonu faces daily, there are others to be coped with on the internal scene. Above all, he wants to establish a real democracy in Turkey. This can be done only under a two-party system, and such does not exist at the present time. An early attempt was made by the Ataturk to create an opposition party. He ordered that one be formed. Unfortunately, the influence of fear of the old regime was still too strong, and, despite the order, no Turks could be found with nerve enough to voice opposition. In disgust the Ataturk banished the weak-kneed yes men from Turkey!

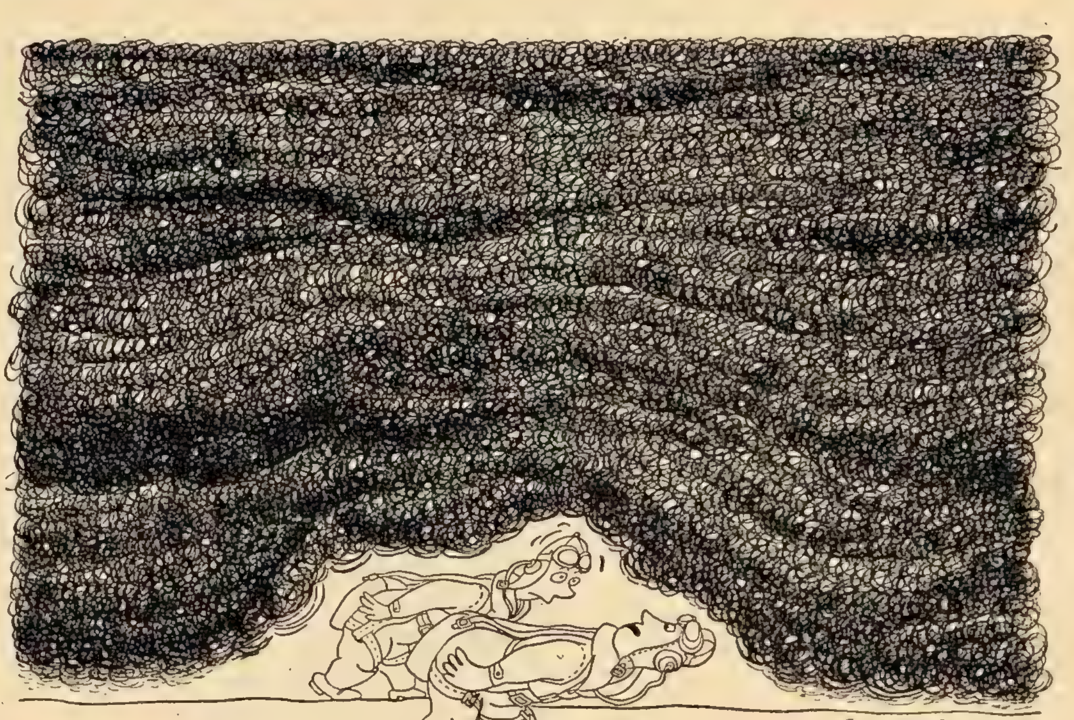
Since then, however, the Turkish people have grown less and less timid. Now Ismet Inonu is working on a postwar plan of government in which two parties will function on an established electoral system.

Hectic as Ismet Inonu's public life is and has been, his personal life makes up for it in tranquillity and contentment. He is monogamous, as are all Turks who have accepted the Ataturk's dictum. He is both father and companion to his two sons and one daughter, and the family spends many a quiet evening at home playing that favorite Western game, bridge. He is also reputed to draw a mean bow across the strings of his cello.

But President Inonu now has little time for relaxation. Though Turkey's position in the United Nations' plans is clear, the element of proper timing makes her situation a ticklish one. Before war comes to Turkey, the tremendous quantities of military equipment the United States and Britain have lend-leased into Turkish territory must be distributed among her twenty-two divisions so that an effective military campaign can be carried out. If Turkey enters the war prematurely and fails in her endeavor to block the German forces, it will mean a considerable prolongation of the conflict.

Therefore, all eyes are glued on Turkey. She may yet administer the *coup de grâce* to the Nazis' Balkan forces.

THE END



"Low ceiling, isn't it?"

A message for you...from 1953

(Today, John Jones is just an average American, wrestling with all the doubts and worries and problems that beset every one of us right now. But let's skip ahead 10 years. Let's look at John Jones then*—and listen to him . . .)*

“SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

“This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

“And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

“I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as a man gets on this earth!

“It wasn't always so.

“Back in '43—that was our second year of war, when we were really getting into it—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying War Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

“ 'Don't do it, John!' she said. '*Please* don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's *wonderful* to know that every single payday we have *more* money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

“Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We made clothes do—cut out fancy foods. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the War Bonds.

“We didn't touch the War Bonds then, or any other time. And I know this: The world wouldn't be such a swell place today if we had!”

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by

★ *LIBERTY MAGAZINE* ★

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

Professor Pierre Curie pleads with Marie not to return to Poland. He finally proposes to her to keep her in Paris.

The Curies spend backbreaking years trying to isolate the mysterious element in pitchblende that causes it to glow.

After working forty-five months on one theory, the Curies wait in their laboratory for the final evaporation—and success.

MADAME CURIE

(M-G-M)

Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon

THE discovery of radium by Professor and Madame Curie was certainly one of the most thrilling scientific events of the last half century. But that excitement is lacking during most of this three-hour movie about the Curies. Madame Curie is primarily a tender, milk-and-honey romance. The scientific experiments serve mainly as a background for the love story.

Although it was taken from Eve Curie's book about her mother, the film ignores her early life and starts when Marie Sklodovska (Greer Garson), the only female student in the Sorbonne's physics and chemistry schools, meets Professor Pierre Curie (Walter Pidgeon). In great detail it follows through on their romance, their marriage, and their decision to search for the mysterious element that makes pitchblende glow in the dark. For six years they boil and evaporate and test and measure. Finally one night they conclude their work, and there, shining in the dark, is radium—a fraction of an ounce of powder boiled down from 16,000 pounds of pitchblende.

They are acclaimed by the world, but on the day they are to receive the Nobel Prize, Pierre is killed in a street accident. Marie, brokenhearted, returns to the laboratory to continue their research.

Director Mervyn LeRoy handles his subject with great reverence and humility. He has distilled every ounce of romance from Eve Curie's book and made the picture a love story you won't forget. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, who are appearing on the screen for the third time as man and wife, are superb in their roles—though moviegoers will inevitably think of them as Mr. and Mrs. Miniver in the laboratory. The supporting cast includes such tried-and-true performers as Henry Travers, Albert Basserman, Dame May Whitty, and C. Aubrey Smith, as well as some of Metro's whitest hopes: Robert Walker, Margaret O'Brien, and Van Johnson.

The studio spent months rounding up examples of the crude scientific equipment the Curies used in their experiments, and finally managed to borrow it from the University of California, the Los Angeles Museum, and a few private collectors. At one stage of the proceedings Director LeRoy thought of using genuine radium for a startling photographic effect. But when the physicist who served as technical adviser on the film told him that radium was a lot cheaper than it used to be in the Curies' day, but still cost about $5,000,000 a pound, LeRoy settled for a substitute.

Advance reports from Metro's press agents had the moment of the discovery of the radium a more thrilling film experience than the chariot race in Ben-Hur. 'Tain't so. Madame Curie is a good movie—a darned good movie—but, despite Metro's hopes, it doesn't look like the stuff Academy awards are made on.

NO TIME FOR LOVE
A Mitchell Leisen Production

THIS fast-paced comedy about a snooty female photographer fighting off a fondness for a crude (but handsome) sand hog has all the elements of those knock-down romances that made Gable the screen's ace he-man. Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray are the parties of the first and second parts with an able assist from Ilka Chase. (Para.)

The MIRACLE of Morgan's Creek
COPYRIGHT MCMXLII BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES INC.

THE miracle that occurs in Morgan's Creek will surprise moviegoers—but so will the rest of Preston Sturges' "comedy" about a girl (Betty Hutton) who can't remember the man she married, so she wheedles her childhood sweetheart (Eddie Bracken) into marrying her for her child's sake. At any rate, it's away-y-y off the beaten track. (Para.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BATTLE OF RUSSIA (U. S. Army—20th Cent.-Fox). Documentary.
CLAUDIA (20th Cent.-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. Comedy.
CRY 'HAVOC' (M-G-M). Margaret Sullavan, Joan Blondell, Ann Sothern. Drama.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Paxinou. Drama.
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. (Gershwin.) Musical comedy.
GOVERNMENT GIRL (RKO). Olivia de Havilland, Sonny Tufts. Comedy.
GUADALCANAL DIARY (20th Cent.-Fox). William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan. War drama.
HAPPY LAND (20th Cent.-Fox). Don Ameche, Frances Dee, Harry Carey. Drama.
HIS BUTLER'S SISTER (Universal). Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone. Comedy-musical.
LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M). Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Elsa Lanchester. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warners). Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. Comedy.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're talking about "Madame Curie", one of the finer efforts in the annals of motion picture progress.

★ ★ ★ ★

This adventurous romance of the woman whose love and devotion endowed us with the magic of radium is in for a run at the famed Radio City Music Hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our office wag wishes to edit this copy to read "Radium" City Music Hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

As a matter of fact Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—your favorite film company we take it—has a few pictures in the bag which are really going to cause ohs and ahs, pull in the awards, and all that sort of thing.

★ ★ ★ ★

"A Guy Named Joe", "The White Cliffs", "Madame Curie". Three worthy

successors to "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest".

★ ★ ★ ★

As a matter of course, Greer Garson is "Madame Curie". Greer and Walter Pidgeon are the stars.

★ ★ ★ ★

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin, the "Random Harvest" duo, "Madame Curie" can be described in a word of one syllable—great.

★ ★ ★ ★

Its cast, typical of M-G-M, includes ten names additional to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—names that could grace any theatre marquee and mean something.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are Henry Travers, Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty, Victor Francen, Elsa Basserman, Reginald Owen, Van Johnson and Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Incidentally the mention of Margaret O'Brien makes us think of another fine M-G-M film "The Lost Angel" which you must not miss.

★ ★ ★ ★

But first comes "Madame Curie" with our favorite screen couple in a screen play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau based on the book by Eve Curie.

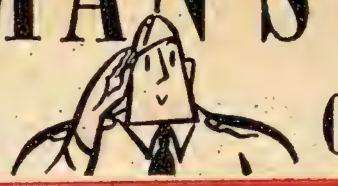
★ ★ ★ ★

Produced with love and attention to detail, with settings that are superbly artistic, a camera that understands, and a story that will keep you enthralled, "Madame Curie" is a real event in the theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is an event that you must usher in.—*Leo*

THIS MAN'S WAR

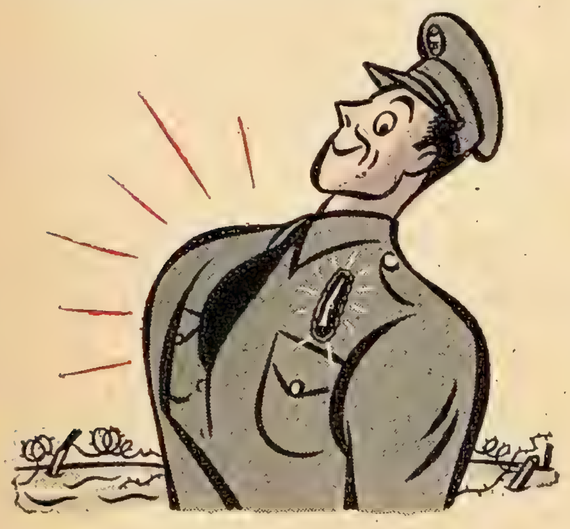


CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THE Queen of Battles has some new jewels in her crown. Yes, I'm talking about the Infantry and two new badges for Infantrymen which have just been authorized by the War Department.

Let's not kid ourselves. The men who fly are the glamour boys of this war, simply because a blue sky and a P-38 are a lot more exciting than a slit-trench and a rifle. WD's new badges are not going to alter that very much.

But, as Secretary of War Stimson said, in announcing the awards, they're going to "recognize in some visible way" the "epic proportions" of the contribution the Infantry is making toward victory. And, as the Secretary also said, "it is high time."



A *man!*

Two badges have been authorized. One, the Expert Infantryman badge, is three inches long and half an inch wide, with a silver border around an Infantry blue field on which is mounted a miniature silver rifle. The other, the Combat Infantryman badge, is of the same basic design with a wreath added.

These badges are to be awarded by the regimental commander upon recommendation of the company commander, the presentation to be announced in unit orders and to be made with proper military ceremony. Infantrymen who earn these honors are to wear them above the left chest pocket, as a flyer wears his wings. Obviously, only one badge should be worn at a time, and if a soldier has won both, the Combat Infantryman badge, being the superior award, should be worn.

According to WD, the Expert Infantryman badge is to be awarded to men who reach a high standard of proficiency or whose action in combat is satisfactory. The Combat award goes to those whose action in combat is exemplary, or who see combat action in a major engagement. Both officers and enlisted men are eligible.

If 65 per cent of the officers and men in a company, battalion, or regiment earn either award, the unit guidon or standard may carry a white-and-blue streamer honoring the entire unit.

Secretary Stimson made about the best remark possible about the significance of these badges. When you see one of them on a soldier's chest, he said, you will know you are looking at a "man." To which I say, check and double-check.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I understand that, under the new schedule of dependency allowances, all seven grades of enlisted men are eligible instead of just the lower four grades, as before. Can you explain how the new system works, Sarge?

Pvt. J. K. D., Camp Upton, L. I.

Enlisted men in the upper three pay grades are now permitted to take their choice between the new allowances and their regular allowances for dependents' quarters. Obviously, they're going to choose the arrangement that is more advantageous financially.

Let's take Staff Sergeant X, for example. He has a dependent wife and two children. If he chooses the regular dependents' quarters allowance, he gets roughly $37.50 a month above base pay. But if he chooses the government dependency allowance, under the new schedule, his wife and children get a total of $100 a month, of which $22 comes out of his pay.

In other words, he and his family are getting $78 net above base pay.

You can see how it would be to Staff Sergeant X's advantage to choose the new government allowance. Remember, he can't take both. He can take the new allowance *in lieu of, but not in addition to,* the regular dependents' quarters allowance.

* * *

Can you settle a bet, Sarge, on the qualifications for the Naval Reserve Medal? I've been on active duty for eight months, and I say that makes me eligible as far as length of service is concerned.

J. D., S 2/c, Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

It all depends on how long you were on inactive Reserve duty. The Bureau of Naval Personnel Manual, Paragraph A-1038, states that the Naval Reserve Medal is awarded, upon recommendation of the commanding officer, to those who merit the award while on active duty, *provided they have previously served ten years in inactive duty.*

* * *

Is it true that the requirements for service in the Paratroops have been changed?

Cpl. J. A. D., Camp Polk, La.

Yes, but only slightly. The new requirements, as set forth in AR 40-100, Change 6, state that volunteers for parachute duty "must be alert, active, supple, with firm muscles and sound limbs; capable of development into aggressive individual fighters with great endurance." Enlisted applicants must be eighteen to thirty-two years of age. Top age for company grade officers is thirty-two, and for majors thirty-seven.

Among disqualifying defects are weight over 185 pounds or under 130, height over 72 inches or under 62, color-blindness, distant uncorrected vision less than 20/40 in either eye.

* * *

I notice all fighter pilots wear goggles. Why don't they make goggles to fit a man's eyes and correct them to 20/20, thus giving him a chance to be a pilot? There are many good men who, but for a little thing like poor eyesight, could shoot down Zeros. My idea for goggles would give them a break.

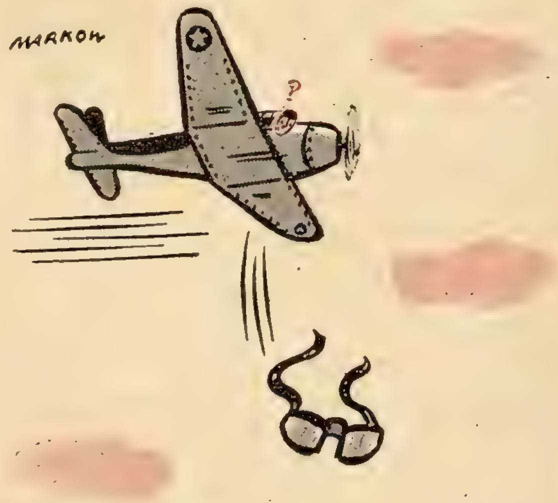
Pvt. B. C., Camp Lee, Va.

An ingenious idea—at least, until a guy dropped his goggles and broke the lenses a thousand miles from an optician. Or until his goggles got fogged and he had to take them off—in the middle of a dogfight.

* * *

I don't blame you, Sarge, for sidestepping that Wave's beef (October 23 Liberty) about the hats Waves have to wear, and how the WACs' and lady Marines' hats are much swankier. However, speaking as an Aviation Cadet, I personally like the Waves' uniforms, including the hats. As between Waves, WACs, and lady Marines, I particularly like Waves. Why? I just think they're cute. While it gripes me to salute a WAC officer, I get a kick out of "presenting arms" to a Wave. (That statement may be taken any way you like.)

Aviation Cadet C. T. G.,
Godman Field, Fort Knox, Ky.



A break

I may have sidestepped the issue, as you say—but if you ever have to make a forced landing, better not do it in a WAC camp, buddy.

* * *

Some of the fellows in my outfit insist that a man can be discharged from the Army as soon as he turns thirty-eight years of age. Yet I know several soldiers who are now thirty-eight and have not been discharged. What are the facts?

Cpl. G. F., Freehold, N. J.

Men who turned thirty-eight prior to February 28, 1943, were released from the Army provided they made application for such release prior to last July 1. Up to this writing, there has been no subsequent release for men who have turned thirty-eight since February 28, 1943.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	■	9	10	11
12					■	13			14			
15					16		■	■	17			
■	■	■	18				19	20			■	■
21	22	23		■	24					■	25	26
27				28	■	29			■	30		
31					32	■	33		34			
35			■	36		37	■	38				
39		■	40				41	■	42			
■	■	43						44		■	■	■
45	46			■	■	47				48	49	50
51				52	53		■	54				
55			■	56								

HORIZONTAL

1 On meatless days in Hollywood, what fish might be served?
9 What caller's known as a prairie soprano?
12 If you had very little money, what food would provide most vitamins?
13 Mrs. McSnash, suffering pains in the back, probably has what?
15 What is it possible for a person to be of two countries?
17 Another name for The Ship, Southern constellation?
18 What Frenchman's called The Long Asparagus?
21 Besides being female, what's an ameba?
24 "- - - - - Porgie, pudding and pie. Partied the gals and made them sigh" (FPA)
25 999
27 Ambergris, which gives off the vilest of whats, also produces the rarest of whats?
29 What sounds of curiosity are now eliminated by scientific devices?
30 What's a macaw, pepper-plant, constellation or goddess?
31 What Xmas neckties would we all enjoy seeing the Nazis in?
33 Bert Williams used to imprecate in song that the tree be whatted?
35 What's the commonest bird in X-words?
36 A griffon's an apology for a what?
38 What was the first "mechanical" rifle?
39 Pronoun
40 What was McKinley's Farley?
42 What kind of club is used to beat you about the ears?

S	A	M	S	O	N	■	■	G	I	R	D	L	E	S
I	C	I	C	L	E	S	■	B	R	A	I	L	L	E
R	E	M	O	D	E	L	■	S	I	T	E	■	E	T
E	R	I	T	■	D	A	B	■	S	E	T	U	P	S
N	B	C	■	E	L	B	O	W	■	S	E	T	H	■
■	■	■	L	A	E	■	O	A	T	■	R	O	A	D
A	R	A	B	S	■	A	T	T	I	C	■	P	N	U
C	O	R	S	E	T	S	■	T	E	R	M	I	T	E
H	U	M	■	L	I	S	P	S	■	A	M	A	S	S
E	G	O	S	■	P	E	R	■	S	P	Y	■	■	■
■	H	U	T	S	■	T	O	M	E	S	■	G	H	B
E	N	R	A	P	T	■	W	I	N	■	S	N	E	E
R	E	■	L	O	O	P	■	S	I	G	N	O	R	A
A	C	T	I	O	N	S	■	S	O	L	O	M	O	N
S	K	I	N	N	E	R	■	■	R	E	W	E	D	S

Last Week's Answer

43 Lewis Carroll concealed common sense behind uncommon what?
45 Who said, in reply to an illicit proposal, "But suppose, Miss Duncan, the child has *your* brain and *my* body?"
47 Repeat
51 What're the offspring of lions mated to tigers called?
54 Ancient Irish freemen who possessed 20 cattle were og whats?
55 What's the most agreeable word in the world?
56 Service stripes are called whats?

VERTICAL

1 England's radio network's the what? (abbr.)
2 One of the Gershwins, backwards
3 What word's often associated with flax?
4 Liberty recently wrote of Carlson's whats?
5 If you wanted to howel, you'd use a what?
6 Man's cuneiform bone?
7 "- - bist wie eine Blume"
8 New York's newspaper PM comes out when? (abbr.)
9 What's the fastest moving jack in the West?
10 Willie who was a champion 6-day bike racer
11 Sticky stuff's what?
14 Large hunk of cotton
16 The swelling of what causes inflammation of the I?
19 What word did we learn from Indians? (pl.)
20 Translate: Utters sibilant sounds imperfectly because of psychological insecurity
21 "You're interested in art, Mr. Goldwyn," said G. B. Shaw. "I'm interested in - - - - -!"
22 Go overboard emotionally
23 What bird dives and laughs dizzily?
25 What Greek did the Romans call Pax?
26 Name the heroine of the Mill on the Floss
28 Where were the French defeated in 1870?
30 What's seedy forward, valuable backward?
32 Noah in his 400 years produced quite a few whats?
34 The Tell is in what country?
37 What rock has "eyes" embedded in it?
40 What kind of laugh do comedians cherish?
41 What insect belongs to an army?
43 Xanthippe, Craig's Wife and Count Fleet are famous whats?
44 A cicatrix is a what?
45 You'd look for a Duroc-Jersey in a what?
46 Hurry
48 Anno Regni Regis (abbr.)
49 Name a brand of toothbrush
50 A blind curve's a what curve?
52 Exclamation
53 Franco's Hispanidad threatens the security of what continent? (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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JAN. 8, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

Tank men of the Soviet Far Eastern army.

ABOUT SIBERIAN AIR BASES

SOME of our more noisily individualistic newspapers continue reiterating the demand that Russia make available to us, in return for lend-lease, air bases in Siberia so that we can bomb Japan. Some of our less thoughtful statesmen, both amateur and professional, occasionally chime in.

Before we get too excited about this idea and knock ourselves out arguing about it, we ought first to consider whether it is in the realm of practical possibility, either now or later. Let's put ourselves in the other fellow's boots and look at the matter from his standpoint.

The Russians don't kid themselves about the facts of life and don't allow themselves to be kidded. They know they have borne the brunt of the European war to date and are still bearing it. They have lost and are losing hundreds of thousands of lives in the fight against the Nazis.

Having done the greater part of the fighting in Europe, it is very doubtful if Russia can be persuaded to do it also in Asia. Making Siberian bases available for our bombers would immediately put her into a large-scale land war with the Japanese. She would find herself doing most of the fighting in both wars, with ourselves and the British just getting our big toes wet.

No Russian, particularly Mr. Stalin, can see much sense in that. Any realistic appraisal of the situation must lead to the conclusion that Russia will not make Siberian bases available to us until such time as we have brought our forces into position where they can do the bulk of the fighting to protect them. This will probably hold true even after the Nazis are defeated, because, feeling she has done more than her share in Europe, Russia will think it is our turn.

She is not too impressed with the lend-lease argument, because she figures every tank and plane we give her to kill Germans with means so many less we would eventually have to kill ourselves. While it is true there is no love lost between Japan and Russia and the differences between them would sooner or later have led to war, she is well aware the Jap menace will be liquidated without Russian lives being spent in the process.

We might just as well stop kidding ourselves about Siberian bases, and face facts. There is no use building hopes on something that is not possible now and perhaps never will be. To continue arguing about it only takes our minds off the row we have to hoe. In all probability, we will have to defeat Japan through our own armed efforts and those of the British. Russia has no intention of doing it for us.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
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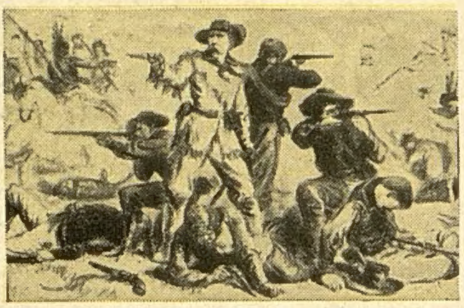

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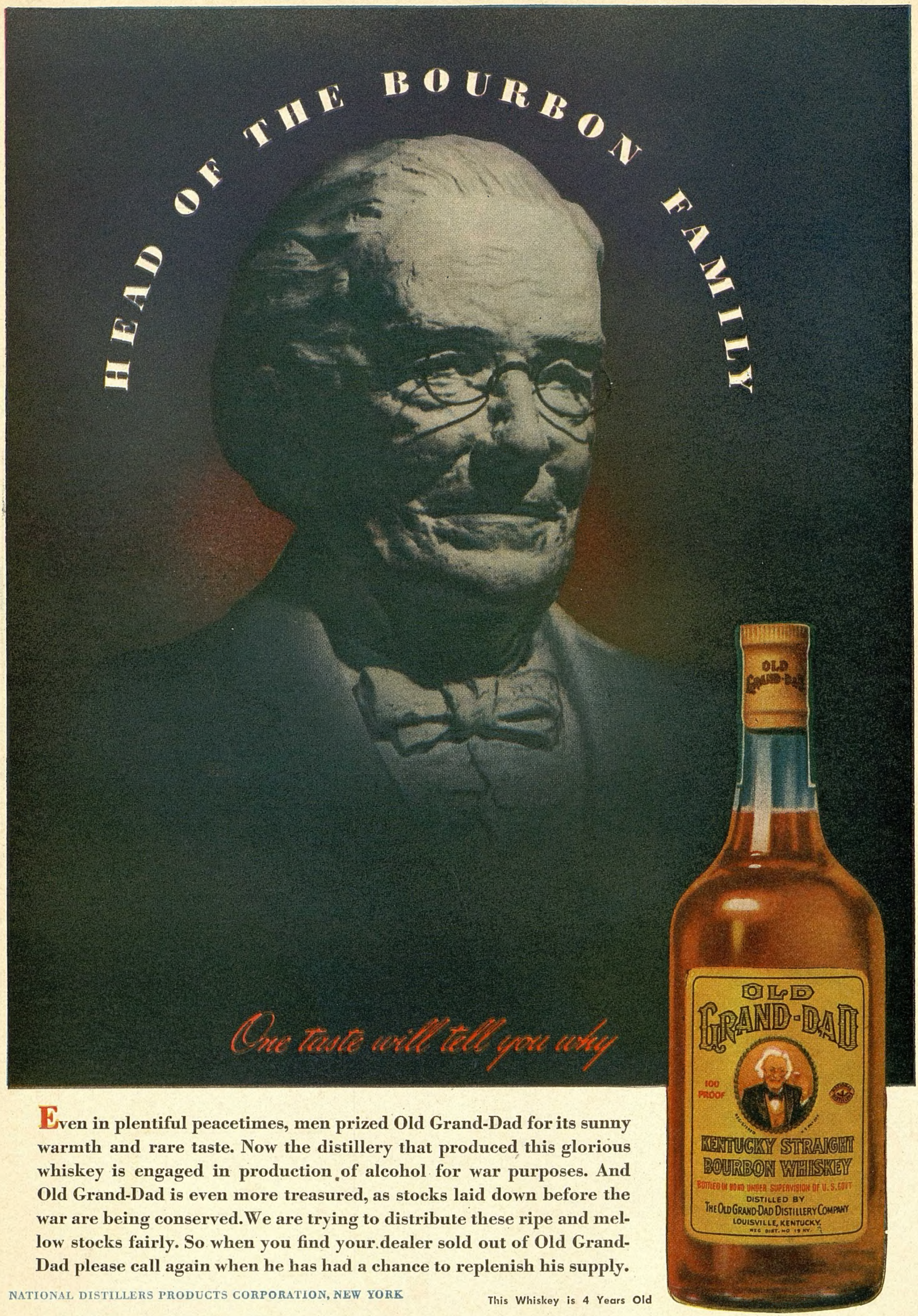
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